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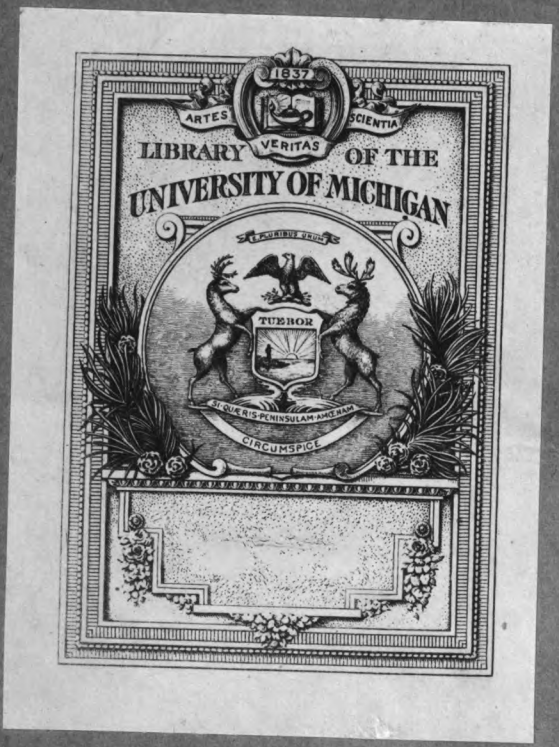


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# TRAVELS

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# THE CRIMEA, TURKEY, AND EGYPT,

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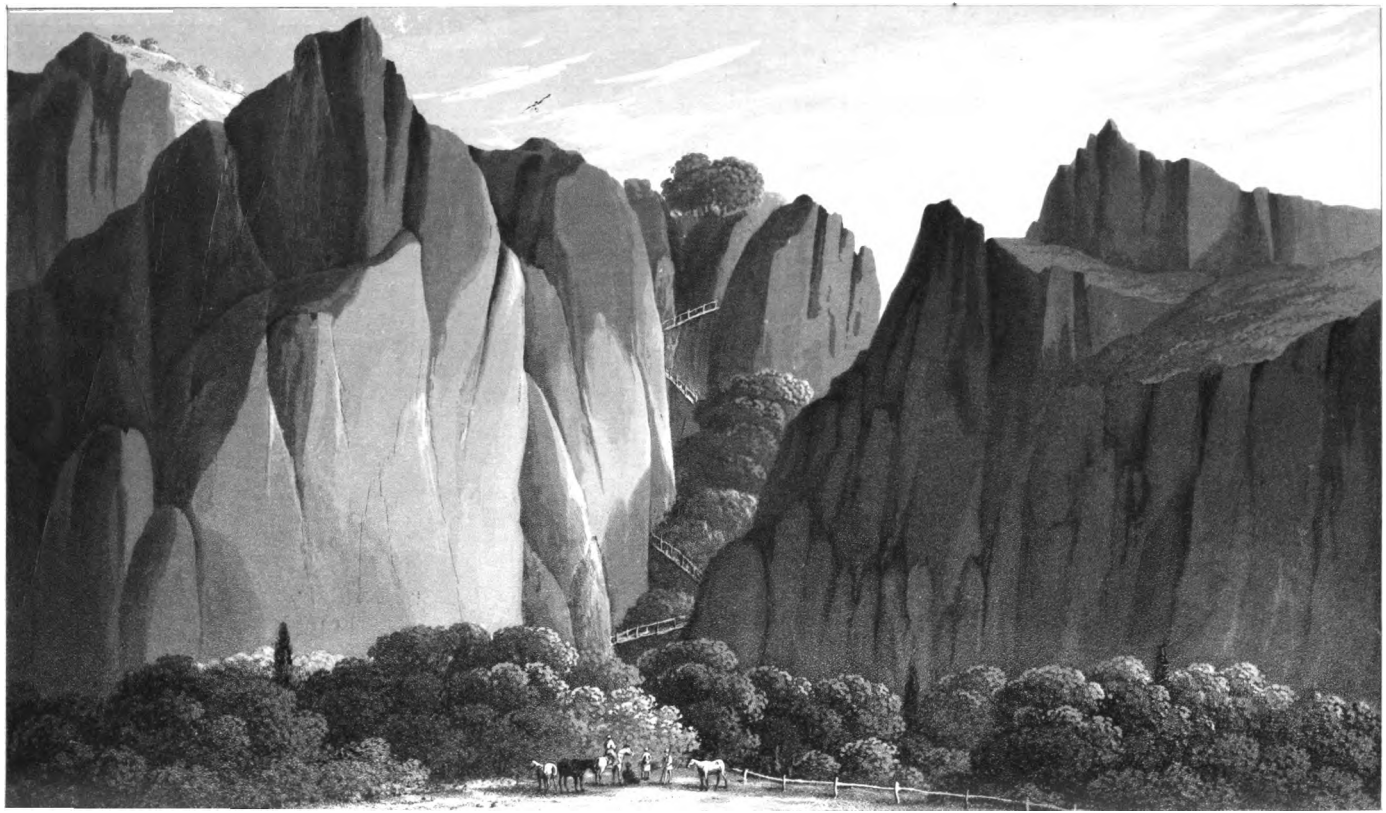

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# TRAVELS

THROUGH

# THE CRIMEA, TURKEY,

AND

# EGYPT;

PERFORMED DURING THE YEARS 1825—1828:

INCLUDING PARTICULARS OF

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER, AND OF THE RUSSIAN CONSPIRACY IN 1825.

BY THE LATE

JAMES WEBSTER, ESQ.

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

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TO

MRS. WEBSTER,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE EDITOR.

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# PREFACE.

It is to be much regretted, that these Volumes were not given to the world by Mr. Webster himself. Under such circumstances, the account of the countries through which he travelled would have been probably somewhat more particular and satisfactory. Mr. Webster's notes, moreover, though abundant, were often difficult to be deciphered, and the more indulgence should, therefore, be extended to his Editor. The Work, however, contains such a mass of valuable information on subjects but little known, that it cannot fail of being highly acceptable to the public.

The Editor desires to express his acknowledgments to Dr. Lee for some most valuable informa-

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tion, and also to Mr. W. H. Newnham who was Mr. Webster's travelling companion, and on all occasions has evinced the utmost readiness to give every elucidation the Editor could desire. Mr. Newnham has just published a series of drawings of Mount Sinai, (under the title of "Illustrations of the Exodus") which throw considerable light on that small portion of Mr. Webster's Work which is devoted to the Holy Mountain of the Christian World.

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# MEMOIR

OF

# MR. JAMES WEBSTER.

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THE way to distinction, in the present day, is toilsome and difficult. Reputations, formerly, were much more easily attained than they are in this season of general education: for, formerly, the manners, habits, and moral condition of the people, militated against intellectual advancement. In the time of Henry VIII., for instance, Latin literature was in no degree cultivated, and the Greek language in great disrepute, as the society denominated the Trojans, established by the students at Oxford, for the purpose of counteracting the slightest desire for its cultivation, will sufficiently testify. Learning and intellect are



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always commensurate with political freedom. The Turk, the Egyptian, the Neapolitan, and the Austrian, for example, are amongst the most slothful, and most stupid of living beings. In Spain, the loftiest flights of mind have been immediately consequent on free action and chivalrous excitement, ere it could subside into a consciousness of the galling tyranny of kings and Inquisition. In Germany, little virtue has come forth from the capital of the descendants of the House of Hapsburg, save in the department of Oriental learning. This last could hardly be otherwise, when their situation on the map of Europe is considered: oriental learning is absolutely necessary for the furtherance of their diplomacy. Von Hammer's History of the Turks, therefore, is quite in place; but Frederick Schlegel yielded to the contagion of the intellectual Sybaris, and became a Papist. Matters of fact, statistics, and science, are principally attended to in Berlin—very little opportunity being offered by the wary government of Frederick, for the range of imagination, or the wild speculations of fanciful theorists. The small principalities have been the true fosterers of intellect: Göttingen will be ever famous in the annals of learning, and Weimar—happy Weimar—possessed at the same moment the enthusiastic Schiller, and Goethe, in whom nature and art are so justly poised, that he may well be reverenced by the world as a perfect man. If we regard France, it will be visible

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that mind gave little evidence of its moral existence until the times of Montaigne and Rabelais—the agitated period of reform, pyrronism, and unbelief. "And in England," says Mr. Sharon Turner, "the improvability of human nature is strongly displayed in the course of British History."* Philosophical disquisitions produced no practical effect and benefit, until the time of the Great Bacon: with whom, and Spencer, and Marlowe, begins the really useful history of English intellect. The wars of the Edwards and Henrys in the provinces of France, afforded means of cultivating our national manners, and improving our national language; the wars of the White and Red Roses had an opposite tendency, and seemed, for the moment, to brutalize the national mind,—this effect ever being the natural consequence of all long continued hostilities between desperate *factions*. But the great Civil War, which was a contest between the upper and middle *orders* of society, excited the energies of intellect, and, accordingly, men of first-rate capacity made their appearance in the arena of action. From that period, to the present time, mind, in this country, has been

* History of England, p. 515, Vol. I. The reader cannot but smile, if he will take the trouble to turn to p. 502 of the same volume, and read the different names given by their contemporaries to the doctors and philosophers of England. Notwithstanding the egregious faults in style, the histories of Mr. Turner are, to every unprejudiced student, amongst the most valuable books in the English language.



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making rapid strides towards the attainment of perfection.

But every possible circumstance has, amongst ourselves, been instrumental in its advancement; most especially so, our national liberties, our mixed government, and the participation, common to every Englishman, in the chances of distinction. The prizes of life are attainable by all men, and the competition in the race for eminent place being unceasing, the industry and toil necessary to that end must be in proportion to the number of the candidates.

Among the multitude of these 'racers for high fortune' may be introduced the subject of this brief memoir. His life has indeed few incidents which are worthy of record, but, like the biography of Henry Kirke White, or any other young man, yielding obedience to similarly praiseworthy impulses, it will, when duly considered, have, it is to be hoped, its beneficial effect. Such pieces of biography serve as beacons to enlighten the path of young night-wanderers amidst the mazes of difficulty; they will be balm and encouragement to such as, like young Vitalis, of Sweden, or Louisa Brachmann, of Germany, or Lucretia Davidson, of America, waste and destroy the native vigour of their minds from an eager desire to outstrip and escape from the pursuing spectres of doubt, despondency, and despair. They teach the useful and redeeming lesson, that man cannot attain perfection by the

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mere act of volition; that, as he preserves his animal life by the "sweat of his brow," so he must preserve his essential life by days of continuous and wearing labour and agony of soul; but that if he submissively take counsel of Hope and Patience, he will, at length, arrive in a region, breathing the freshness of regenerated life, where pain and agony, despondency and despair, have no resting place, and where his days will glide away amidst calm contentment and exuberant joy.

Poor Webster! The will of an inscrutable Providence arrested his footsteps when he was, as yet far, very far, from the entrance of that blissful region: and, to him, the following lines of Milton are as justly applicable, as they were to his own friend, the "much lov'd Lycidas."

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble minds)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
> *But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,*
> *And think to burst out into sudden blaze,*
> *Comes the blind fury with th' abhorred shears*
> *And slits the thin spun life!"*

The incidents of his life are briefly told.

James Webster was born on the 7th of November, 1802. He was the fifth son of the Rev. John Webster, minister of the parish of Inverarity, in the county of Forfar. In childhood, he was remarkable for acuteness, and power of observation, faculties which acquired strength

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with every succeeding year, and the traces of which are observable in every passage of his life. He was sent to the parish school, until five years of age, when he lost his father. On this melancholy event, the mother, with a family of seven other sons, and three daughters, went to reside with her father, the Rev. Patrick Bryce, minister of Carmylie, in Forfarshire. There James was again sent to school, taught the rudiments of Latin, and became remarkable for staid demeanour and diligent application. At home, his deportment was distinguished for gentleness and sensibility, and these qualities were his steadfast companions throughout his short career. He was, afterwards, sent to the academy at Montrose, where he persevered in his former habits of diligence. There he remained till the autumn of 1816, when it was resolved that he should attend the College of St. Andrews. But, before he was enrolled among the students of that *Alma Mater*, he was recommended to "compete," as it is called at the Scottish Universities. These have the distribution of *bursaries*, or a small annual sum, to successful scholars. All who present themselves for the trial of excellence, are summoned into the large hall of St. Mary's, where the *alumni* being assembled, and the candidates placed at a table, their skill is tried in the translation of certain passages from the classics. Young Webster was amongst the candidates, and his name

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was announced as the gainer of the first prize. The boy, however, behaved as became him. There were poorer scholars amongst the competitors, youths bred in poverty, but whom the laudable anxiety of their industrious, hardworking parents, had given the opportunity of an excellent college education: these poor scholars were satisfied to work in almost utter destitution, looking with calmness and without envy, on the enjoyments and pleasures of their richer and more fortunate fellow students, qualifying the barrenness of actual life by the smiling promises of a more luxuriant future. The love of fame leads on these children of misery to carry a stout breast, and buffet the malignant ills of life, in the expectation of at length reaching some green island of bliss and peace, where each strong swimmer may stretch his limbs upon the balmy herbage, and bask in the sunshine of lasting joyfulness. Happy consummation! ever anticipated in youth, and found in manhood to be fleeting as subtlest shadows. Yet, Hope leads onward each child of enterprize in his course of earnest endeavour, and Hope is the fountain of excellence and fame, according to the invocation of the Greek dramatist:—

ὦ χρυσεας τεκνον ελπιδος, αμβροτε Φαμα.

English students know little of Scottish college life: here, there is much of gentlemanly compe-

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tency and little of want; but *there* may be daily seen humble destitution, with very few of even the common necessaries of life. And yet the children of poverty, trained in the Scottish seminaries, and intellectually armed, go forth into the athletic games of life, struggle for conquest, are frequently victorious, and their feats are celebrated, and their names given to posterity in many a worthy bardic effusion, and Pindaric rhapsody. Amidst such worthy company was Webster cast at the College of St. Andrew's: he entered, as already mentioned, the lists of competition, and bore the prize from his antagonists. But the youth would not appropriate that which was to himself comparatively useless, but to others might prove a blessing. He returned his awarded prize, and told the disposers of the bounty, that he had not entered the arena with the view to pecuniary emolument. "Criticism," says Dr. Johnson, "disdains to follow a schoolboy to his commonplaces," and true biography disregards the foibles, sillinesses, and every day actions of that same schoolboy: but as to the poet the simplest object in nature,—floweret, or leaf, or pebble, or flitting cloud, presents a subject for fancy, so to the philosopher, the simplest action of that very schoolboy may suggest thoughts, too deep for utterance, but of manifold meaning, and working out, after a due course of elaboration, their respective purposes of improvement. A boy's foibles may be spared, and

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his faults may excite compassion and pardon, but his virtues and noble traits of character are worthy of serious consideration: they teach this psycological truth, that so fertile is the soil of which the human heart is in its infancy composed, that no seed of the slightest virtue when once cast there, can fail of growing up, and yielding fruit,—the same fruitlessness, however, attending seed of an opposite quality. If, therefore, the cultivators be honest minded in their calling, and able in their art, they will attend most anxiously to the early management of their soil, or woe to it, if its power of production be misemployed. But to discard metaphor, let one observation suffice on this head, and from it may be deduced the difference between Christianity and Paganism: that when once a man is fully confirmed in honour and become excellent in virtue, he can never retrograde into wickedness by any caprice of the will, or idle crotchet of the judgment. His sense of religion will prevent him, for, coming home to his reason, it will act not on his fear but his love, making each one of his actions the effect of zeal and of uniform tendency. This was otherwise in the times of the Pagan creeds of antiquity: they embracing no fixed principle or sheet anchor of action, the mind was differently biassed by the passions of youth, and the disappointments of age, so that, not unfrequently, the innocent in early life became the fearful monster in after years. This may have

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taken place in our Christian Æra, but then it was the effect of negative and not positive intention. An *over-belief* ending in fanaticism has been productive of much mischief, and even of cruelty in action; but here, it must be observed, the evil has resulted from an erroneously supposed virtue. But we have no instances akin to that recorded of Hazael the messenger of the king of Syria: Paganism and ethnic times can alone furnish such examples of human weakness, and such lamentable evidence of the original sin.

But to return to our young student of St. Andrew's. His desire for knowledge daily developed itself more and more, and he pursued his reading so manfully and enthusiastically, that he laid the foundation of that disorder, which afterwards corrupted his thread of life, in a foreign land, where neither mother, sister, nor brother, might sweeten his last moments of mortal agony, and in death water his grave with tears of affection. In this world of artificial existence, true excellence becomes every day of rarer occurrence: the aristocracy of wealth over-riding, like an ugly incubus, merit in humble life, and worth in poverty. In Germany, the order of such matters is very different: *there* is little of wealth; and learning, and literature are the great materials of barter and commerce. It is no uncommon thing to see there, even in the larger states, poets, and men eminent in the field of literature, holding conspicuous

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offices of trust. But in our own country, the matter is ruled by a very different consideration. Here is a powerful aristocracy, not only of rank, but what, in a tenfold degree, is worse, of riches. Unless a young man have either the one or the other, though some of the odd, unlooked for chances of life, may bring him into notice, and afford him the opportunity of proving himself a useful member of society, it would be folly and misery for him to cherish hope of celebrity, or thoughts of laudable ambition. He is restrained by the cursed magic of his own lowly sphere; he is forbidden to step out of the circle, the small prescribed spot of his original condition; or, should he summon courage sufficient to defy the power and grinning malice of the demon of wealth, ever watchful to confine him within his prison—he, too soon, is made sensible of the misery of his situation, he too sorely feels the biting, gnawing anguish of solitude,—desertion, in the midst of society; he pauses in his course, in sorrow and bitterness of heart, the strings of which crack asunder, and he disappears in the grave, whilst at the same moment, his simple name is erased from the tablet of men's memories, and is forgotten for ever. Well has Wordsworth spoken—

> "We are required
> To feel for those among our fellow men,
> Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
> Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a sense
> Of constant infelicity'—cut off
> From peace, like exiles on some barren rock,

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Their life's appointed prison; not more free
Than sentinels between two armies, set
With nothing better in the chill night air,
Than their own thoughts to comfort them.—Say why
That constant story of Prometheus chained?
The vulture—the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals? Say, what mean the woes
By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?
Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,
Tremendous truths! familiar to the men
Of long past times; nor obsolete in ours!"—

No man, save possessed of either ancestral nobility or inordinate wealth, can hope, in the present day, to be listened to, or attract a fitting auditory: In our House of Commons, is not this obvious? In the learned professions also, is it not obvious? and is this not likewise visible amongst placemen and administrants to bodies politic? The great battle which is now waging, and for some time is likely to wage on, is between riches and intellect —between body and mind—between rationalism and mysticism—between materialism and idealism —between ignorance and intelligence. And as it is natural, that either combatant should treat its opponent with contempt, so learning is despised by the wealthy, and riches are held as secondary to learning, by the sons of genius. Matters of life being thus considered, it need not excite our wonder, that there have in this country arisen so few men as Kirke White, or Heyne of Germany. Heyne has given us the secret of his own advancement: "What

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carried me forward," he says, "was not ambition; my youthful dream of one day taking a place, or aiming to take one, among the learned. It is true, the bitter feeling of debasement, of deficiency in education, and external polish; the consciousness of awkwardness in social life, incessantly accompanied me. But my chief strength lay in a certain defiance of fate. This gave me courage not to yield; every where to try to the uttermost whether I was doomed, without remedy, never to rise from this degradation."

That was in Germany; but what happened with Kirke White? With kind friends, he yet succumbed to disease, and died in his "youth's first budding." Luckier than poor Heyne at Leipzig, who had not "three groschen for a loaf to dine on," Kirke White had an ample (though moderate) allowance from a few true hearted friends, yet so great were the exertions which he was constrained to make, to draw upon himself the attention of his masters, that he declared, with the fatal conviction rankling in his heart, that the limner who was desirous of drawing truly a wrangler at the University, at the moment of examination, would do well to sketch a death's figure in a college gown. Supposing that Kirke White had lived, and continued in unimpared, robust health, what, in all probability, and calculating the chances of life, as it is, might have been his destiny? a country curacy, and a small pittance, barely sufficient for the

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necessities of life, though he might have risen superior to his fate, and smiled with inward satisfaction,

"Whilst in his pastoral solitude he sate."

The system of education rendered cogent by the present posture of worldly affairs, is enough to sap the health and strength, and lay in the grave any young man in the subordinate ranks of life. He has to struggle with men, his superiors in mundane substance, and who being pushed forward to pass smart examinations, gain the celebrity attached to talent in high life, and live on such easy, thin, and poor fame, though with every revolving year their incapacity becomes more and more obvious. Yet it is not in the nature of kind to battle with kind: and men are in the above respect, supported by an "*esprit de corps*," in the same manner as with blatant flocks, the more grey headed leaders receive greater consideration. And this is obvious, that the term of "first rate collegiate examination," predicates a stultified manhood, incapable of redemption.

James Webster became early convinced of the difficulty of success. His mother allowed him every facility in the various branches of education: no expense was spared; but he saw that money would not do away with men's prejudices, or have any effect against the opposing circumstances of

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life. So he buckled on his armour like a bold though youthful warrior, prepared to encounter whatever antagonists should offer. He became a hard student, in the strictest sense of the word, eschewing the frivolities which too frequently encompass the attention of young men, and tempt them to lavish in worthless follies the most precious years of their existence. The poet has well said—

"The immortal mind craves objects that endure,"

and young Webster was alive to the force of that truth. He was remarkable for his reflective turn even at that early period of his life. Reflection ever brings with it the consciousness of strength, for all men possess strength of mind:—were they but sensible of its existence, it were well for them. Then would there be less unhappiness incidental to humanity, for men would know how to meet misery face to face, and smile, in pity, feeling full well their own superiority. "Let no man," says a powerful writer of our own day, "doubt the omnipotence of Nature—doubt the majesty of man's soul. Let no lonely, unbefriended son of genius despair. Let him not despair; if he have the will, the right will, then the power also has not been denied him. It is but the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens; the acorn is cast carelessly abroad into

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the wilderness, yet it rises to be an oak; it nourishes itself, it defies the tempest, and lives for a thousand years." This glorious issue is not in reserve for every chance scattered acorn, for every young, plodding, and unbefriended son of genius! Were it so, man might indeed be regenerated, and another golden age pour its superabundant blessings over the face of the earth. But still the divinity in man not unfrequently makes him strive after such a consummation, though his efforts are counteracted by human weakness and human circumstance, and recoil upon him with the sharp anguish of disappointment.

When Webster returned home for the vacation, Dr. Haldane, now Principal of the University of St. Andrew's, sent the following letter to his mother. The kindness which this excellent member of the Scottish church had, on all occasions, manifested towards his pupil, was never forgotten by the pure-minded and affectionate youth.

"St. Andrew's, 20th July, 1817.

"MADAM,

"I cannot think of allowing your son to return home to you without expressing, in the strongest terms, the very high satisfaction which he has uniformly afforded me, since he became a student of mine. In respect of talents, disposition, and conduct, he is everything that can be desired; and in all my experience I have never met with a

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boy in whom I found so little to blame, and so much to commend. I hope and trust that he will be spared to be a comfort to you. If he persevere in his attention to his studies, he will certainly make a most distinguished figure. I am happy that I have had it in my power, by my residence here during part of the summer, to be of use to him in his studies. The time has been short indeed, but he has made remarkable proficiency in the branches to which I directed his attention. You may be assured that I did not consider it as a trouble to instruct him: for I never engaged in anything from which I derived more unmingled pleasure.

"I have given him directions as to the conduct of his studies during the remainder of the vacation, and I know that he will do what I have desired him, for I have never found him neglect what I prescribed.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most faithful and obedient servant,

"ROBERT HALDANE."

Dr. Haldane was a father, in love and uniform attention, to young Webster; and, had his days been spared, his future success, his after-merits and excellencies, would always have been acknowledged with gratitude as the fruits of that very worthy gentleman's cultivation. James Webster was fortunate in most of the circumstances of



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life. He met with a tutor who appreciated the pupil; he had a mother, whom (and this is not said in flattery) few mothers resemble. She is one who, having lost her husband whilst her family were yet young, devoted, with constant, unwearying attention, her every hour to the training up of her family, and to their well being in the world. Never was mother more adored by a family than herself, and never were the anxieties of any mother more richly rewarded in the integrity of her sons.

He remained at the college three months after the close of the session, under the kind and disinterested superintendance of Dr. Haldane. In the autumn of 1817, he returned to St. Andrew's, and prosecuted his studies with undiminished ardour.

He now gave his attention to jurisprudence and political economy, still, however, making mathematics his principal pursuit, to which he applied with surprising, and almost censurable, zeal. In the annexed letter, Dr. Haldane details the successes which had rewarded his application.

"St. Andrew's, 5th May, 1818.

"MADAM,

"Your son has acquitted himself this session as he did last, in a manner highly honourable to himself; indeed he has acquired additional honour. His appearance at my examination on Saturday last was the subject of admiration to all who un-

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derstood the questions which were put to him: they declared that they had never witnessed such an exhibition, and had never known a boy, so young, discover such perfect acquaintance with the higher and more difficult branches of mathematical science. But while he has been making such rapid progress in mathematics, you will be delighted to hear that he has been attentive to his other studies, and has carried off the first prize in the logic class. I own I was very happy at this, on many accounts; it was his first attempt at composition, and I was delighted to find that, after being so distinguished in languages and mathematics, he should give indications of excelling also in a taste for elegant composition. If you send him here next session, which I earnestly wish you may do, he will be much exercised in the moral philosophy class, in the way of writing essays. As a preparative for this, I have exhorted him to get his mind opened by reading the best English works on the subjects connected with his studies in that class. I have given him some works of this kind from the library, and others which I have directed him to read can be procured at Montrose, or can be sent to him by me in the course of the summer. History he should now read upon a plan, and I have given him some instruction with this view. The above mentioned studies, together with keeping up his mathematics, and improving himself in the Greek, Latin and



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French languages, will occupy him sufficiently through the summer months: I have said to him that there is no necessity for confining himself a great number of hours in the day, but so much should be done regularly every day, and with his quickness, a few hours well employed in this way, daily, will tell amazingly by the end of the summer. I have said to him that the way in which this summer is spent will be very decisive as to his future progress, and may have a very great influence on his success through life. I am very sorry to part with him—I have given him a good deal of private instruction, and I never undertook a more delightful task. During summer I am a little uncertain always as to my motions, and am frequently absent from St. Andrew's during the whole vacation. This season, however, I think I shall reside more here than I have hitherto done, and you would gratify me very much if you allowed James to come over and visit me for some time, I could then see what he had been doing, and give him directions as to his future progress. I find he would wish to have a pair of globes, they would amuse him, and he could instruct the younger part of the family in the use of them.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most faithful Servant,

"R. HALDANE."

"The globes can be got from my friend, Mr. Cary,

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optician, 181, Strand, very near Norfolk Street. He has uncommonly neat ones, twelve inches diameter, best mounted, about *5l.* or *6l.*"

He this year again remained at college three months after the session had closed, enjoying, as before, the invaluable instructions of Dr. Haldane.

After visiting Edinburgh, he resumed his place at St. Andrew's, in November, 1818. In the mathematical class, he had to contend with ardent competitors; but none of them possessing the same rare union of talent and application, he obtained the principal medal, after a most difficult and laborious examination.

"St. Andrew's, 3d May, 1818.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your son, as I expected, returns to you at the end of the session with substantial proofs of his talent and diligence. The college honours which he carries home he has amply merited, and had it not been for some mistake as to the time of giving in an essay, I am pretty certain that he would have carried off another very distinguished prize. I have read most of his exercises in the moral philosophy and political economy classes, and they certainly exhibit very uncommon powers both of reasoning and of writing, in a person of his age. I have no doubt that he will go on to improve himself during

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summer; his mathematics will now be an important part of his study, but they will not occupy much of his time; he will require to revise carefully what he learned, and he will have enough and more than enough to qualify him for making a distinguished figure in natural philosophy. I hope some time during the summer to be able to avail myself of your kind invitation to pay you a visit to Montrose, &c. &c.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

"ROBT. HALDANE."

He spent the ensuing summer among his friends. Being too young to pass his examinations for the Scottish Bar, he returned to college, that he might fitly employ the season which must necessarily intervene before he could be called.

During this, in some sort, supernumerary session, he devoted his attention to general literature, and imbibed a strong desire for visiting one of the English universities. He returned from St. Andrew's, full of the intention of repairing to Cambridge; but while some preliminary steps were in progress, his family removed to Edinburgh, and the design was abandoned.

In 1820 he attended the law classes at Edinburgh, but here the scene was new, and for him nowise attractive. The teacher and the taught were unknown to him; and in the absence of that

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community of feeling, that friendly emulation, to which he had been accustomed at St. Andrew's, he had recourse to private studies in Greek, Italian, French, &c., and, at the breaking up of the session, was not far advanced in the love or lore of the profession for which he was destined.

He spent the summer with his family, and returned with them to Edinburgh, at the opening of the winter classes; and, on their rising, he again accompanied his family into the country.

In 1822, he had the intention of entering himself of the Inner Temple, and during the winter he became decided on this point, and proceeded to St. Andrew's to procure his degree of Master of Arts. He returned to Edinburgh, and after remaining there a few days, quitted for London on the 4th of June, 1823.

In 1824 he returned to Scotland; and, after travelling in different parts of the country, he joined his family in Edinburgh, and parted from them, for the last time, in November of that year.

His journey to the Continent was not looked forward to as one of any probable length. A year or so spent abroad, would, it was thought, be an advantageous employment of his time till the period when he would most properly and effectively commence his career at the bar. But after residing for some time in France and Italy, and visiting his brother at Malta, he wished to extend his researches beyond Europe, and at length a reluctant consent

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was obtained for the gratification of his wishes. His comprehensive and active mind no doubt contemplated the future good, which might result to his fellow men from his talents and acquirements. In this spirit he prosecuted his self-imposed task, with a zeal and energy which will be manifest to the reader of the following pages.

The writer of this memoir knew James Webster well. They were fellow travellers in 1814, throughout many districts in Scotland; they were students together of the same inn of law, and they afterwards met in France, when the subject of this memoir had returned to Paris from the Netherlands. The party consisted of three; the name of the third was William Grenville. They were all of the same age, the same habits, the same profession, and students together of the Inner Temple. They were then without care, well in health, flushed with gaiety of spirits, and inseparable companions. James Webster and William Grenville died in the same year, and the writer has lived to deplore their loss.

The name of Grenville is not mentioned without a purpose; his life and death, will also serve "to point a moral and adorn a tale." From hereditary disease, his constitution became early sapped, and his health, even in boyhood, was infirm in the extreme. Still he was of an active turn of mind, and fond of study, to which he applied with a rare enthusiasm denying himself ordinary rest, and read-

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ing with that appetite for information, which the true wish for excellence and laudable ambition alone can bestow. Grenville at an early age became his own master; he had a small property, a portion of which was applied in placing himself at school, where the writer of this notice first met with him, and the two ever after were linked in close fellowship, even to the very day of his death.

No boy, though guided by the best intentions, is capable of being his own master: of this poor Grenville was a mournful instance. There are certainly a few examples upon record, to the contrary of the above proposition; but if their characters are fully examined, they will be found to be lamentably short of perfection; they may in some one quality of their mind be of Herculean growth, but all other qualities will be miserably wanting, or defective; in short, they will resemble the poet's hero, leaving—

> "a name to other times,
> Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

This observation will serve to shew, that Grenville's was an imperfect character. So, indeed it was, but let it also be added, that never were first principles for the paramount duties of life, never was the actuating doctrine of right and wrong more beautifully developed in the mind of any man, than they were from his very boyhood, in William Grenville.

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But he needed the counsellor, the guardian, the friend, to lead his mind in the right path. This was what James Webster possessed in such excellence, this was what William Grenville most required. And accordingly, while the former was alive to the actual condition of the world and its affairs, the other was continually working out Utopian theories, until Utopianism became part and parcel of self. While the one partook of the innocent joys of the world, the other turned away in disgust from those joys, as belonging to an order of things in which he had no participation; whilst the one was full of consoling hope, and comparatively happy—the other lashed himself into despair, until, sinking into immeasurable misery of mind, the line of Wordsworth was too literally verified:—

"Thereof came in the end despondency and madness!"

James Webster, it will have been observed, had had a repugnance to the study of the law from the commonly received notion as to its illiberality, as a profession. This was merely a boyish prejudice, taken up without due examination, and abandoned immediately, that he had turned his attention to a thorough investigation of the subject. That an uniform, and a painful attention is necessary for every legal student, ere he can arrive at proficiency, even in one single branch of our heterogeneously-compounded laws, has been long a matter

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of regret, but it is to be hoped, under the gradually enlarging views of society, will be so no longer. Our laws are capable of being simplified, as, in the present state of civilization, many customary specialties can, without injury to any one, be wiped away; many modes of tenure, inoperative in essence, can be brushed down as so many cobwebs, which cluster round and disfigure the fairness and beauty of the laws of England. When this has been effected, and legal studies rendered less abstruse, and capable of attainment in a few years, perhaps those prejudices of the world will be also lessened, which at present adjudge lawyers incapable of intermingling legal dryness with literary and lighter employments. Such an intermingling of pursuits has been a fatal rock to a multitude of students, whose legal as well as general views in life have been blasted by the flimsy yet common sentence of condemnation, passed upon them by the vulgar. Lawyers, hitherto, to succeed, have been compelled to be mere dry, black letter, book-dust men, or case-citers. The only man, indeed, who seems to have been saved from this hard fate is Mr. Brougham. But to the young lawyer, we say, "Courage, friend, Tempora mutantur."

No English gentleman can have completed his education without a knowledge of the principles of the constitution, under which he has been born and will spend his life. This has been made manifest by every great legal writer, from the

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time of Fortescue, to that of Blackstone. The Romans were alive to the necessity of the diffusion of such learning, " Discebamus," says Cicero, de Leg. Lib. 2. Cap. XXIII. " Discebamus enim pueri XII., ut carmen necessarium; *quas jam nemo discit.*" In the orator's time luxury had emasculated the intellects of men, who turned from exercises where much attention was required to the prosecution of fashionable frivolities. The same thing is observable in our own day, yet, to every thinking mind, the importance of general principles of law becomes the more apparent, as civilization makes further progress, and the possibility of constitutional and moral innovations are rendered more obvious and imminent. Every gentleman in the present day, should receive some kind of instruction from written books, but more especially from the oral lessons of lawyers, in the same manner as in the times of the Greeks and Romans, no individual could well show his face in society, without having studied under some rhetorician or philosopher.

The world is, in its present regulation, more governed by arithmetical than poetical numbers, and the utility of no individual will be rendered available, unless he mix with the throng of men, and, however reluctantly, assume the part and dress of visible life. Poetical effervescence in seclusion will work mischief, rather than benefit; because as every pure poet is, by nature, a good

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man, and as goodness is an active, and not passive quality, and like the eye,—

> " Sees not itself,
> But by reflection, or some other object"—

it will, by being suffered to stagnate, generate regret and inward misery, which will, in time, wear away, and destroy the springs of life. The poet, therefore, to become useful, and earn his own happiness, must be satisfied to leave his solitary cave, and calm, sylvan and ascetic retreat,—must be satisfied, too, to divest himself, in some measure, of his habiliments of spirituality, and abandoning, in a manner, his full tones of vaticination, must oblige himself to utter language intelligible to the common herd of his fellow creatures—must, by a detestable necessity, speak with the 'tongues of men.' In all this, James Webster was particularly happy. He had poetical feelings, and he cherished them in early life, with a clinging fondness, and if any proof of this be necessary, it will be found in the even purity, excellence, and spotlessness of his moral character. This may not, at first, appear as a necessary argument to the preceding position; but, when viewed through the medium of the following *middle term*, it may be rendered more obvious:—that no man, in the present depraved state of society, can keep himself free from the defilements of life, without having his breast impregnated with something of the in-

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fluence of poetry—something of *a romantic feeling* (as the vulgar are pleased to call it), which shall generate, at the same moment charity and universal love for all his fellow creatures, and fear and horror at an imitation of their foibles, follies, and weaknesses. Other men may also pretend to have a similar feeling towards the foibles, follies, and weaknesses of their fellow creatures, and allege other than the above reasons for their principle of conduct, but if their characters be minutely examined, it will be seen that they are guided by the suggestions of a supposed superiority, of a violent self-love, of an all engrossing vanity, and that, in their religious creeds, they are what we will here call (in order to use general names) *Mammonites and Atheists.*

We have some few fragments of poetry of young Webster's composition, which, however, we will not here insert, but the following little passage breathes such a pure tenderness of sentiment, that the reader may, perhaps, be pleased to see it, taking it as a sybilline leaf, in which is darkly shadowed forth the excellence of the young traveller's heart. It speaks of Girgenti, in Sicily:—

"Girgenti will remain like Paris, in itself, and by itself, needing no comment or journal. I reserve it for fancy as well as memory: I reserve its groves, its ruins for my own use: I shall often wander along its temple-crowned gardens, its pillared precipices. It will be a Grecian capital,

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till the real capital is seen, till I shall have visited Athens itself."

The purity of his mind may also be found from the poetical evidence which he has left of an attachment of the heart. Whilst at Malta, he was cast into the society of a Neapolitan refugee of high rank, who, with an only daughter, had sought shelter in Malta. It was the circumstance of their hard fortune—the utter penury of their condition—that first drew on them the regard of our young voyager. These successfully wrought on his enthusiasm, until they made him a slave in love, to the attractions of the young Neapolitan lady. In his private journal, is the following passage, descriptive of the state of his feelings on leaving Malta:—

"The last look of Malta was to me a mournful one. Though I had been waiting eight days for the summons to sail, yet when it came, its suddenness surprised and grieved me. Scarcely could I convince myself that the relative and friends whom I loved, were shaking my hand with a farewell grasp—that we were parting, perhaps for ever. What were to me the ruins of mighty cities, the glory of antient Rome, or prostration of modern Italy? My thoughts were lingering round the scenes where I had enjoyed six weeks of unalloyed delight, and

"Lived my boyhood o'er again."

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Alas! It has passed; and this short visit, which will rank in memory along with it, has passed also. So, as I said, if not with tears in appearance, with more grief of heart than when sorrow finds an outlet in tears—so passes time, never to return. Let me comfort myself. What would life be without these vicissitudes,—what would joy be without pain? Did I not daily complain of being detained, and say this day spent here in Malta, is a day taken from Rome? I did so, not knowing my own wishes. I did so, but when the time came, I wished the tempest to drive us back, or some accident, to give me a few more hours. How should I have employed them? Perhaps in nothing, perhaps in complaining. Here, now, if such hours were at my command, I could give utterance to a thousand thoughts and feelings. What recollections, hopes, and schemes of happiness! I will brave thee, thou boisterous channel, once again. Nor art thou, lonely rock, separated from me for ever. I shall yet behold thee, or in some way build fame upon thee, if fame be ever mine. Enough—let me not give sorrow way, nor write this page with tears. Yet, wherefore should I check the current?—too rarely am I thus moved—too seldom know the mournful luxury of grief: for not possessing the substance of joy, I cannot often repose under its shadow. It is, therefore, far more dangerous for me to communicate with people. To me they are all in the extreme—or

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loved, or hated, or despised. I wander on to think of many, first of one whom I shall long remember—not for her beauty, for truly that was not the attraction—but, that she and her friends were suffering in exile for the good cause of liberty; and yet to my eyes she did appear beautiful, and I found in her converse something of that spirit, which lives only in the great and the unfortunate. For awhile it appeared to be with me also, and I thought myself worthy, and felt myself fit to participate in it. I had all the poetry of exile—she, alas, has all the suffering! Suffer on—the day will come, and is come—liberty shall triumph—the great shall be acknowledged great; and thou, thou shalt see thy beloved Italy again. I too shall see it, but not as thou, with affection. I shall see it as a stranger, and examine its ruins. I shall see thy city; then assuredly its ruins shall be of little interest; it will suggest too many thoughts for me to inquire what it has been, I will, as I promised, think of thee as I pass it. I will next recal my present thoughts on it, and reflect how hard is fate, how little happiness depends on our wishes. Are there others of whom I would now wander, still farther to think?—Yes, many—many whom sudden liking or old acquaintance would call up. Many who, one by one, shall be registered and kept sacred in memory. Let all these trust themselves to ordinary recollection; here one is in light, another in



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shade—one is in the foreground, the other slightly marked in the distance. Let the picture of Malta remain as it now exists: its colours will be softened by time; but I will always preserve it, and look on it with pleasure. Farewell, then—farewell,—I hope not for ever."

James Webster had wisely resolved to go abroad, fully aware that his mind would never be able to grapple with the difficulties of active life, until he had had his fancy enlarged, and his reason confirmed, by the contemplation of mankind.

The full body of his travels contains nothing on France, Switzerland, or Northern Italy, and we have ventured to give insertion to a few passages on those countries. His observations on St. Germain will be found interesting.

"From Paris to Rouen, a series of large peninsulas is formed by the Seine. Near the end of one of these, and about ten miles from town, is St. Germain, which, with its palace and forest, occupies the heights on the right bank, and is seen in the distance, soon after passing the bridge of Neuilly. It is a place of some interest, having afforded a residence to James II. after he had been driven from his dominions. He was presented with the palace by Louis XIV. and lived in considerable state, acknowledged and treated as king, though, in reality, he was but the humble dependant of the Grand Monarque. Fortunately for the

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nation which had cast him off, James experienced from Louis no further friendship than was necessary to the gratification of French vanity, and the exiled Stuart lived and died at St. Germain. But to proceed. The palace, which was formerly a fort, has, it appears, been thrice in the possession of the English. The present edifice is surrounded by a broad ditch; but, with this exception, and the extreme thickness of the walls, it has no trace of the ancient fort. The palace, as it stands, is the work of Henry IV. It is an irregular square, of not more than three hundred feet either way, built of brick.

"Here the royal residents spend their time in hunting and shooting, a sort of amusement very different from the English field sports, the animals being confined within certain limits, or existing in such quantities as to render these unnecessary, and thus slaughtered without search or trouble. Several thousand shots are fired by one sportsman, in the course of a day, upon the wise calculation that, as every shot affords a fixed quantity of pleasure, three thousand will make a sportsman one hundred times happier than thirty, reckoning as nothing the uncertainty, disappointments, labour, suspense, and surprises—things, without which there may be good shots, but no sportsmen.

"The apartments of James are on the left side.



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The panelling and mantle pieces are, in some rooms, in their original state; but, as the British Monarch is a person of but little interest to the French, no care has been taken to preserve them. The chamber which he inhabited after his fall, shews its ancient gilding, and a little closet or recess, at the side of it, is still more richly ornamented. This last was his oratory, and, as it communicates with his bed-room, we may suppose it to have been the scene of that unfortunate bigot's daily devotions. Opposite the palace, is the parish church, where James was buried. In rebuilding it lately, it was found necessary to remove the royal remains, and they are at present deposited in a small chapel adjoining, where is found a plain tablet of black marble, placed at the side of one of the altars, and bearing the following inscription: "Jussu Georgii IV. Magnæ Britanniæ Regis et curatore equite Carolo Stuart, Regis Britannici legato, cæteris antea rite peractis et quo decet honore in stirpem regiam, hic nuper effossæ reconditæ sunt reliquiæ Jacobi II. qui in secundo civitatis gradu claris triumphis, in primo infelicior, post varios fortunæ casus, in spem melioris vitæ, et beatæ resurrectionis hic quievit in Domino, Anno MDCCI; v. Idus Septembris MDCCCXXIV." Below this, and within the railing of the altar, is the case where the remains are kept, with a French inscription, to the effect that they are placed there only till the new church be finished,

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and a more appropriate monument can be erected. This, it is understood, will be at the expense of our King. Nothing could possibly have been selected, more beautifully appropriate and moderate than the inscription just transcribed. It is, of course, no authority for the death of James in 1701, but this fact is sufficiently ascertained, especially from the monument in the Scotch College, where we find the following words: "Vixit annis LXVIII, regnavit XVI; obiit XVII. Kal. Octob. an. sal. hom. MDCCI."

France has been so frequently traversed, and has so thoroughly become, as it were, household ground, that we have no intention to trouble our readers with very many of Mr. Webster's observations, on what booksellers and superficial readers would call "a hacknied subject," though one the philosopher would denominate the true topic for reflection. And he would style it thus for the following simple reason: that the business of real philosophy is to cleanse the eyes of men from the films of envy and prejudice, and teach them the true objects of interest, and the true business of life. Any subject, contemplated for the first time by an honest inquirer, is, for the most part, sure of being considered correctly and deeply; and could men be made to think, the powers of the human mind are in themselves of surprising capacity, and however simple, uneducated, or thoughtless the individual, if his mental energies be rightly cherished and

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rightly applied, there are few subjects, in which he will not be 'learned unto wisdom.' But, respecting what are vulgarly called 'hacknied subjects,' there already exist so many flippant, shallow, sciolist opinions, that an individual, unless he be a true and zealous inquirer, with strength of mind sufficient to overlook existing adjudgments, not, perhaps, in the spirit of Descartes, laying them aside altogether, will, most certainly, be cast upon an interminable sea of doubt, and find himself left to the mercy of shifting currents, without the aid of helm or compass. In such a situation, no one, save the true philosopher, can prove a guardian genius. By this line of reasoning, it may have been made obvious, that the more 'hacknied' any subject has become, the more valuable should be considered the observations and adjudications of the real and pure thinker.

That young Webster was a man of this speculative and rare order, will, we think, hardly be denied by any one who shall have the patience to travel over the pages of these volumes. Considering him in the above light, the following remarks may not be considered as unimportant:—

"I now leave St. Germain, and proceed to Rouen. On our way thither, my principal occupation was in talking, and provoking others to talk. In France this is no difficult matter, for there talking is a something distinct from thought, or reason. Give vent to every impression—lay hold on every

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passing object or occurrence, and always have at hand an inexhaustible stock of nothings, as a *corps de réserve*, ready to be poured forth whenever news may arrive, whether from books, journals, brother talkers, or any other source whatever:—never speak as if a thing were unimportant, but have for the slightest conception, its proper tone, action, and expression; at times, stretching out the arms, frequently tapping the side of the nose with the forefinger, pursing the mouth, drawing up the eyebrows, shrugging the shoulders, and, on extraordinary occasions, rolling the eyes and beating the breast; but, above all, out-talking your antagonist, and you will make a good French conversationist, and a very charming sort of person.

"There is, at present, a great project on foot, namely, to dig a canal from Paris to Rouen, or Honfleur. This formed the chief subject of our conversation, and, at every winding on the river, my fellow-talkers took indefatigable pains to point out to me the immense rocky mountains which were to be traversed. It was truly ludicrous to observe how little they thought of the means, while describing the magnificence of the end. The execution of the project was to cost one hundred and twenty-five millions—*mais qu'importe?* The canal was to carry ships of war to Paris; to have a depth of thirty feet; steam engines were to fill its locks, where they were too high for reservoirs; the sea was to be shut out, by throwing a wall for

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several miles, from near Havre to Honfleur; a new era was to commence; Paris was to be the emporium of the world, and the sublime prophecy was wound up by an exclamatory asseveration, that the Seine would soon become 'la Thamise de Londres.'

"About eight P. M., when it was already dark, the right wheel of the diligence dropped about a foot, and next instant one of the horses fell. The vehicle gave two or three swings, but, though heavily laden, did not overturn. Every body was in a fright, and the women screamed like Yorick's starling, to "get out." On examination, it was found that a large space of twelve or fifteen feet, near the middle of the road, had been left under repair, with the whole causeway taken out to more than a foot in depth. Going at such a rate, and dropping suddenly, might have led to some serious mischief. Fortunately, however, the damage did not extend further than the breaking of the carriage pole. Being at the entrance of a small town, we procured a light, and, at the same time, a considerable crowd. The engineer was sent for to account for the neglect, which had well nigh produced our overset: He laid the blame to the 'undertaker:' and this functionary, whatever he may have been, declared that he was not in fault, and that the workmen only were to blame. Two other diligences now came up, and as they had only escaped the danger by means of our mishap, they

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joined in upbraiding the two blameless gentlemen just mentioned. A council of coachmen was held, and, with many threats and execrations, the defendants were found guilty, and informed that proceedings of a graver nature would be commenced against them, on the following day. Meantime, the present business was to get on; the wheel was found to be entire; the pole was tied with ropes; but, notwithstanding all the assurances of the conducteur, several of the passengers would not venture, but remained at the village all the night. We arrived at Rouen in safety at about ten.

"Rouen stands on the right bank, in the middle of a turn of the river; the suburbs stretch up the different hills bounding this. The boulevards in several lines, broad and planted, encircle the body of the town: the suburbs are numerous, and to the right is a valley, along the base of St. Catherine, stretching for nearly a mile, till shut up by a hill, forested at top. Gardens, bleaching and drying grounds, with cloths of all colours spread out, poplars and small country houses, are here intermixed. Two other suburbs straggle up the ridge of the heights surrounding Rouen on this side. A dirty quay extends along the river, and perhaps one hundred ships are moored toward the right bank, chiefly lighters. A little to the right also, and at the foot of a hill, is a new cemetery, planted, and having a few monuments, and a cross in the middle of the ground. The Seine having

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turned, is seen over the suburbs on the other side, at some distance, winding in a single thread, past the small triangular white cliffs, into which the ridges on its banks are broken. On this side, at some distance, are two other suburbs: the intermediate space from the river is occupied with fields, fringed with cork trees. The route to Paris runs below the heights, along the river's side, leaving room for a succession of villages, trees, houses, with gardens, and plots extending to the river. About twenty beautiful islands, of various sizes, some large, may be seen at once, in a space of three miles, looking up that river, each of a vivid green, and edged with trees or shrubs, the former generally of poplar. The river is lost immediately on turning by the folding of the hills.

" The manufactures are carried on mostly in the suburbs. On the left bank the great windowed houses, with tall chimnies, and a ringing of bells to work, denote the scene of industry.

" Rouen is the fifth town in France, and contains about eighty-seven thousand people. It is very dirty, irregular, and crowded; the houses are low, flat, and mostly of wood; and some of the lanes present a lamentable picture of filth and misery. At present it is one of the principal manufacturing places in the country, and was formerly the capital of Normandy. It has been often noted for the grandeur of its gothic buildings, among which the cathedral is foremost in rank and beauty. It dates

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generally from the time of the Conqueror, but one of the towers is undoubtedly far more antient, and on either side of the church, are the tombs of the first and second Dukes of Normandy, from whom William was, I believe, the seventh in descent. These tombs are in no way remarkable, consisting simply of rude stone figures in painted robes, lying on their backs with their hands crossed over the breast, and dogs at their feet. One of them was named Rhon, and the other William Longue-Epée, both likely to arrest the attention of the English traveller, from the fact of their having been the founders of that line of princes, who conquered and completely changed this country. There are several other monuments, one to the Archbishop of Rouen, who built the cathedral, and lived contemporary with William. The last line of the inscription on this monument, relates the date of the conquest. "Hoc-pontif-Normanni-Guillel. duce-Angliâ-potiti-sunt. Anno MLXVI." It should, however, be remarked, that the tablet does not appear of great antiquity, and the line just copied has been added, merely by way of information, it having no connection whatever with the preceding inscription. In Rouen, Joan of Arc was burned, and the English Governor, who condemned her to death, Bedford, the King's uncle, is buried in the cathedral, where an inscription on the floor, behind the altar in the

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choir, mentions that he died in 1435, a few days after the execution of Joan.

" There are masses said every hour, so that at whatever time you enter, numbers are in attendance; and, as usual among devotees of all sects, chiefly women. There they are, from morning till afternoon, crossing themselves, muttering, &c.; the cathedral being lighted up by a hundred candles in broad day. On either side of the choir, is a row of reverend Fathers, three others at the altar, who, attended by boys with shaven crowns, seem engaged in an endless parade of crosses, bell-ringing, drinking, and swinging incense, to the sound of vocal and instrumental music. All this is, no doubt, meant to be very mysterious, but to the uninitiated it simply seems a show, and as such will sometimes appear ridiculous, sometimes imposing. Of the preachers much may be said in the way of praise: they speak extemporaneously, and with great earnestness and enthusiasm.

" In the museum, there are nearly three hundred paintings, chiefly French, with a few from the Italian and Flemish schools. The library contains about thirty thousand volumes, and one thousand manuscripts. Here you are shewn a missal from the eleventh century, used formerly at the coronation of the English kings, and also an immense volume, of fifteen pounds weight, upon the writing and ornamenting of which a monk spent his life

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time. Both the just named establishments are in the Hôtel de Ville, and are open on certain days to the public generally, and at all times to strangers. This building was formerly a convent, but at the period of the revolution, it was applied to its present purposes, the French having had the good sense in their reform, to preserve and appropriate usefully the religious houses, which throughout the kingdom, are now converted into town halls, museums, colleges, courts of law, and hospitals.

" Leaving Rouen in the morning for Havre, we arrived at the latter place in the evening. Havre is one of the most thriving places of trade in France; and admits about four thousand vessels yearly, which is half the number of those at Liverpool. The town itself is strongly fortified, but by no means large, probably containing less than twenty thousand souls. It is, in a manner, the Greenock of Rouen. Hearing that General Lafayette was in the roads on his return from America, and would land the next day at Havre, we could not omit this opportunity of witnessing how the celebrated veteran would be received. On the morning there was considerable bustle, and the history and merits of the General very freely, and, indeed, ably discussed, by various parties of perambulating expectants on the pier. A salute was fired from the old tower of Francis the First, where we had taken up our station, and were not a little amused to see how easily a grave matter may be made

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ridiculous. By the negligence of the artillery man, the match went out; the officer and men apparently distracted, ran to every corner in search of fire, and from their gestures you would have naturally concluded, that some dreadful calamity had befallen the place; at length, a gentleman presented his cigar, and was hailed as a great deliverer. The salute was fired, in answer to which the American vessel fired nineteen rounds, on La Fayette leaving it. As he approached the shore, some few voices in the crowd exclaimed, "Vive la Fayette!" But, whether from fear, or opinion, nothing like a welcome was expressed. The object of attention on this occasion was an old man, nearly eighty; tall, ruddy, with a broad cast of features. It seemed scarcely credible, that the plain, merchant-looking man, in a brown scratch wig, and old blue coat, without order or decoration, was the true la Fayette. He seemed perfectly delighted, and smiled very graciously upon the assembled crowd. As he landed, there was a second slight shout of, "Vive la Fayette!" when the General began shaking hands most perseveringly with all around him. A dirty looking carriage was in waiting, which, being filled by himself, and five others, drove off, after a speech had been made out of the window to the populace. Not fifty persons followed him to the house, and he, having shewn himself at the balcony, these few admirers dispersed, and left only some antient

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gentlewomen, and gaping boys, the former disputing angrily, whether the general's age was sixty, or ninety-five. Such was the reception of the best, if not the greatest, among those who made a figure in the revolution of France.

" A steam-boat goes daily from Havre to Honfleur, and, like almost all which I have seen, is furnished with English machinery and engineers. On the Continent, you find England every where, and every where she is doing good. On the passage from Havre to Honfleur, one of the most striking and amusing sights, was presented by the appearance of some French peasants, who happened to be on board, returning from an annual fête at Havre. Their head-dress, a point among primitive people, as among all others, on which vanity is most expensive and ingenious, rises to the height of two feet, worked in every part, and covered with lace. Nothing can exceed the oddity of these white towers, with their two long flags hanging down from the top behind; while the pigmy, bunchy, supporter, might be mistaken for the mere pedestal of this enormous column. Their occupation was to sing canticles, or religious hymns, in honour of the Virgin, and other saints, but whether from piety or levity, it would be difficult to determine.

" At Honfleur, there are many English residents, who make a point of being down at the pier twice a day, to watch the arrival or sailing of the boat;

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of itself a constant amusement, whereto is added, the vague expectation of meeting some acquaintance among the crowd of passengers, or at least of discovering many faces which remind them of England. Honfleur itself is a true English colony; one of those settlements which extend along the French coast, without interruption, from Dunkirk to Bayonne. Families were crowding through it, southward, seeking resting places, where habitable houses might be found unoccupied, in some delightful spot,—a search which was not unlikely to prolong their journey to the Pyrenees. Judging from Honfleur, which, however, is but a small colony, the mode of living appears but uninviting, with the exception of mere animal enjoyment. The society, for the most part, consists of military and naval people, among whom cards is the chief amusement. Those who attend to the mind, need not come over to France; they will seldom find a protestant church in the place. In the larger towns, however, they will often meet with extensive libraries. At Honfleur, the only trace of a literary world was a reading room, into which a Galignani's Messenger alone straggles down from Paris daily, and, casting a solitary ray through the darkness of the place, prevents the world from being entirely lost in oblivion. But, for those who value animal existence only, nothing more recommendable could be devised, than to quit their native country, and, how poor soever, they may be

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to live luxuriously in France. The wines are too well known and estimated to require any particular extolment here. They are, in fact, the chief cause of so much emigration. Normandy is not a wine country: cider is its great production; but the wines of the neighbouring provinces are as pure here, as on the spot of their growth. Excellent ordinary wine may be had for thirteen sols per bottle; and claret, such as with us would be served up under some splendid name, is to be purchased for twenty-three sols, or eleven pence halfpenny. Then there are fruits of all kinds, in great abundance; grapes, for though not a wine country, the green eating grape is plentifully produced; plums, &c.; melons, particularly that species with green flesh, possessing a peculiar savour for Epicurean palates. The fields are filled with apple trees: the property is exceedingly subdivided, for the most part into small square crofts, and every croft is an orchard. But the pears are the most surprising part of the produce; enormous, incredible, masses of nourishment, which seem to have been sent for antediluvian giants, or served up at the table of the Titans.

"The *côte* of Honfleur would reward a long journey, by the view from the top of those perilous rocks, over the stormy gulf below, with its sand-banks and whirlpools, and along the endless vista towards Rouen: then the cliffs and towns on the opposite coast of the firth, among which, though



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now only a few houses round an immense steeple, Honfleur will be the most interesting to an Englishman, for thence it was that the Conqueror, and his Normans, sailed on an expedition, which led to a more complete revolution in manners, property, &c., than had ever happened in any country. A list of the chiefs and knights, who accompanied William contains names, which still are found in Normandy, while their families are the principal among our actual nobility. We may suppose the heights along the Seine covered with their castles, where indeed some remains are found, though not of the same antiquity. About ten miles up the river are the ruins of the castle of Tancreville, extending along one of those high white cliffs, into which the shore is occasionally broken. Among the Anglo-Norman names, the following are some of the most eminent:—Beaumont, Somerville, Mortimer, St. Clair, Harcourt, Montgomery, Chartres, Courtenay, Vernon, Spenser, Musgrave, Talbot, Montagu, Percy, de Courcy, all of whom are enumerated, as having accompanied the Conqueror in his victorious invasion."

On his journey towards Switzerland, Mr. Webster passed through Fontainbleau, and the following extract has reference to his visit to that antient château of the monarchs of France:—

"The outside of the palace at Fontainbleau is very unpromising, but the apartments are more splendid than those of the Tuileries. Describing

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the interior of a palace is generally a tedious business, for tapestry, embroidery, gilded roofs, paintings, vases, candelabras, lustres, statues, mirrors, thrones, and beds of state, may afford any one the means of constructing, by various combinations, every royal residence that ever was, or is to be. In some of the just mentioned requisites of regal grandeur, this of Fontainbleau is particularly rich. The pictures, however, are nearly all of the French school, and of inferior value. Among the apartments is the long gallery of Henry the IVth., adorned on both sides with busts of celebrated men, among which is that of Marlborough. An Englishman, beholding this, feels disposed to admire the Gallic liberality, that gave so sworn a foe to France a place among the busts at Fontainbleau; but this feeling is considerably lessened, when he sees that warrior's name mis-spelt at the bottom of the bust: a circumstance somewhat similar to the laudatory article on Chalmers's sermons, which commences with the words, 'Ce prédicateur célèbre,' but concludes 'dont nous n'avons jamais entendu parler.'

"The newest and most elegant part of the palace was occupied by the late Pope Pius during his confinement. A suite of seven such rooms could not disgrace even the lord of the Vatican, were a palace the less a prison by its structure, tapestries, and gilding. One of the rooms looks out on the gardens, and on a large sheet of water,



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which comes close to the wall; and it appears that the principal occupation of his holiness was to sit at one of the windows of this room, and feed and watch the movements of the multitudinous carp, with which the basin is thronged. During a confinement of twenty-two months, he only once walked out into the magnificent gardens which he daily had beneath his view, deeming the pleasure of such a promenade outbalanced by the inconvenience of a guard. It is a somewhat singular instance of retribution, that Napoleon should, in his turn, have been placed in precisely similar circumstances at St. Helena, where he confined himself within the inclosure at Longwood, from the very ideas of dignity which he had probably ridiculed in the father of the faithful.

"But the great curiosity at Fontainbleau is the abdication table. This immortal piece of mahogany is of a circular form, about two feet in diameter, and supported on a single post in the centre. The following inscription is on a plate, mortised in the post:—'Le cinq Avril, dix-huit cent quatorze, Napoleon Buonaparte signa son abdication sur cette table dans le cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2ème après la chambre à coucher à Fontainbleau.' A seal is placed on the table itself, which still stands in the centre of the room here mentioned. It is said to be cut and marked by the penknife of the exasperated Emperor—and one mark there certainly is, which may have been

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so produced. From the foot of the table, formed of some common wood, part of the black paint is also rubbed off, and you are told that this is the effect of a tremendous kick inflicted by Napoleon after his abdication. Whatever truth may be attached to these statements, certain it is, that the table in question was that on which the conqueror's iron sceptre was broken, and the most astonishing man of modern times consigned to insignificance.

" Fontainbleau is one of the many royal hunting forests, covering the whole amphitheatre, in the centre of which stands the palace and the town. Several ridges of lofty rocks run round its boundaries, and inclose it, like the happy valley, from the ordinary world. It is a truly royal abode. Walking out in the long avenues, with which the forest everywhere abounds, you find yourself, at momentary intervals, in a centre from which six or eight of these avenues radiate, each seeming interminable, or bounded by the rocks, or sloping downward, and gradually covered up by its own arch. Meanwhile the nightingale, thrush and cuckoo, with the whole tribe of subordinate songsters, are busy with their lays. The hare starts suddenly at every winding of your path — the deer stalks along the sombre avenues, and you are, not unfrequently, met by the wild boar, tracking up and down his devious course. At length, on gaining the extremity of the forest, and as-

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cending one of the lofty crags, you have beneath your glance the whole extensive basin, with its rim of rugged hills intersecting each other irregularly, sometimes shutting out the view, sometimes rising slowly from the vale, covered with dark masses of pine, which yield only to the bare rock, but are, in their turn, indented by the birch from below. The light foliage of the latter is thus contrasted with the dark evergreen above, and towards the plain, with the body of the forest, which still stands almost leafless, except where, to the right, shrubs and avenues of poplar point out the situation of the palace and gardens. In looking on a scene of such magnificence, centered by a palace, to which taste and style have contributed all their stores, and behind the immense piles of which the town appears to hold the rank of a mere attendant, you would suppose it the habitual residence of a mighty monarch: yet must this majestic pile hold itself most highly honoured by a few weeks visit from the royal owner, during the year. In fact, the King of France cannot leave Paris in any direction, without meeting, in the compass of a few leagues, a domain equally rich in gardens, fountains, avenues, and advantages for the chase; equally provided with its palace, in some places the labour of more than one dynasty—in others the monuments of single kings, who wished to appropriate the work of ages to themselves."

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We also give what Mr. Webster has said on the fêtes, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and his comparative reflections on the national characters of England, and France. These are of consequence. Dupin, the statistical writer, has somewhere said, that if the history of France be considered, it will be seen that that country has kept about a century in the rear of England, if reference to political revolutions and moral organization are in question. This remark will be found true, as far as times present are concerned; but in civil liberty, generally speaking, and municipal privileges in particular, England, even so far back as the period of the Tudors, was much more than a century in advance. Seignorial rights and gifts in mortmain, which are banes to social improvement, were very soon destroyed in this country; whilst in France, convents and religious houses swallowed up all the circulating wealth of the people; monarchy was absolute; tyranny stalked abroad in undisguised colours; favouritism became a curse; and the nation was one of yielding slaves and insulting despots. This order of things would make one only city of concourse in the kingdom, and that was where her monarch resided, and where places and preferment, corruption and vice, most largely prevailed. In England, however, we had a rural aristocracy, we had considerable cities, where money was abundant, because commerce was active, and we had a burgage gentry of con-

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sideration, frequently of importance. Added to which, we had ambulatory parliaments, which considerably increased the consequence of the commercial towns in a popular legislature, the constituent members of which upheld in due dignity the importance of their respective places of nomination. All the characteristic differences in England and France, can be easily traced to these causes. As to fêtes, they are only the pastimes of people wanting matters for serious reflection. The Austrians, Russians, Prussians, are people among whom diversions and amusements are rife, and form the employment of the middle ranks of society. In England, the middling ranks of society (the great test, on every occasion, and in every nation) are sober and serious, and not given to distracting diversions. The Spartans, who were true republicans, were of severe manners; whilst the Athenians, in the very height of their democracy, were, though self-styled sovereigns, the most abject slaves in the universe, as the comedies of Aristophanes most truly represent them. France in the time of Louis XIV. was infinitely gayer then she is at the present moment—is infinitely gayer now, than she will be a hundred years hence: for even while we are writing these remarks, a change and improvement have come over the aspect of her national character. Liberty is always of a serious demeanour.

" The season of fêtes is a kind of fair time, last-

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ing, generally, for ten days or a fortnight at each place. Here you at once see the light, joyous character of the French peasantry, and the ease with which all ranks mingle together. Day after day, crowds are delighted with "swings," "ups and downs," and whirling; and you see old people charmed with a whistle. In fact, it may be generally said of France, where such a thing as bashfulness in a young person is scarcely heard of, that the children are little men, and the men great children. St. Cloud has one of the best fêtes, and, like all the rest, is most crowded on a Sunday. Some may censure this, but it is the custom of the country, where you are told that the happiness of the creature is the best worship that can be paid to the Creator. Be this as it may, a stranger must with the others, and he will occasionally question, whether they may not be right, when he sees so many thousands innocently happy. In England, there is nothing at all similar to the French fêtes. Our fairs are assemblages of barbarians; but in France, every thing on these occasions is done with taste, and without extravagance. Illuminated woods—music heard on every side—the elegance of the dancing—and, seen from the distance, the immense crowd spread through the woods—innumerable tables and tents, always filled—the circles, lighted up with chandeliers, and, in which the dancers are perpetually busy—the long avenues lined with stands, and filled with multi-

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tudes—even the swings, the conjurer, and all the numerous tribe of oddities—but, above all, the impression caused by the general sound mixed up of voices and music, and shouts of exultation, ever varying; these without exaggeration may be said to realize the fairy scenes of fiction.

"After the capital, there is much sameness throughout France. It is the land of system. You find the same establishments in every large town—a royal college, and a seminary for the youth, ecclesiastical and lay—a "Cour Royal," with its long train of advocates—a prefecture, and its gentry, in or expecting office—a see, with its legions of priests—a garrison, with its compliment of twelve or fifteen hundred soldiers—all these, and many other indispensables, being on precisely the same footing every where, make the towns mere repetitions of each other, and lead to the conclusion that the inhabitants are the same. Travellers are apt to find fault with this, and to represent the French as a people, whose character is formed and adjusted at will, by the mechanism of government. Of the fact there indeed can be no doubt; but the fact is universal, and no more applicable to France than to other countries—the sole difference being that, with the French, you find a repetition of the same mechanism producing similar results, while with other nations the results are varied, because every place has its own mechanism; still, in all, the character is formed by the

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means employed. The question is simply this, whether it be better to use the same mould in every place. Taking, for example, England and France, system is unquestionably of more importance to the latter than the former. France has no natural limits. It is part of a great continent, originally undistinguished by national character. How, then, is its existence and community to be preserved? Its extreme parts are attracted towards other centres—sometimes they yield to this force, and are detached—at others, the fragments of other kingdoms fall in as a compensation. The history of France is chiefly a detail of these changes—provinces are seen passing and vibrating from side to side—the kingdom is often shaken to its centre, by the shock of most fearful movements. How, then, arrest this calamity—how put an end to this chief cause of war? Nature has traced no line of demarcation, has given no principle of union. Art must then supply both—art must teach every subject that he is not a foreigner, must make him feel himself a Frenchman. Hence all this systematizing. Men are formed after the same model, and a sort of artificial patriotism created. The same manners result from the same institutions—people of the most opposite dispositions are made to feel in common, and, by constantly referring every thing to one common centre, consider themselves as forming one great and indivisible whole. England, on the other

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hand, is differently situated, and requires not the assistance of art, to keep alive the principles of union. Her inhabitants are naturally patriotic, not so much from peculiar merit, as from peculiar position. They are inclosed on an island, and their barrier is the everlasting sea. London, the centre, is not more English than the shore disputing daily with the wave for its existence. There can be no danger of disorganization in such a kingdom, and, as regards that public spirit which is the soul of patriotism, things may be safely left to themselves. Hence the greater freedom—the more marked distinction of individual character among ourselves. We can afford every latitude of opinion, whether in religion or politics—we can have separate laws for separate portions of the empire—church establishments, founded on opposing doctrines--education, conducted on every principle; in fine, we need take no pains for preserving a national union, which is essentially indivisible. The Frenchman's character is fixed on the same model throughout; this was necessary; his country is variable. The Englishman's character varies—his country is fixed."

He has a few words on the jubilee at Toulouse, and the historical recollections connected with Nismes:—

"The jubilee, and the departure of the missionaries, were celebrating with extraordinary pomp in the antient city of Toulouse; and for two

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months the streets had been worn with processions, thousands crowding upon thousands, and parading with flags, images, and music; in the morning at mass and communion—in the evening, listening to the enthusiastic orations of the famous Abbé Guyon. The military have been seized with a like zeal, and yesterday a body of two hundred sang hymns in procession. The jubilee, in the capital, passes comparatively without remark—its shows are forgotten almost as soon as seen—but in the towns, and especially at Toulouse, it is a much more serious affair. In effect, a stranger coming to Toulouse, and meeting all this bustle, zeal, and agitation, would think himself in the midst of a people, dreading the instant destruction of their religion—or he might imagine himself a spectator of that universal fervour with which the whole nation, weary of philosophy and reason, rushed to revisit the newly opened temples, which had been closed for years, and degraded by the hands of infidels and atheists.

"Leaving Toulouse by the canal, and travelling all night, you arrive on the following evening at Beziers. This way of passing through the valley of Languedoc has become the more common, as the boats travel at nearly the same rate with the diligence. The aqueducts, with the exception of that of Fresquel, are not of any size. After passing a reservoir, near to which is the mound and

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obelisk to the memory of Riquet, you descend between fifty and sixty locks, and go through a tunnel of considerable length, soon after which you land at Beziers, with the conviction that it would require a country far more commercial than France to render such a work profitable.

"From Beziers we proceeded to Montpellier, and from thence to Nismes, where we arrived in the evening. This last is one of the few really interesting towns in France.

"A Roman colony was established at Nismes about twenty-five years before the Christian era. It was one of those formed by Augustus after the battle of Actium, when the great number of soldiers became both useless and dangerous. The veterans of the army of Egypt were sent to Nismes, and, under the care of Agrippa, the city was, in a short time, ornamented with those works, which, with others, constructed under the succeeding emperor, acquired for it the surname of the second Rome. Agrippa formed its baths, walls, and the aqueduct of the Pont du Gard. Various monuments are attributed to Tiberius, Trajan, &c. The greatest of all, the amphitheatre, is variously given to Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. But, on the irruption of the Vandals in the fifth century, one of their kings invaded the Romans, and the baths, aqueducts, and ornaments of Nismes were destroyed. The Visigoths succeeded the Vandals,

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and, finally, the colony was yielded to them by the Romans—one of those strange instances of feeble policy, by which the barbarian hordes were allowed a footing on the frontiers, and soon found their way into the very heart of Italy. Next came the Franks, from Germany, and penetrating into the south, disputed with the Visigoths for the possession of the city. After them, towards the eighth century, the Moors passed the Pyrenees, and conquered the south-east of France; but war breaking out between them and Charles Martel, they were defeated, and the French King still further mutilated the monuments of Nismes. Traces of the fire are still visible round the greater part of the amphitheatre. The dark ages then succeeded, during which Rome and its monuments were forgotten. Yet, after the lapse of so many centuries, these monuments still remain almost perfect."

Here follow his observations and reflections on some of the principal places in Italy:—

"On Sunday, I left Turin at four, A. M., for Asti, where I arrived at half past six, P. M., crossing the Po by the new bridge, on going from Turin. To avoid the heat of the day, we stopped at Villanuova, from seven till half past two. Travelling about the middle of the day is rather perilous, the peasants having retired from work, and the roads being thus left unprotected. Hence,

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in Italy, robberies are as frequent at mid-day, as at midnight. The danger is not, however, productive of any great delay to the traveller, for the heat is of itself a sufficient reason to keep him from proceeding.

"We saw the house of Alfieri. It is large. On the table in the room in which he was born, is a marble bust. There is also, in the same room, a portrait of the poet, from which it appears that this great master of the tragic art had blue eyes and white hair. On a scroll, in the left corner, is an inscription:—'Per la Contessa Giulia Alfieri, V.A.'

"On the 7th, at a quarter before four, I left for Alessandria, and reached it at ten. Set out from thence at three P. M., for Voghera, where I arrived at half past eight. I passed the field of Marengo, and met with a gentleman, a Piedmontese, who had been in the battle, and was one of those who, having served under Murat, was deprived of the pension. As we passed the field, his recollections of the battle became strong, and shewing his nine wounds, he related many of the events of that memorable day. There is a single house at Marengo. A column, which was erected near it by the French, has been since destroyed. Marengo is a great plain, wooded, with the exception of that part near the house. The battle was fought on the 2d of June, 1800.

"On the eighth, at half past five, I proceeded for

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Pavia, and on entering Costeggio at eight, the carriage broke down. This mishap cost us three hours, which were employed in mending the principal spring. A quarter of a mile before entering Pavia, you pass the Austrian frontier, and all fear is then over. My passports were regular, and I felt much more at ease than I had done eight days before at ——. I had, perhaps, been too precautious. I was provided with passports from the English embassy, with a *visto* by the Austrian, at the ministry for foreign affairs, countersigned at the general police of Turin; and now, before leaving the Sardinian territory, these passports had an additional inscription "buono per sortire." Ten minutes after, we reached the Austrian custom house, and the passports were examined. One gentleman underwent a long questioning—had he been at an university?—what had he studied?—had he been at Paris? &c. &c. The examiners then consulted together for several minutes, and drew forth papers which they read for some time. Our *sacs de nuit* were meanwhile under scrutiny. Every thing was taken out—shirts, clean and otherwise, alike carefully unrolled; dressing-cases searched; every book opened, and its title read. An English copy of the bible caught particular attention, as did also the suspected gentleman's journal, which last seemed to cause a strange emotion in the mind of the learned German. He fumbled it over, and looked grave, sought for a



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title at the commencement, and, finding none, looked still more grave and grim. He examined the binding to see if it had sedition without, and then resumed his perplexing conjectures as to its contents. For aught the faithful functionary knew, it might be a manuscript of some work marked in the Austrian 'Index Expurgatorius;' it might be the essence of Voltaire, or a Scipio Ricci, or a Lady Morgan. Such appeared to be the course of his cogitations, as he poised the innocuous duodecimo. Finally, he came to a decision, and with a gravity which had been imperturbably preserved throughout, he laid aside the book, and unrolled a shirt, from which dropped out a night-cap and a string. We would willingly have taught him the British application of these two ominous articles, for he proceeded to search the carriage inside. The conducteur's packet, of one shirt and two neckcloths was untied, but nothing was discovered at all dangerous to the peace or dignity of Austria; when, at length, turning up the cushion, the officer of customs found a roll of paper, containing portraits of Ney and of Napoleon. Here, then, he had us. He shook his head, but long after he had seen the word Buonaparte, he continued to look on the face of the first consul —a face which has its recollections for all, and could surprise even the employé of Pavia into the appearance of feeling. A second consultation was now held, and the two portraits were not per-

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mitted to enter the Austrian territory, but the officer agreed to let them go to the general police at Milan, giving a receipt, by virtue of which we might be enabled to recover them. Having examined everything in this vexatious manner, the searcher applied for a *buona mano*, and was unsatisfied with a franc. We were now four *bei signori*, and could surely spare another franc. A second applicant had a claim on our generosity, he having been employed to expedite the passports to the police. When these gentry had detained us in all three quarters of an hour, we left the crew of clerks and gend'armes, but only to fall into the hands of a second set on passing the bridge over the Ticino. Here the receipts which we had obtained in exchange for our passports were examined, and the *buona mano* requested in return.

" Pavia is a neat town ; the streets have each a stone railway in the middle, for carriages. This is formed of flags about two feet broad, and from four to six feet long, laid level with the street and in two parallel lines, something more than two feet from each other, so that, with an ordinary carriage, the wheels are on the middle of both lines. This sort of railway has been talked of in England. It is simple, cheap, and seems to give a great increase of power. Experience alone, however, and a comparison of expense, can settle



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the question between this and the iron railway. That it is better than the street cannot be questioned, since the drivers always keep on it.

" The University of Pavia is a new building, in several courts along the principal street. We saw the cabinet of anatomy, and the gallery of natural history. There is a fine hall. Numerous inscriptions on tablets placed on the walls in the different courts, are commemorative of men, whose names, however famous in their professions, were unknown to me. The number of students was twelve hundred, about four hundred of whom were in the medical classes. All the students had a highly gentlemanly appearance. We visited the college Borromeo. It is a large building, forming a court, the inside of which presents two stories of piazzas, running completely round. In the grand salle are fresco paintings, representing the principal events of St. Charles's life—one at the end where he is being made cardinal, opposite to which is one in which he administers the sacrament to those dying of the plague. The roof is in fresco, also representing the life of St. Charles. Round the room are portraits of nine cardinals of the Boromean family. This hall is really elegant. In a room adjoining, is a portrait of the actual representative of this great Italian family.

The oldest church in Pavia is that of St. Michael, formerly a cathedral, and built by the Lombards. The front is ornamented with lines

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of rude figures, stretching across the whole breadth. Owing to the accident of the morning, it was now too late to go to Milan, without giving up Certosa, and I therefore resolved to stay all night at Pavia.

" After dinner, I visited the pictures belonging to Scarpa, which is a remarkably fine collection; and next proceeded to the cathedral, the effect of which, on entering, is grand in the extreme. Ascending the adjoining steeple, I had a view of the setting of the sun, which falls into a gap in the Alps. These form a dark blue wall, contrasting with the glow on the river, which gradually fades, and leaves the beholder meditative and calm beneath the indescribable influence of an Italian sky. The number of square brick towers in Pavia, is said to have formerly been one hundred: there are now standing six or eight. We could see the steeple of Certosa, and, though very indistinctly, the cathedral of Milan.

" On the 9th, I left Pavia at half past five—reached Certosa at half past six—whence, starting at eight, I arrived at Milan by twelve.

" The formerly famous monastery of Certosa, lies in the great plain between Pavia and Milan. The country is much wooded, and, by an avenue from the road, you enter Certosa through a low range of houses, which formed part of the monastery. To the right is a fine stone building, resembling a palace. Here the monks were wont to entertain

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strangers. In front is the celebrated church, than which, nothing can be conceived more richly laboured. The façade is ornamented with innumerable sculptures: at the base, from one side to the other, are bas reliefs of the Roman Emperors, and a little above these, a range of bas reliefs, all in the finest white marble. The bas reliefs on each side of the great door, on entering, are particularly remarkable. The entire front is of white marble. The interior is of the usual form, a cross, with a dome rising from the centre; but the roof of the centre aisle is much lower than usual, being only higher by a small window, than the first of the side ones. The first object shewn to us, was the inimitable tomb of the founder, a shrine of white marble, about twenty feet high, covered in every part with minute sculptures. The statue lies in the centre. This monument would of itself make Certosa worth visiting. The following is the inscription:—'Io. Gal. Vicecomit. Duci $\overline{\text{M}\widehat{\text{L}}\text{I}}$ primo ac ejus uxori Cartusiani memores gratique posuere. Die xx. Dec. MDLXII.'

"The altar at the end of the right cross is, as all the others, ornamented with precious stones. The front of the table bears a bas relief, surrounded with these stones. There are at this altar, four marble columns, three statues, and two candelabras. The sacristy is a long room, of about eighty feet, and contains many pictures. Returning into

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the church from this sacristy, we entered the old sacristy, over the door of which are the heads of females of the founder's family, as over the door of the other cross aisle are the heads of the men of the same family. In this room is the table for marking the masses. Rows of holes, and a number of lines run down the table. The intervals of the lines are marked at the top, denoting the object for which the mass was said, as 'inconventu— | de S. Triniti | de spirit | de Dno' | &c. A piece of wood was put into the holes when a mass was said. A brass grate extends across the principal aisle, over which is a figure of the Virgin, and the inscription—'Supra astra feror.' In the left hand room are ivory figures from bible history, three tables, and sixty-seven compartments. Around, are ninety-four additional figures, all of them in ivory, and carved by one of the monks. In many parts of the church are the letters $\overline{\text{GRA}}$ $\overline{\text{CAR}}$, inlaid, &c. The church is double aisled on each side; the second set of aisles are formed with chapels, two to each of the principal arches. The ornamenting of the chapels, of which there are sixteen, forms perhaps the most laboured part of the edifice. They are all painted in fresco. Each has a valuable picture over the altar, a cross of ebony and tortoise-shell, two columns each set of different marble. The faces of the altars are, alternately, marble, bas reliefs, and mosaics of precious stones. In fine, in

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the chapels, the altars, and in the whole of the structure, there is such a profusion of ornament, such a minuteness of decoration, such an assemblage of rare works of art, that the recollection of it is a confused wonder at the exterior of marble overspread with sculptures, and at the interior gemmed over, in every part, with precious stones. There were marbles of every description—that of Verona, verd antique, black marble, and many others. There was agate, and large plates of lazoli, cornelian, jasper, &c. &c., with statues, pictures, and every luxury for a place of worship. Nothing was wanting, the altars were prepared, the organ in readiness, the stalls folded down for the choristers. I waited to see the sacristy open, and the priests, with their attendants bearing incense, come forth to perform the mysterious observances of a ceremonious creed. But this has passed away—no train of priests—no silent friars —no parade of celebration—no crowd of fervent worshippers appear. The shrines are deserted, the sounds of worship are heard no more, nor do any, save the curious and profane, pass the threshold of this temple to examine its wonders and muse upon the evanescence of grandeur, even of the grandeur of religion.

"From the church, you go into a small court with pillars round it, and thence into a great court, the abode of the chosen twenty-four Carthusians. This is the most curious part of the

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establishment. Round three sides of the square are twenty-four similar dwellings, each in the form of a small church, the chimney standing as a steeple. Each friar had one of these houses, which consist of, on the first flat, two rooms bricked, and a conservatory, in which is a well. From one of the rooms is a door, leading into a little garden behind. On the upper flat is one large domed room, occupying a space equal to the two below, having a fire-place, and a small room for books, of the size of the conservatory, with a place for wood, &c. Beside the door is an opening through the wall, forming a circle of, perhaps, two feet in width. Through this hole, by means of a table on a pivot, with a board placed so as to prevent the person carrying the provision from being seen, the dinner, &c. of the monks was served up. They received it without uttering a word. The little garden attached to each house, was the only place beside the church, which their reverences allowed themselves to enter. They were sworn to silence, excepting on Thursdays, when they met in the general garden, which lies beyond the smaller ones. Besides these twenty-four, there were thirty junior friars, and twelve aged, in all sixty. They entertained strangers sumptuously, and were the wealthiest monastery in Europe. Joseph II. suppressed the order.

"A canal runs along the road to Milan. On entering by Porta Ticino, you see the ruins of a

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Roman temple. The cathedral is of white marble, with minarets, statues, &c. Inside, are fifty full pillars, and fifty half ditto, with two great pillars of red granite. In the east window, is one of the nails with which Christ was crucified. The Archbishop goes up, once a year, to see it. The number of minarets to this cathedral is about one hundred and twenty. Some of them have twenty statues each; some sixteen or thirteen. A few of the minarets at the end are not built. During late years, the greater part of the cathedral has been retouched, so that it appears quite new. The statues on the tops of the minarets, are something more than the natural size.

" I saw the interior of the Scala, the performances at which had closed. There are six rows of boxes. On the stage there was a strange jumble of theatric pomp unveiled. A balloon, a ship, a car, signs of the zodiac, steps of a throne, a sea in the act of being nailed, a conflagration half rolled up, &c. &c.

" In the academy of the Brera, there are several rooms filled with paintings. Among these, ' the Marriage of the Virgin,' by Raphael—' Abraham dismissing Hagar,' by Guercino—' St. Sebastian,' by M. A. da Caravaggio—' Purgatory,' by Salvator Rosa, &c. &c. The library is very extensive. I afterwards went to see the amphitheatre, built by Napoleon—a poor affair—large, indeed, but low, and liable to be flooded. At the monastery

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'della Grazia,' is shewn the famous picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. It is in a plain long room, one end of which it covers. The monks cut a door through the wall, immediately below our Saviour, and took away part of the table. Nearly all the figures are in part obliterated: Christ's less so than the rest. His face is almost entire, as is also the wine cup before him. In the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana, the original sketch of the school of Athens, by Raphael, may be seen also two small pictures, by Brugée, a monument to Bossi, the bust by Canova, with other casts, &c.

"I descended to the chapel of St. Charles. There are forty-five thousand ounces of silver in the reliefs. The body of the saint is shewn, and the scull is perceptible, on which is a mitre surmounted by a small crown of gold. His dress is one of full state, the pastoral staff, ornamented with emeralds, rubies, &c.; the cross of emeralds, and the episcopal ring of topaz. There is a child of gold, given by the Duchess of Modena. We paid four francs for seeing the body, and a horrid sight it is. The priest, having put on his white short surplice, and lit the candles on the altar, opened the silver coffin, the front of which comes down, and displays the hideous sight, through beautiful large crystals, the gift of Philip of Spain. From this dungeon we ascended, with feelings of pain, and of pity. The saint is universally admitted to have

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been a great and good man. He founded colleges, shewed a pious and benevolent courage during the plague, and was liberal towards the poor. Few have such strong claims to sanctification; but why, after death has dissolved the connection between spirit and matter, should the vain care of man attempt to cheat the tyrant of his prey? Does this squalid splendour, this wretched mockery of a robed and mitred carcase, inspire any increased respect for the deceased, whose virtues all admire? or, rather, does it not withdraw our thoughts from him, to contemplate the most mournful truth, thus set forth in the most revolting form? However the veneration for the hidden relics of saints may be defended, as a serious and salutary act of reverence, yet their bones brought before the public gaze, are but unnecessary proofs of the humiliating corruption of the mortal frame of man. Numbers of people were praying round the open roof of the chapel, which is on a level with the general floor, and in the middle of the cross. A railing surrounds it, and lamps are kept burning at the corners. In the forenoon we went to the police, and found that the people at Pavia had acted wrongly, in refusing to pass the portraits of Bonaparte and Ney. The Milan office severely blamed such needless scrupulosity, and restored the two French generals to our protection.

"The collection of busts and portraits, called of Napoleon, in the royal palace, is kept in a low

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room, all crowded together. The throne, on which he was crowned King of Italy, is in the same room, and is a gilded chair with a canopy. Round the room are ranged six white marble busts, by Monti —three, by Spala—one colossal, by Canova—an immense bust by Comolli—the head white marble, the drapery bluish grey, intended to be placed in the senate. This head is surrounded by a band, the original form of the iron crown. In all, there are thirteen marble busts—two others in bronze, and three bas reliefs. There are eight portraits hung round the room—three of which are of full length. David thrice painted the famous pictures of Bonaparte crossing St. Bernard. One I saw at Paris, and a second here. They are much the same. The second of the full lengths is a copy from David, representing Napoleon in full state as Emperor. This copy is superior to the original, which is at Paris. The third full length is by Bossi.

" There are besides, five two-thirds portraits, all of which are excellent—also a number of etchings, resembling a frieze—representing Tagliamento, Ulm, Arcola, the Institution of the Cisalpine Republic, the landing in Egypt, France imploring the Chief's return. His return led by Minerva to a throne, the battle of Marengo, his first entry into Milan, the battle of Aboukir, and the passage of the Great Saint Bernard: this last is the most celebrated, and prints from it are every

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where to be met with. These, for the greater part, are by Appiani. There are fifty-one little Venetian lions with crowns, and bearing swords—twenty-four ditto for standards—four large ditto, brought from Venice, by Napoleon. This room contains, about twenty-five likenesses of the emperor. On going out, I inquired whether the inhabitants were allowed to visit this collection, and was answered, that they were not. We went back to Brera—left Milan at two P. M. for Como, which we reached at half past eight.

"Taking a boat for Co' di Lazo, we started at seven. Villas of the Milanese are seen along the left bank at the bottom of hills, and among them the palace della Scala. At the end is Como, with a dome of white marble, cathedral, and four old square towers over the white tiled houses, rising immediately from the Lake. We passed the new steam-boat the Lario. Above Como, is a conical hill, with a square tower, the ruins of the antient castle of Baradello—formerly connected with Como, by a subterranean passage. The Lake had been hitherto perfectly still, and all the houses and mountains reflected therein; but on passing the point at which stands the villa of the Marquis ——, we suddenly met a strong gale, and crossed over to the Villa d'Este, the former residence of the Princess of Wales. It was purchased by her from General Pino, and sold to her banker the present possessor, the Duke Torlogna. It is a

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large house with two wings. On landing from the Lake in front, we were shewn the lower suite of rooms; the upper rooms were not shewn, this being forbidden by the proprietor. The house of William Austin is on the opposite side of the Lake, somewhat farther on. We passed Tanzi. The banks form a bow, one end running into the Lake, on which is a village among wood. The steep side of the hill is formed into terraces covered with fir, chesnuts, willows, and poplars, and cypress. In the centre, on the water's edge, is the Villa Tanzi, and higher up, covered with ivy, the ruins of the Villa Terlasca. The rock rises steeply from the water, and the mountain, forming a dome, is wooded to the summit. The Villa Pliniana, so called from the description of the fountain in Pliny, was built in 1570. It has a great terrace to the height of the third story, with a stair from the Lake. There is a very picturesquely situated villa, at the entrance of a gash in the hill side. A small cascade falls, striking twice against the rock at the corner of this chasm. The cascade falls into a basin, and thence for about fifty feet; when, passing through a bridge, it gains the level of the Lake. The fountain, for which the place is remarkable, has no visible connection with this cascade. It is somewhat lower than the basin, and about one hundred feet distant, being immediately behind the centre of the house, which, for the space of four windows, has been formed into a

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covered court. A little film of water issues from a shelf of rock which forms a basin, extending to the left, not more than eight or ten feet, and only a few feet inwards. The height is about four feet, and seven or eight columns have been placed to imitate a support. The front is covered with small stone set in lime. The curiosity of the fountain consists in the change of the level of the basin thrice a day, not however occurring at equal intervals. The rise appears only about four inches, and begins with great rapidity. I arrived at ten, when it was falling. Pieces of money placed in the basin, were gradually left dry. In half an hour the same piece was only twice left dry, on a very gentle slope. A centina placed upright, shewed only a descent of one quarter of its diameter. We had been told that the water was at its lowest, and accordingly, when I was observing this piece, the water returned upon it very quickly. This was at half past ten, and in two minutes, two-thirds of the diameter became covered. The rock was covered, the water poured at new outlets, and the rise was sensible to the eye. The quantity of water at this fountain is very insignificant.

"The chief flat of the villa is laid out into two great halls, covered with very bad pictures and inscriptions, relating to the fountain. The villa and grounds, comprising one hundred and thirty acres of wood, land, &c., were for sale, for fifty

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thousand francs. The Villa Melzi is a fine mansion, with terrace, &c. In the great hall, are a fine picture of Napoleon, busts of Madame Mère and Josephine, a painting of a Bacchante, &c. &c. In the garden, are statues of Dante, and Beatrice, after designs by Canova. Ascending to the former convent of Villa Bellagio, near the top of the hill, which divides the two parts of the Lake from Como, and Lecco, I had a splendid view, first of the Como Lake, then of Como and Lecco. I passed over to the Villa Sommariva, saw a statue of Palimedes, by Canova, and a frieze of Alexander's exploits, by Thorwaldson, made at the command of Napoleon, but which were unfinished at his fall. They were bought by the Marquis Sommariva, since dead.

"I reached Lugano at a quarter past nine. I could only get one mule to pass the mountains to Bellinzona, but set out, being told that another could be procured, which had been sent into the Alps. The guide was a smuggler, of whom there are great numbers carrying sugar and salt into Italy, and taking silks in return. They get fifteen sols, for what in Switzerland costs five. There are but four soldiers to guard the pass, and, according to our guide, the smugglers muster some two hundred, or two hundred and fifty strong. Their mode of marching is as follows:—three go some distance a-head, bearing muskets, give the alarm if soldiers are near, and decide whether



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they shall fight, or not. Our guide pointed out to us a spot, where he had met the soldiers. He hailed them from behind a tree, and called to his comrades, about nineteen, to stop. The soldiers generally yield, and allow the band to pass, on payment of four or five francs. I stopped for a quarter of an hour on the hill, to regale on milk and cheese, and at length reached the summit by a winding road, which leads up a neck of hill, first looking on the vale of Lugano, then on that of Cá' di Lago. The beautiful view of the Lake of Como takes in also the valley, where the Adda winds. The vista extends to Morbegno, a straight road running up, and to the hills of the Lake of Chiavenna on the left. As we were looking down on this, a steam vessel came in sight. This was her second voyage from Como. She seemed to excite the greatest curiosity among the people, for, from every town numbers of boats were putting out, and as she advanced, were veering near her. Having had their sight, each returned. Here, as on the Lago Maggiore, the captain of the steamer is an Englishman. We now arrived at the summit of the mountain, where suddenly came in view the Val Levantina, the Ticino, and part of the Lago Maggiore. For several hours we were descending, with this splendid view before us. The lake and river, golden-coloured—a dim and sultry afternoon—the mountains, as we got farther down, beginning to cast their shadows on the lake, and give it the natural blue, the gold becoming

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fainter, till it rested only on the part near the Lugano, and on the points where the Ticino turns,—formed a delicious prospect. We could look down, without being dazzled, on the beautiful scene beneath, on the churches, the rich banks and busy waters of Lugano. Nine smugglers met us, six with burthens of sugar, and three in front, as guides with guns.—At eight, we reached Bellinzona, which is a small town, with a church of no extraordinary beauty.

"We proceeded to Airolo, and passed Faido, and its cascade. The road as far as Airolo is good. A new one was to be cut over the hill. The ascent to the place of the Hospice occupied two hours. The Hospice is entirely in ruins, but beside it there is a small house at which we breakfasted. In ascending from Airolo, we passed the avalanche, which, in November 1825, nearly overtook the courier, who escaped, throwing away his despatches. These remained for several days buried in the snow. The avalanche has the appearance of rough-hewn marble, white, and dripping, and seems about half a mile in length. It is melting daily. There are three lakes on the top of St. Gothard.

* * * * * *

* "It was not in the best English, but it was enough. The Lake of Geneva, the Mer de

* The following is doubtless a fragmented reflection of Mr. Webster—and must, the Editor fears, remain unintelligible.



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Glace, the Lago Maggiore, were then not forgotten. Were they remembered in the same way as by myself? I think so. If I am wrong, I wish not to be undeceived. This gives me the means of knowing:—why were these means given us in so singular a manner? People do not write their address in an inn book, by accident, nor do the French generally express themselves in English. And yet, can ten words warrant the conclusion to which I came? I had drawn that conclusion, many days before, from better evidence. There let it remain—such things occur in life—they come, shine, and disappear. We cannot believe the light to be passed for ever—we stand awaiting its return—meantime, we forget for what it is we mourn—memory can no longer bring out the images of past things. Now, we would willingly give up the future, could the recollection of what has been be preserved. It is in vain. The very effort of thought disarranges it. Pleasure and grief decay together, and we become indifferent. Am I then once more destined to see the past die away and be forgotten? A year hence, must all be reduced to a few facts, and a single name? I should say *now*, "it cannot be—these impressions are for ever. Wait the event—trust them to time." While, however, they are still fresh, let me tell to that future being, who perhaps would else not recognize this as part of his existence—let me proclaim to my own

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changing nature what it has experienced, and point out to memory, whither it should most frequently return.

* * * * * *

"We passed the Devil's Bridge—and saw Altorf and the two fountains—one, where Tell stood, the other where his son was placed, at a distance of about one hundred paces. The statue of Tell and his son are at one, and that of Tell at the other. There is an old tower, with paintings of Tell, &c. At the convent, I saw a Franciscan reading in the garden. He wore his beard long, was dressed in a brown gown and hood, with belt and cross hanging at his side, and was remarkably plump and youthful in his appearance. The situation of the convent is peculiarly fine. At Fluelen we took boat, and saw Tell's far famed Chapel, where he escaped from the boat. Here were several rude frescoes, representing events in the history of Switzerland. On the other side is Rutli, where the three Swiss conspired. On a green, at the foot of precipitous rocks, are a small house, and three fountains—Furst's, Tell's, and Arnold's. The three present at the first meeting, were Stauffacher, Furst, and Arnold: at the second meeting there were seven, and among them Tell. We got to Weggis, ascended the Righi, and slept at the Righi Stoffel.

"The Stoffel is half an hour from the summit. There were numbers of people going up—about

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eighty-four. We observed the mists covering all the plains, like so many lakes. The progress of the light is gradual: the clouds in the east grow red, till, at length, sun rise being at hand, a man with a trumpet goes and sounds to the east, then down towards the Lake of Zug, and after, towards Lucerne. Having made this announcement, he bursts forth into a wild song as the red deepens all over the east, and the first beam of day is expected to break. Already the distant glaciers of the high range of mountains, from the Finsteraarhorn to the Jungfrau, had been lighted up; the gleam gradually descended their white summits, fell on the lower mountains, and at length, on the expectant multitude assembled on the Righi. The great red orb emerged, but only to enter a dark cloud, which overhung and almost touched the horizon. All that now appeared was a broad red line. In a short time, however, the rising was renewed, the sun leaving the cloud, when the trumpet was once more sounded, and, at length, we beheld the triumphant entry of the day. The mists overhanging the plains melted away—the Lake of Zug became visible, as also those of Brientz, of Sempach, of Sarnen, and part of that of Lucerne. Afterwards a lake to the right of Sempach, and the Lake of Zurich, in two places came into the view, which gradually comprehended the country below Zug, the banks of the Lake, Albis, Kusnacht, Tell's Chapel, Lucerne,

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Mount Pilate, valley of Sarnen, banks and Lake of Lucerne, the high range of the Finsteraarhorn, the Ragsberg, and the part which fell down upon Goldau, the rocks all the way down, the town of Schwitz, and the two peaks of the Myten. We remained the whole day on Righi Culm, a small green on the top of the hill. There are mists occasionally during the day, particularly about noon. The mountain is precipitous towards Zug. On the other side, it rises from the Lake of Lucerne, and is green to the top; indeed, cows are grazing around. The sunset was rainy, and on looking down to the plains, a rich purple colour gave a beautiful effect to the scene.

"We next day again witnessed the sun rise; and could see the eastern range better than on the previous day. We descended to Weggis, and, taking boat for Lucerne, arrived there at half past eleven.

"The annual federal diet had been sitting four or five weeks at Lucerne. This was the last day of the sitting. Strangers were not admitted to the debates, which lasted till about one o'clock. Several deputies were to be seen, each with a sword and opera hat, and followed by a servant in a cloak, which was invariably of two colours, as red and yellow, blue and white, &c. &c., the cantons having every one their particular colours. On asking the name of such and such a deputy, we repeatedly got in answer, 'Je n'ai pas vu le

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manteau,'—and when this distinction had been seen, we were made acquainted, not with the name of the deputy, but with that of his canton. They are in general respectable-looking men. We saw the hall in which they assemble in the Stadthaus. There are forty-five deputies; the first division are ranged round a three-sided table, and the second round the room at several small tables. The president's chair is in the centre of one side of the room, and on his right and left sit the deputies of Zurich and Berne. Each deputy is furnished with a spitting box. Several of these statesmen were in the evening at the inn.

"The relief of General Pfyffer is shewn at thirty sols admittance, and they also shew his walking staff, which forms into a seat.—I next visited the monument to the Swiss who were engaged in defending the Tuileries in 1792. A small chapel with inscriptions:—'Invictis pax.' 'Die X Augusti,' and 'per vitam fortes, sub iniquâ morte fideles.' In the interior are the coats of arms of the officers, and a piece of worked cloth, forming the front of the altar, on which is, 'Ouvrage de S. A. R. Madame la Dauphine Marie Thérèse de France, A. D. 1825. Donné à la Chapelle du Monument du 10 Août, 1792, à Lucerne.'

"A few steps farther on is the lion, carved in the rock. This is a grand work, the idea by Pfyffer, model by Thorwaldson. Above is the inscription:—'Helvetiorum fidei et virtuti, die X

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Augusti 11 et X Septembris, MDCCXCII,' and below lists,

" One of fallen duces XXVI.
" Another of escaped duces XVI.

" We left for Zurich at four, and arrived there. In the library of Zurich, we were shewn three MS. letters from Lady Jane Grey to Mullenger. A picture of Zuinglius, in profile, said to be the best, has the following inscription:—' Hyldrychus Zinglius, et dum patriæ quæro per dogmata sancta salutem patriæ cæsus ab ense cado. Obiit ano Dni MDXXXI, &c.' There is also a picture of his wife, a marble bust of Lavater, a relief figure of Switzerland, and a monument to Gessner.

" We went in a boat to Horgen, and walked in hard rain to Zug; on the following day sailed for Arth, walked by Gerisau, &c., to Schwitz, and to Brunnen, took boat to Buechs, and walked to Stanz.

" At Engelberg, I met with a chorister, who had studied five years in the monastery, with a view of becoming a priest. He spoke Latin fluently, and told us, that he would not become a Pater. ' Nolui fieri pater—musicus sum—ludo violino.' He accompanied us to the precipice of the Titlis, the finest thing we had seen in Switzerland.

" Having returned to Stanz, we went on to Sarnen. Here we saw the bas-reliefs in the town hall. The portraits we could not see, as the

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council were assembling. There were twenty-three councillors, common-looking men, each with a sword and black cloak. At nine, four or five of them entered, followed by a servant in a red and grey cloak—the others arriving shortly after. The valley of Sarnen is rich and beautiful, with houses and trees on either side. At half past ten we set out for Meyringen, and reached it at half past four. There is a fine view of Lucerne, on turning the corner of the little hill at the middle of the lake. An amphitheatre presents itself, the right side formed by the Stolberg, covered with cottages, green fields, and trees, to the very summit—the left by the Shoemberg, less fertile, but equally covered with trees. The green Guinina rises pyramidically in the right corner, and three successive ranges shut up the front—first the steep wooded ridge of the Brunig—more distant, the dark rugged rocks of the Faulhorn, here and there tipped with snow—and a great way off, the triple snowy peaks, the highest of which is said to be the pyramid of the Eiger.

"The lake goes up to near the first range, and the banks are covered with groups of houses and fruit trees. At the top of the hill, near the chapel, to stand at a height of some hundred feet, and look down on the Lake of Lucerne, stretching irregularly along between the Stol and Shoemberg, affords a delightful view. Every where, there is population, but the principal groups of

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houses occupy the plain between the lake and the precipices. These are all of that form which distinguishes the Swiss cottage. The base is of stone, and whitened; the upper flat is of wood, and the roof projects over it to a great distance. The roof itself is also of wood, and ranges of large stones are placed upon it. There are three churches tiled, one of them with a steeple. The small plain is parcelled into square fields, and part of it into a garden, with a stream running through. A second, and larger stream, which, a little further down, might be seen pouring in a cascade from the Guinina, forms a sand-bank on entering the lake. Looking northwards, you see the valley of Sarnen, stretching down to a lower level than that of the Lucerne Lake, and the rugged grey heights of the Pilate.

"From Meyringen we went, on the same evening, to Brientz.

"After going to see the cascade of Giesbach, we returned to Meyringen, and then set out for the Grimsel, where we arrived, having had rain the whole of the way.

"At Grimsel it rained all day. Eight or nine weather-bound travellers were congregated. Most of them went to bed, reading 'Ranz de Vaches;' or, 'the Bachelor of Salamanca.'

"At six, we ascended to the summit of the Grimsel—the lake of the dead—and descended to the glacier of the Rhone. We entered below the

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glacier, whence the greater body of the Rhon proceeds. It was necessary to wade in. The cav is not fine, but of an emerald colour. In th centre a large mass has fallen, behind which w got, and saw the stream coming out, foul, fro below. The heighth and breadth gradually dim nish, till there is only place for the stream. W returned by Grimsel to Meyringen, and saw th cascades of Handeck, in the upper of which th two streams unite. We witnessed the phenom non of the two rainbows. Were at Meyringen a half past four.

"At Grindelwald, the falls of the Reichenbach six or seven in number, are high and fine. Pas ing the Scherdeck, you have a view of the Wel horn and Wetterhorn, the snowy pyramid of whic latter is of singular grandeur.

"We set out at half past six for Lauterbrun, b the Wengern Alp. Mist and rain fell for thre hours, so that nothing could be seen. We got t Interlacken at three.

"Switzerland is both grand and beautiful, bu monotonous. The same elements enter into a its mountains. They are grey, with white dome and pyramids; above are snows and glaciers. Th torrents rush among pines in the middle heights lakes, fields, and villages, are every where in th hollow—the arena of these vast amphitheatres.

"Geneva is wonderfully busy about this seaso of the year—its streets are a continual curren

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and counter current of travellers, some setting out on the tour of the mountains to the Oberland, the Grimsel, the Righi--some to visit Ferney, which the great philosopher of France has made so famous—or Chamouny, to see the valley, the glaciers, and the misty needles of Mont Blanc, or the neighbouring mountains—to look down on the lake, its commerce, and innumerable cities —its woods and vineyards, and the various snowy ridges, pinnacles, and smiling valleys of the distant Alps. Carriages are rolling in all directions— the vetturino arriving with its motley company from Italy—the unwieldy diligence from Lyons or Berne—the noble lord, or northern prince, followed by a gaping crowd, admiring his equipage. The English are assembling at their hotel at Secheron, or playing at cricket on the city green. If one of the four boats which ply daily on the lake is about to depart for Lausanne, or Vevay, forty or fifty, with their packages and porters, are seen hurrying on to the pier. Some are sailing about in pleasure parties, admiring the thickly planted castles and villas—others, equally occupied, are strolling about the streets, and gazing at the print shops. Then, there are the many dealers in sentiment, who wish to produce or to verify a poetical image, beholding the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" fresh from the purifying lake, or tracing this rapid stream for some distance, in order to ascertain whether it really scorns to mix with the muddy

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waters of the Aar. And it is, in truth, found tha a torrent, as broad and more impetuous than th Rhone, is rejected by the latter, and their brow and blue territories long distinctly marked. To wards evening, the public walks are crowded b parties, proceeding to the small town of Careng or promenading in the botanical garden, or alon the broad avenue formed on the inner rampar Geneva has not twenty-five thousand inhabitants it has no commerce, no extraordinary natur beauties or advantages; yet, such is the respec for this asylum of the oppressed, such the numbe of great men which it has produced, and, finall such the force of its ancient renown, that all tra vellers come to visit it, and, even after havin found it little more than a village, depart with th impression of having seen a great and overflowin metropolis."

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We feel persuaded that we shall be forgiven fo the extracts which we have laid before our reade from this young man's journal: their brevity an their pithy quality will be their best excuse fo insertion. What follows, will conclude the serie of extracts which we intend to insert in thi memoir. They could not be more appropriatel terminated than by the excellent reflections o travelling, made on the occasion of his journe from Florence to Rome.

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"We proceeded by land to ome, passing the Lake of Thrasymene, and seeing the falls of Terni, and arrived safely at the eternal city. Vetturino travelling is a wearisome affair; five long days and a half, performing one hundred and eighty English miles. The cheapness, (about thirty-five francs, dinner and bed included,) is but a small compensation for the ennui of journeying daily from four in the morning till long after sunset. Then you are taken to a bad inn, furnished with a bad supper, shewn to a damp and dirty bed, and, not unfrequently, welcomed roughly. You are, in fact, so many packages delivered over to be warehoused by the landlord—so many pigs contracted for to be messed by the score. On one occasion it is Friday, and nothing can be served but omelet and macaroni—on another, the rooms are all full, and a great bed is exhibited to you, which, you are told, is a whole canna in breadth, and six or seven palmi in length, and can hold five persons conveniently. If all this were true, you might respect the piety of the people, and put up with the other inconveniences. But it is all villainy. Get into a storming rage, and throw out a significant hint about the buona mano, and a whole corridor of empty rooms is at your service. Notwithstanding, however, these and many other *désagrémens*, we had, on the whole, a pleasant journey. In this part of Italy there are no diligences, nor any conveyance but

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the vetturino, except a courier, who takes one person, and occasionally three, and starts thrice a week. You may, indeed, go by post, but for this you must have your own carriage, or pay extravagantly. You are thus almost compelled to have recourse to the vetturino, and jog on at forty miles a day, from one end of the country to the other, looking always on the same pair of miserable hacks, with the single variation of having the addition of a mule, or more frequently of a pair of white oxen, to drag you up the hills. One advantage is, however, afforded by this method of travelling—it gives you full leisure for examining every thing on or near the road. Plodding slowly up a height, you discover the renowned capital of Tuscany. Its many domes rise from the wide garden of the Arno, and towards it, as a centre, the lines of habitations are thickening, as they descend from the surrounding heights. It appears but a few minutes' walk up to the eminence of Fiesole, and its lofty monastery might be supposed a fort in the suburbs of the town. The strong Pistola seems equally to have moved up the valley, and its impregnable ramparts to protect the entrance to Florence. For many a league, the eye follows the winding Arno, re-appearing at every broad turn over its groves of vine and olive trees. At the end of a vast ocean-like plain, there is only a slight line of transparent haze. Lucca is still visible through it, and the chain of mountains

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which on either side protect it, have scarcely yet assumed the confused blue distance. Pisa is not seen, because the valley has taken a new direction, and, but for this, you might perhaps be able to look along the avenue of mountains, from the middle of the Appenines down to the very ocean. This is, besides, one of the most famous countries of Italy. It belongs to an anti-historical time, for what do we know of the people who had arrived at high civilization in this and other more southern vales, while Rome was yet in a state of barbarism? Who were these Etrurians—from what country had they emigrated—of whom were they the contemporaries? A few vases, columns, and statues, have been discovered—the sites of several cities are known, and the foundations of some of their gigantic walls may still be seen. The institutions and government of these people have been the subjects of much laborious investigation, but their history is like that of Egypt, and their probable mother country covered with darkness and mystery. But it is neither the fable of the Etruscan ages, nor the glory of Roman power, which gives such interest to Florence;—it is the fact of her having been the scene of exertion in the great work of restoring man to light and freedom, after the long and hopeless gloom in which the nations had been sunk.

"The sight of a renowned spot is but the dispelling of an illusion—yet, to console the traveller,



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the illusion returns, and scenes which, immediately under the eye, so disappointed expectation, gradually fall back into the imaginary region—the blanks of memory are filled up by splendid exaggeration, and thus, the cities which he has visited extend their limits—the mountains which he has ascended increase in altitude—the people whom he has seen assume a character of virtue, or atrocity, to which they, in fact, are strangers—the perils which he has escaped become most marvellous—wonders, which, when seen, appeared but ordinary matters, regain their former character—works of art awaken the same enthusiasm, to which they gave rise in former days—the plains which he trod with indifference and contempt, become once more imposing as the grandeur which they have so long outlived—the skies which seemed like that of his native land, resume their fairy hues of gold and azure—the rivers, which, to the eye, were both discoloured and insignificant, are, by memory, re-peopled with presiding deities, and roll once more their fertilizing tide over vales where spring and autumn jointly rule the year. In a word, the traveller sets out to rescue nature from imagination – as he proceeds, the veil is removed, and the illusion dispelled; he would then stop dissatisfied, but before he has had time to lament the loss of his early visions, the haze comes over reality again, and indistinctness lends its magic power. Still, the

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traveller goes on, disenchanting every object; but for a moment; for, at the end of his wandering, all will reassume the hues, the beauty, or deformity, of fancy; and happy will it then be for that traveller, if his mind lead him to observe beauties rather than defects, blessings rather than woes in life."

The account of poor Webster's death was mentioned in "The Foreign Review," and we cannot do better than give the Reviewer's remarks, with the two letters inserted in that journal:—

"We have already alluded to the melancholy circumstance of nine individuals of Dr. Ehrenberg's travelling party having fallen victims to the pestilential and deadly diseases of this country. It is now our duty to mention the name of a young fellow-countryman, who has very lately shared a like lamentable fate. This gentleman was Mr. James Webster, who left this country upwards of three years since, and, led onward by a daring spirit, he visited Constantinople at a most critical period—when the news of the Navarino disaster reached that eastern capital—whence, after a short sojourn, he departed for Smyrna and Alexandria. For many months he prosecuted his researches in Egypt, with unshrinking courage and unrelenting zeal; with that ardour and activity, indeed, of which conscious talent alone is capable, whenever it would aim at the loftiest and most honourable ends. Patient and acute in his



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investigations, he had collected an ample store of matters of the deepest and last interest. The purposes of his expedition had been nearly accomplished, and he was now preparing for a return to his home and anxious friends, when Providence disposed otherwise. We take the liberty of inserting his two latest letters, which we doubt not will be most gratifying to our readers. They are to his brother, Mr. George Webster :—

" ' *Cairo, 24th May,* 1828.

" ' My dear George,

" ' I have now at length returned from Upper Egypt, and have completed the most prosperous and interesting journey I ever undertook. As usual, I enjoy the best health, nor have I, as yet, suffered from the heat. In fine, on the happy completion of this journey, I feel a satisfaction which I cannot describe.

" ' I find Mr. Malin here, who, in Mr. Carey's absence, manages their house at Alexandria, and I avail myself of his going down there to-morrow, to let you know I am returned safely. I shall not be able to enter into details as to my operations in Upper Egypt. It would almost be sufficient to say, I have worked hard, and, by the great success of my new instrument, have made sketches of all the principal remains. How happy shall I be, when at home I take up my portfolio, and point out the wonders of Thebes. I consider

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myself a most fortunate man: I was on the point of abandoning the project of visiting Egypt; for the stormy days of Constantinople had not failed to produce their effects, and I wished myself at home: but, had I followed that impulse, how often might not regret have stolen upon my quiet hours, when I should have discovered that the journey was all along practicable and safe. Europeans judge harshly of the Turks, and measure the resentment of the latter by their own; hence, under such circumstances as the present, they believe that the laws of hospitality will be violated here as they would be in more civilized countries. I know no better way of praising the Turks, than to say, that since I have placed foot on their territory, all the vexations of European travelling have given place to the most unexpected politeness and cordiality; I say unexpected, because I came from a Christian country, and the very day I landed in their country, there arrived a disastrous echo from Navarino, spreading terror over all your western nations, and every one balanced the chances which his friends might have of escaping from the rage of an infuriated mob. Meanwhile we lived quietly at Constantinople, or, from having lost confidence in the allies, were only afraid lest new injuries, added to this great catastrophe, might not in the end drive the people to madness.

" ' All along, I have feared nothing but the

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allies—the spirit of their treaty is fanaticism, its provisions violate the law of nations, and but for the dignified moderation of those against whom it is framed, it might already have led to deplorable events. End as it may, in peace or in war, posterity can have but one opinion. The false lustre of the Greek name must die away in its own ashes; the film of religious blindness will, in the end, be removed; and the philosophical historian will only have before him the long decided question of the Austrian interference with Naples, and the French occupation of Spain.

" ' If the question were put to me, ' what country has pleased me most? where have I found the most interesting remains of antiquity?' I should at once answer, Egypt. In Egypt, I find a state of society entirely different from our own; the government, the religion, the manners of the people, are all opposed to ours. We are here no longer occupied about those slighter shades which mark the Englishman from the Italian, the Frenchman from the German—distinctions which are often affected to have been remarked, when not observed, and still oftener observed when not worth remarking: here the difference is that of night and day, and its effects are the same. The gloom of barbarism and tyranny leaves man in this country to grope his way through life without light enough to lay hold of the bounties by which he is surrounded. One hand, more dex-

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terous than the others, grasps all—gathers the fruits of the earth, and leaves a pittance only, that the ground may again have tillers. What misery is there not endured by the oppressed—what tyranny is there not exercised to maintain the oppression! When I see Egypt and England, and remark in one a misery commensurate with the tyranny and ignorance under which it labours,—in the other, a happiness corresponding to its liberty and knowledge, how can I doubt but that these are respectively causes and effects: or, as a darker tyranny and a grosser ignorance would here produce a still deeper misery, how can I doubt that social happiness would be advanced in the other by a further dissemination of knowledge, by a firmer establishment of liberty, by the removal of ancient defects in our constitution, by clearing off the rust which adheres to its iron frame of feudalism, &c.? Proposing to write a letter, I find myself scribbling an introduction to a quarto volume; so, passing over the religion, the manners, the thousand et ceteras, I will say one word of Egyptian antiquities. Italy furnishes nothing to be spoken of when compared to them, in extent, variety, or preservation. The single Temple of Carnac would contain within its circuit the antiquities of Italy, Coliseum, and all. Its details would exhaust the remaining architecture and sculpture of ancient Rome, and we do not here go to examine foundations, to trace the indistinct

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lines which marked the walls of a city, a temple, or a bath. The magnificence of ancient Egypt is almost untarnished, or if a column may have fallen in one place, or the desert may have rolled its relentless tide in another, the spectator stands more struck with awe, being reminded by this decay that he treads among ruins, and not among the temples of an existing religion. Would to heavens I had time to enlarge. Mr. Malin has just sent for the letter. I have received the letter to Lord Cochrane, and one to the apostolic vicar of Jerusalem. How frequently have I thought you might write to me oftener. I see you expected me home; I think my letters will have explained my reasons for going on: success, complete success, has hitherto attended me; may God grant that I return with the same! Bear, then, with my travelling—I am reaping a rich harvest, and daily I bless my good fortune in having this privilege.

" 'Now as to where I go next, that is not fixed; I wanted, of course, to proceed to Jerusalem; in my next I will let you know my plans. In the meantime there is nothing to fear here; travellers are coming in numbers to the country. Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix returned here about three weeks since, with the intention of journeying to Jerusalem. A Mr. Bradfield has gone, and Mr. Blogg is going in a few days up the country. Mr. Pope and Mr. Sams are waiting to go to

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Jerusalem. Count Laborde arrived here the day before yesterday from France to travel. All the English travellers, Messrs. Burton, Wilkinson, Bononi and Hampsey remain. You will hear that Alexandria is blockaded; this is only partially.—Excuse haste, as, for the last two pages, I have kept Mr. M. waiting. The squadrons are to prevent the sailing of ships with warlike stores for Greece. It is an arranged plan with the Pacha; do not, therefore, alarm yourself at this.'

" ' *Cairo, 3d July,* 1828.

" ' My dear George,

" ' I expected, ere this, to have had letters to acknowledge. On my arrival in January, being uncertain whether my stay in this country would be for three months or double the time, I requested letters to be sent both to Alexandria and Smyrna. I have hitherto received none, and can only hope a better fate has attended my own. If my letters have come to hand they will all along have quieted your anxiety, and explained the reasons which led me to continue my course onwards. I might have found an apology for an opposite conduct, and turned my steps homewards, without being considered too easily alarmed, and many may think it would have been more prudent to have done so. I have now every reason to be thankful that I persevered. The political horizon

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has at length cleared, at least that part of it t which our eyes are directed. The only incor venience I have experienced from the commotion of the last ten months is delay—balanced by th additional interest and advantage of travelling i the Levant, in a year so memorable. It cannc indeed be called delay, unless as applied to mysel anxious about time, for we have never bee without business, and have only been obliged t examine with more care and leisure the countrie we pass through. A train of events has carrie us along, in one respect unfortunate, in anothe most advantageous. I can never regret, on th whole, that it has been my fate to travel this yea for centuries may pass over without bringing roun another like it.

" ' At the date of my last, after coming down, w were uncertain as to our plans—for indeed politic seemed to have taken an unfavourable turn. Th declaration of war by Russia, and her advance t the Danube, alarmed men's minds—and we se down here to wait awhile the issue. The plagu was also still raging in Syria, so that the journe to Jerusalem was impossible. The Sultan ha now given in—the ambassadors are invited to re turn to Constantinople, and Ibrahim Pacha evacu ates the Morea. There is little doubt but peac will be re-established; at all events the affairs c Greece are likely to be arranged, and France an

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England, to resume their antient relations with the Porte. I always hoped and believed this would be the end of the matter.

" ' Our prospects brighten under this change. We hope to see both Jerusalem and Greece. May God grant us a happy return to your happy shores! If all go well, that return will not be distant.

" ' The plague has not yet entirely disappeared in Syria; this, however, is the season for its doing so, and we have late intelligence of a very favourable kind. When once gone, it cannot return before the following year; it has already much diminished its ravages, and cannot now last beyond four or five weeks. During this time we intend an excursion to Mount Sinai,—an interesting journey, as we pass over the same desert as the Jews. Going and returning will take us, with the time we stay in the convent, about twenty days. We have our dromedaries, and carry provisions of rice, biscuits, and skins of water. To-morrow night I sleep in the desert, and in eight days more shall have been on the summit of the holy mountain.

" ' On our return, after seeing the opening of the Nile, we take a run to Jerusalem, and returning to Alexandria, embark, and passing, as quickly as may be, through Greece, (that is, seeing Athens, and a few more celebrated spots,) get to Zante and Corfu, and, for my part, thence as soon as possible to England. I cannot exactly say the

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time—but I trust at all events to be in quarantin by the new year. It remains with me, as indee it has done for the last eight months, either persevere or to break off in the middle; but I thin being here, which never can happen but onc and that only after great risk and trouble, it best to reap the fruits of that labour, though require an additional sacrifice. I might now, f instance, sail for England; but where would be tl wisdom? I have well founded hopes of seeing a I came to see. This is not the prelude to ar new scheme. I have seen enough of the worl Mr. Newnham and myself are of one opinion, ar both of us often wish we had less business to g through.

" ' I continue to enjoy good health and spirits I can complain of nothing. Cairo is a pleasa enough place. There are a good many Englis travellers here just now. Some have been Egypt for five or six years, and are engaged literary works. I know they will be such as ha not yet been published on Egypt.

" ' In this way we have a very agreeable societ We are all Turks in the exterior, and receive eac other with the eastern salutation. We sit on ou divans, drink our mocha coffee, and smoke *shibook* The only thing Anti-Turkish is the conversatio which, instead of being about horses, black slave jereed fights, and military accoutrements, turn upon hieroglyphics and antiquities. It is n

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uncommon to see a divan of eight, ten, or twelve French and English.

" ' I have during my stay here seen Cairo well. I have not space for describing this vast city. I had the assistance of a Turk in visiting many places, which otherwise I might not have been able to accomplish. These things, with indeed multitudes of others, from Vienna downwards, must wait the quiet of home, for I should be endless were each day's business spoken of.

" ' I need scarcely say, that we have hitherto lived here in the greatest tranquillity. The favourable change in politics assures us of its continuance. The English are highly respected in Egypt, and I should not have dreaded proceedings against them, under any circumstances. The extent would likely have been an order to quit the country.

" ' How long it is since I have any news from home! How many changes may have taken place! But I never wish better than that you are all as I left you, and how often do I fancy myself arriving! What a strange figure I would make, coming, some day, as I am now, dressed in the fashion of a Mameluke; my shaven head, wrapped in a huge turban, my face burnt almost as brown as an Arab's; having moustacheos which reach half way to my ear; my neck, feet, and part of my arms bare—with embroidered jacket and voluminous trowsers of purple, with broad sash, and

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vest with pendant sleeves; in fine, with sabre an small box for the koran; with the walk, air, an manner of a Turk. You could not know me, bu I should not wait so long as Joseph did to mak himself known to his brethren. Well, time rol on, and that day will come at last.

"'We were to have started to-day, but stop t night to be present at an entertainment and co cert (Turkish, of course, to the very eating wit the fingers) at Mr. Burton's; we leave to-mo row at sun-rise. We have every advantage i going to Sinai: we have letters for the convent, an notes from Major Felix. The same Arab Mouss goes with us: as then, we have the best servant i Egypt (Mahmoud)—and I have just had a Bibl which I have for many days been trying to find presented to me. It is the best guide-book; an after carrying it to Sinai and Jerusalem, I sha bring it home.

"'May every happiness wait on all and eac of you.

"'I do not know whether it be not best t write to Corfu or Zante. Not immediately, but do not see any point where a letter can reach m before that. On my return from Sinai I wil write again.

"'Meantime, with best wishes to all,

"'I remain, my dear George, yours,

"'JAMES WEBSTER.'

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"Mr. Webster had for a companion a young gentleman, Mr. W. H. Newnham, by profession an architect, and one, as we are given to understand, of very considerable promise. The two travellers hired a small house in Cairo, whence the subject of this notice determined upon proceeding to Mount Sinai. His friend and companion endeavoured to dissuade him, but the answer of the other was couched in these words: 'To you, perhaps, this journey holds out but little interest, but with me, who have destined myself for the profession of the bar, the matter is far otherwise. My wish is to stand on the very spot where were delivered the ten commandments, which are the foundation of all law.' This observation will give some idea of the chivalrous turn of his temper and disposition. He proceeded to Mount Sinai, and on his return to Cairo, after a happy accomplishment of his purpose, a sudden fever was brought on through his great fatigues, and after an illness of three days, he died, a martyr to his enterprising spirit of investigation. He was only twenty-six years of age, and he lies buried in the Greek burying ground, without the city walls. No young man ever quitted the walls of Edinburgh College with more general commendation and esteem. No young man ever excited greater hopes of excellence; or, in his career of life, ever in greater degree commanded the admiration of those whom he casually met in his intercourse

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with society. We sincerely hope that, one da his papers will be laid before the public, in ord that the public may themselves be judges their excellence, and that the name of Webst may be added to that sorrowful catalogue of hig minded individuals, who, spurning the comforts a western life, have dared to brave, and have u dergone, the very worst of hardships, whilst pu suing with fatal zeal an honourable course African discoveries.

" The following was Mr. Newnham's commun cation to Mr. George Webster, on the death of h brother James. The manliness and simplicit with which that gentleman describes the melai choly event, must forcibly strike every reader, an gain for the writer his highest commendation: —

" ' *Cairo, Aug.* 4, 1828.

" ' My dear Sir,

" ' The reception of a letter from this countr written by a till now unknown hand, must nat rally fill your mind with anxiety; and it is wit the deepest regret I inform you that your feeling on its perusal, will have but too true a foundatio I will not keep you in suspense, nor delay th communication by unnecessary comments. B assured it is the worst that could be sent yo Would to Heaven I knew the means of palliatin the shock it must give to your feelings! I a unable, from the disturbed state of my own min

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to conceal the truth any longer from you. Your poor brother exists in this world no longer. You have lost one who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his family; and I, if I may be allowed the expression, a more than brother—one, who has been my friend and companion, whose advice has been so often received with pleasure, and whose observations have so often pointed out objects, which otherwise would have been passed by unthought of and unnoticed. After remaining about a month in Cairo, he renewed the proposals he had formerly made for a journey to Mount Sinai, to which I again objected, not only because it did not come within the limits which we had marked out, but because I did not consider the objects to be gained, worth the fatigue and expense of the journey. His answer was nearly in these words:—'To you, perhaps, it may not be so interesting as it is to me; but if I could stand on the top of Sinai,—on the spot, where the commandments were given, which are, as it were, the fountain of all law,—it would be a day which I should remember with satisfaction all my life. Will you wait for me here? I am almost inclined to go alone.' Seeing him bent on the excursion, I instantly assented. The chiefs of the three tribes of Arabs, who occupy the parts through which we were to pass, were treated with: seven dromedaries, and four Bedouins were hired, and in a few days we were on our road over the desert,



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We followed the route taken by the Israelites on their quitting Egypt, visiting all the interesting spots mentioned in Scripture; but the details must be passed over. But too happy should I be were this letter merely to describe them. In eight days we arrived at the solitary convent which stands between Mounts Horeb and Sinai, and, resolving to remain there five days, we sent away the Arabs, desiring them to return at the expiration of that period. The first day was entirely given up to rest; the next we ascended the mountain, and descended on the other side, visiting all the sites mentioned in the Bible, which were pointed out by the friar who accompanied us. The day after, we resolved to take a general view of the mountain, and, after three o'clock, when it became cool, to ascend it, and sleep in a ruined Christian chapel, which stands by the side of a Turkish mosque on the summit, that we might see the sun rise, and make sketches of the interesting parts, as we descended. This was done. He then complained of a slight indisposition, and left the mountain with the servant before me, saying he was afraid of the sun, while I remained behind to finish a sketch I had begun. I reached the convent two hours after him, found he had already dined, was smoking his pipe on the divan, and seemed perfectly recovered. Attributing his indisposition to fatigue, he remained within the rest of the day. The following day we completed

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the rest of the sketches we had determined on, and on the next morning left the convent. Two days after, he complained of want of sleep. The third day, we stopped to visit some Egyptian ruins on a mountain called Sarabeit el Khadam; the day after, there was a change in the atmosphere, and the hot winds of the desert began to blow. We reached a valley called Wady Taibe. It is necessary to explain, that when those winds commence, the burning heat which they bring with them does not become oppressive, till after the sun has passed the meridian. On the next day, having found the truth of this, we pitched our tents, rather earlier than usual, at a spot called Amara, resolving to start at three o'clock in the morning. About the time agreed, we left. As his dromedary was ready before mine, he took the bridle and walked forward; on overtaking him, I found him still dismounted. I endeavoured to persuade him to ride fast in the cool of the morning, that he might go slowly towards the latter end of the ride, and by that means reach Aina Moussa (the springs of Moses) by mid-day. His answer was, 'Get on yourself; I warrant my dromedary will overtake you, and pass you too.' Upon which I rode on. Our route lay along the shores of the Red Sea, clear and open over the sand, with the exception of a few small valleys. My dromedary being a very fleet one, I soon left them behind, and at mid-day arrived at the well.



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Concluding Mr. Webster's dromedary had fallen lame, as is often the case, from the feet being cut by the stones, I ordered the dinner to be cooked, that every thing might be ready when he came up, which was in about an hour afterwards. On his arrival, he complained that a short time after I left him he had a return of a pain in his head, which induced him to send the servant forward with the tent while he remained behind, intending to come on slowly with the camels, bringing the luggage.

At four o'clock, the Arabs came to us to say, that if we would go to Suez in an hour and a half, it would be necessary, to go there, to arrive opposite the town before sunset, as we should have to ford the sea for about a mile, the water in most parts being up to the camels' bellies; that such a thing was impracticable by moonlight; and that if we went in the night, it would be necessary to take another route, which, instead of an hour and a half, would require five. Upon this I proposed instantly starting myself, with an Arab, for the town, and, on my arrival, to send a boat with the servant, to wait for Mr. Webster on the shore; that, on his coming there in the evening, he might leave his dromedary with the caravan, which would go on by the other route, and he would pass over direct in the boat. To this he objected, observing, it would be so interesting to cross on the dromedary the spot on which the Egyptian army was overthrown, and that we would make the

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time going two hours, instead of an hour and a half. We accordingly ordered the things to be removed, and wrapping ourselves in our Bedouin cloaks, and tying handkerchiefs over our faces, and putting another over our mouths, we mounted and left the spot. This was the only way in which we could face the wind; it seemed to blow, as it were, from a furnace. In consequence of exposing our faces the day before, our eyes had become rather inflamed, our lips cracked, and our mouths completely parched. By clothing ourselves in this manner, we guarded against it in a great measure, and, by drinking much water, I kept up a profuse perspiration. I could not prevail on Mr. Webster to do so, as the water had become so very bad and thick, that we were obliged to suck it out of the leathern bottles through our handkerchiefs. To add to our misfortunes, on our arrival at Suez we found that our servant had received a *coup de soleil*, and was very ill. The next day we performed but half a day's journey, and obtained wholesome water. We went on slowly, and arrived at Cairo in two days and a half; which distance can be done by a dromedary, with ease, in eighteen hours. On entering the house, we sat down to lunch, and Mr. Webster partook of a water-melon, and some bread and cheese with me. I cannot say he was ill; perhaps indisposed would better express his state, as, when I proposed to send for Dr. Dusapp, he said it was useless then—

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it would suffice if he came after dinner. I must here observe, that during the whole journey, but particularly towards the latter part, he ate and drank very sparingly, having always a great fear of fever. We arrived on Tuesday the 29th of July. In the afternoon Dr. Dusapp called, but declined prescribing, thinking the indisposition probably arose from the heat and fatigue of the journey, and said he would call again in the morning. In the night Mr. Webster complained of being feverish, and of sleeplessness. In the morning Dr. Dusapp put leeches on his stomach, and also on his head, which relieved him. At mid-day he had a violent attack of fever, upon which I instantly sent for the doctor; but before he had arrived it had passed, and he felt himself perfectly well, complaining only of weakness. On Thursday morning, while sitting with him, so far from danger being apprehended, on either his part or mine, we were then concerting to leave Cairo in about a week for the Pyramids. At a little after two o'clock I came to dinner, leaving him without any alteration. At three next day, Dr. Dusapp said the patient was much the same. I then told him I thought he was kept on too low a diet, and that Dr. Bryce coincided in my opinion; that I had prepared some broth for him, which he had objected to take, until he had seen him (Dr. Dusapp), who said he had no objection to his eating some, provided he first took some sulphate of quinine, which we had by us.

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He went up to administer it. He descended the stairs shortly after, and then, for the first time, said there was danger, leaving the room to seek for Dr. Bryce. In an instant I was up-stairs, and found the patient senseless. I took his hand, begged he would speak to me, called to him, but received no answer; and tried to restore him by means of cold water on the temples. I then rushed out of the house, in a state of despair, to the inn, to request the immediate attendance of Dr. Dusapp and Dr. Bryce, and despatched messengers for another Italian physician, and also the physician of Abbas Pacha, Dr. Gong. Dr. Bryce came instantly. Every restorative was used, but it was too late. His reduced state was unable to resist the fever, which had on a sudden returned, and he sank under it! I have had the painful duty of following his remains to the tomb. He was interred at Old Cairo, in the Greek burial ground, the English not having a burial ground for private interments. An acacia-tree overshadows his grave, and I have given orders for a plain monument to be erected, with a marble tablet, containing his name, age, day of death, &c.

" ' Your's, &c.

" ' W. H. NEWNHAM.' "

Mr. Webster's papers were kindly conveyed to this country by Lord Yarborough, whose yacht was then lying off Alexandria—and, such as they

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are, and most lamentably in their present imperfect state, they are now laid before the public.

In the old, the perusal of these pages of memoirs may not awaken unsatisfactory reflections; to the young, if seriously read, and rightly interpreted, they may carry balm for the rankling pain of disappointment, and shew an example, worthy of adoption. What the poet of "The Excursion" has said of his Miner, may, in spirit, be applied to the subject of this biographical sketch:—

> "He vanished; but, conspicuous, to this day
> The path remains, that linked his cottage door
> To the mine's mouth—a long and slanting track
> Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
> Worn by his daily visits to and from
> The darksome centre of a constant hope.
> This vestige neither force of beating rain,
> Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw,
> Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
> And it is named, in memory of the event,
> THE PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

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# NOTES

ON

# THE NETHERLANDS.

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# NOTES

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The numerous objects for remark, which present themselves to the traveller in the Netherlands and in France; the ancient and interesting appearance of many of the towns, so rich in historical remembrances; the comparative habits of industry and successful enterprize among the people, and their political state, resources, and prospects, have all been repeatedly considered and canvassed by writers, well qualified for the task. Little, therefore, now remains to be said on these subjects, and I shall pass rapidly over the ground so often traversed, in order to arrive at a point less frequently attained, and from which, perhaps, a

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more comprehensive view may be taken of th progress and present condition of mankind. Thi should, in my judgment, be the main considera tion of the traveller, in all the toils and viciss tudes of his wandering—that, on his return to h native land, after a diligent inquiry into the pa and actual condition of distant countries, he ma be enabled to draw from the stores which he ha collected and treasured up, those enlarged histor cal and political views, which, embracing the in terests of the whole human race, never lose sigh of the paramount importance attached to th country where he had his birth. To the good c this country, all his benevolent efforts and desigr will be mainly directed: if it be groaning unde political oppression, or blessed with liberal institu tions, he will strive to shake off the one, or pre serve the other,—but by those means, which reflec tion and observation shall have taught him are th best calculated to effect such objects, not by th wild and visionary schemes of deluded or desigr ing men. A humble and earnest searcher for th truths which may lead to this knowledge, an universal sympathy with mankind,—

"Believing that true knowledge leads to love,"

I set out to visit other countries, with, I trust, n more of prejudice in favour of my own, than i will always be my wish to retain.

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As I have already said, the Netherlands and France are too well known to require any particular remark from me. I shall, however, trace the course of my journey, adding such general reflections as from time to time suggest themselves.

I sailed from London on Wednesday the 22d of June, 1825, at ten A. M., for Ostend, where we arrived on the following day at half past three. Intending to set out with the diligence at eight, I walked through the town after breakfast, and saw the poorer class of devotees assembling at six o'clock to hear mass. The church is a large brick building, with an octagonal tower, of considerable height. On entering, I found several persons, chiefly women, busy at their devotions. They presented a most curious appearance. Each was clothed in a large black mantle, and mounted on a chair, so that nothing was seen but the legs of the chair, and the all-enveloping cloak. In any other place, they might have been compared to so many scarecrows—as it was, they appeared an assemblage of mutes, at a funeral service. On the outside of the church there are two shrines, one of the Virgin, the other of the Crucifixion. Before these, several persons were kneeling in fervent prayer, affording the first spectacle of genuine image worship which I had ever seen.

On my return to the hôtel, the diligence was waiting at the door. The *tout ensemble* of this

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often described vehicle is in excellent keeping and as diligence is generally slow, the machin may have a sufficiently appropriate name. I front were four animals, with bones *assez pr noncés*, destined "to drag the lumbering lengt along."

The road to Bruges is for the most part line with trees—and the surrounding country cut int small regular fields, chiefly of rye and flax. It said that spade tillage is exclusively employe and, if so, the crops speak much in its favou they being strong, even, and perfectly free fro weeds. At Bruges we made no stay, but pr ceeded, through much the same kind of countr as that just described, to Ghent. After dinne I went to the theatre, a large building furnishe with four tiers of boxes, and otherwise rathe a showy structure. My enjoyment of the pe formance was very limited, the dialogue bein in Dutch. After the play I found, on coming ou the *Place d'Armes* filled with people, a militar band attending. This *Place* is the principal square and used as a promenade. It is oblong, open i the centre, and lined round with branchless trees The assembled promenaders formed a very "mixe company." There were, however, many wel dressed, and some even fashionable persons amon them. Next day I walked through the town which presents a bustling spectacle. In each o the squares there are six or seven markets, som

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held daily, others thrice or twice a week, and each for a particular class of articles. That for corn, for which Friday is one of the days, is the principal.

The usual dress of the men is a blue smock-frock—that of the women, checked cloaks, caps with immense ears, and frills sticking upwards. These fair ones are also adorned with ear-rings, sometimes nearly as long as the finger. They are quite equally well clothed with the working classes in England. Every one appeared busy, excepting here and there a group of foreigners loitering about the numerous diligences, or pacing the streets with their *commissionaire*. The place is admirably fitted for manufactures, and has facilities for communication, greater perhaps than any other town, it being built upon no less than twenty-six islands, formed by the Scheldt and the Maese. The Scheldt is here small, and resembles a canal rather than the magnificent river which, at so small a distance, flows by Antwerp. It is however navigable, and there is besides a canal, by Bruges, to near Ostend.

The principal building at Ghent is the cathedral of St. Bouvon, one of the largest in Belgium. Its tower is flat on the top, and unfinished. In the interior are many paintings and statues. I visited the citadels: first the old, which is now decayed, all the buildings but the magazine being in ruins. Passing thence to the new citadel, now

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erecting, I went through the Porte Napoleo leading to Tournay. This and a fountain are tl only works of his pointed out at Ghent: both a small, and remarkable, simply for the circumstan that the imperial eagle is still upon them. Tl new citadel is immense. We were surprised find, in large brass letters, over the entrance, tl Scotch motto, "Nemo me impune lacesset." Tl Duke of Wellington is the inspector, and this, a many other fortifications on the frontier, are ma in conformity with the treaty. The town hal and the castle of Charles V., are pointed out visitors. The first, a many-windowed mansio with three tiers of pillars, and an antique roof- the second, a ruin.

On Saturday, at four A. M., I started for An werp, by Lockeren and St. Nicholas, both town or, as they are called, villages, of ten thousan souls. Antwerp is approached by a long roa direct to the splendid tower of the cathedral, nea to which it winds to the left, round a fort com manding the whole line. There are also severa redoubts spread about the flat and marshy environ of Antwerp. The town is on the opposite sid of the Scheldt, which is here broad, and capable o floating the largest ships. Antwerp, by its posi tion, might be among the first towns on the con tinent. Napoleon did much towards making i so. At present there still are many ships in th river, and the town is among the chief trading

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ports of the kingdom. Its population is about seventy thousand; but before Amsterdam succeeded to its commerce, the number of inhabitants was much larger. The tower of the cathedral may be styled the wonder of the whole kingdom—it is four hundred and seventy or eighty feet high. For two-thirds of its height it is square and solid; but afterwards changing and hexagonal, becoming narrower, and more elaborate. Towards the top, it is nearly all fretwork, and the minarets are fastened to the central part by fretwork. Indeed, the ironwork was erected first, and the stones added subsequently. The structure appears dangerously slight, and, at the extreme point to which one may ascend, would instantly fall, but for the rods. The view from this point is of the same nature as at Ghent, but more magnificent, the town being large, and the churches singularly splendid. Beheld from such a height, the whole scene forms a noble panoramic spectacle. The docks, the citadel, and the arsenal, on the north of the Scheldt, a river much larger than the Thames at London, gradually lessening towards Ghent—the great wet-docks, constructed by Napoleon, filled with ships: between them the Hanseatic towns—the numerous windmills—the dead flat all around covered with trees, from which the steeples of different towns are seen rising—the towns intersected by long straight roads and canals—and, far in the western distance, the shadowy islands



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with which the mouth of the Scheldt is crowde all combine to form a scene of the most impressiv description.

On the principal door of the cathedral, the fc lowing appeal to the *propreté* of the inhabitan is posted in French and Dutch:—"Ne fait point des ordures à l'entour de ce temple." Th cathedral is almost surrounded by mean house excepting a part of the principal side. It is place longitudinally, so that it forms one side of a pri cipal square of the town. The end forms a sic of a small triangular space. The interior formerl contained a large collection of pictures, only few of which now remain. The most celebrate among these is Rubens' *Descent* and *Ascent*. Th interior of the edifice is most imposing. Th great altar—the aisles—the side altars—the chape in the surrounding recesses—the pillars, withou capitals, branching out immediately into arches, ar all striking. Below the upper range of window in the nave, a border extends round the whol church. There is a dome from the crossing, bu not lofty—its roof painted by Rubens.

The musée contains the greatest collection c works by Rubens, Vandyck, and other painters c the Flemish school. This is very grand, fillin two great halls. One painting makes an impres sion, which it would be perhaps impossible t withstand or to forget. It is of Christ betwee the two thieves. The expression of wild agon

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in one, who has just torn his foot free from the nail, is horrible. This collection is certainly the best of the Flemish school. The place where these pictures are preserved was formerly a religious house, and the hall a chapel. In the adjoining garden there are now placed several monuments to the great painters. One to Otto Vennius, with this inscription: "Otto Vennius étudia à Rome, et se fixa à Anvers, où il forma Rubens. Il peut-être regardé comme le fondateur de l'Ecole Allemande. Né en 1558; mort en 1634."

Near this is an urn to Vandyck, inscribed thus:—

"Antonio Vandyck, obiit anno MDCXII."

There is also, in the garden, a bust of Rubens, on the pedestal of which is written—

"P. Rubens natus 1577, obiit 1640."

At three P. M. I set out for Utrecht, by Breda and Gorcum, over the Maes, Waal, and Rhine. Arrived there at four A. M. next morning. The Waal is extremely broad, and crossing it occupied twenty minutes.

The cathedral of Utrecht is now partly in ruins —the middle of the immense building is completely fallen, from the steeple to near the cross



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aisle. The steeple, which is now under repair, is four hundred and sixty feet high, solid and square till near the top, where it becomes octagonal—each corner formed as a pillar, the rest open. The view from the top is most extensive, commanding about forty towns, the steeples of which are seen in all directions.

In the evening there was a review of several hundred troops. Utrecht cannot be called a place of any considerable strength, the walls though massive, being partly decayed from age.

On Tuesday the 28th I left, in the *Barge volant*, at six A. M., for Amsterdam, where we arrived at eleven. We fell in with an Utrecht student, who talked Latin at a great rate—a language which must be more favourable to the development of Dutch ideas, than the vernacular gibberish, since in the latter the worthy natives are the most taciturn mortals conceivable.

The form of Amsterdam is semicircular. There are several canals, with rows of trees on either side. The stagnation of these canals occasions a stench, which to a stranger is insufferable. However, they are probably "gentle, gentle rivers" to the Dutch—pleasure boats, and craft of all sizes, plying about continually. In Amsterdam the carriage without wheels is much used, from a fear of disturbing the piles whereon the town is built. A stranger is not a little annoyed by the gentry,

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who, at every turn, assail him with importunities for the honour of brushing his boots. The watchmen of Amsterdam are as sworn foes to the public peace as elsewhere,—serenading the inhabitants with a most remorseless springing of rattles before they bawl the hour. This may perhaps be for the purpose of procuring an audience, and, if so, it has the desired effect, as regards all travellers.

On the 29th we went on the Bourse, and found an equal, or, perhaps, a greater number of merchants than assemble on the Exchange in London. Many of them are Jews: but, generally, the merchants here are, in appearance, most intelligent and respectable. They are extremely punctual in their hours of attendance. 'Change time lasts only an hour and a half, beginning at three o'clock. Those who arrive later pay five stivers to the poor, and after half past three, they can only obtain admittance by paying about ten shillings. Every merchant makes a point of being on 'Change daily, which may account for the numerous attendance, in proportion to the size and trade of the place. On 'Change, the Dutch are any thing but phlegmatic. The bustle and activity is greater than even in London. Crowds are continually gathering round some individual, to whom they beckon and bawl, and not unfrequently carry him off his legs. He seems to take it all with the nonchalance of a Rothschild, and, amidst the noise

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and pushing, nods acquiescence to some favoured struggler, who may chance to catch his eye. The different classes of merchants are ranged around the area, each class by its respective pillar. The stock business is transacted in the area itself.

Louis Napoleon's residence was previously the town-hall, for him converted into a palace. It is extremely grand—in the middle is the great hall, one hundred and twenty feet by fifty-six, and ninety-eight in height, entirely cased in white marble: around, there are two ranges of Corinthian columns, and three ranges of six windows on each side. The centre is small—the roof semicircular, and painted. There are six entrance doors, above each of which is a piece of sculpture. The two at the ends are also ornamented with pillars of variegated marble—at one end, is Atlas supporting the world—at the other, a Mercury, above the entrances. There are eighteen small chandeliers round the hall, and eight large ones suspended from the roof. At either end, are four large mirrors. The view from the top of the stadthouse is extremely interesting. Trees are seen growing up from among the houses—the canals—on the opposite side, the Zuyder Zee, between the canals of the Texel and the Helder, with great quantities of shipping, are the chief features of the scene. In the same direction is the place of the great inundation, in the dis-

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tance, with the flat of North Holland, and immense numbers of windmills at Saardam, and also round Amsterdam.

The theatre is generally most crowded on Sundays, although Amsterdam is a Protestant city. The audience sit in ranges before the stage, in the open air; generally with a table, on which, if there be a party, are tea, wine, or beer, with the never forgotten pipe. The audience present a strange appearance, enveloped in the fumes of tobacco, and testifying their applause or disapprobation in the most phlegmatic manner. The amusements, on the evening in question, consisted chiefly of singing. Three of the five scenes which I witnessed were monologues, the actor or actress, each time, running on the stage with a letter, which, being instantly opened and read, gave rise to a short soliloquy, and afterwards a song.

On the 30th I was employed visiting a collection of paintings at the museum, and on the following day went to the dock-yard. It is situated on the side of the town nearest the Zuyder Zee, placed on the island of Kattenbourgh, and has a length of fifteen hundred feet. There were building at the time, three ships of eighty guns, two of seventy-four, two of forty, and two of thirty-six. The Waterloo, seventy-four, seemed to be nearly ready—the others were in various stages; two of the eighties were just begun. There was, besides,

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a beautiful yacht, built for the king, highly gilded, and furnished with wings at the sides for steadying the vessel. This was to be sent down to the exhibition at Haarlem. The greater part of the labour in the dock-yard is manual, as sawing, &c. Even the pulleys are made without machinery. There is a ropery, a coopery, a smithery, and an arsenal, all on the same moderate scale.—We were told that they could employ between two and three thousand men. If this be the case, how little is done by machinery may be inferred from the fact, that this number of hands is nearly equal to that required at Chatham in time of war, where so much more labour is performed.

The arsenal is a square, surrounded by a ditch, and communicating with the dock-yard by a drawbridge. The only part which I saw is filled with models, and the first small room is hung with colours, many of them gained from the English. In the next, is an immense model of the ship commanded by De Ruyter, in his Chatham expedition, an expedition evidently the Trafalgar of Holland. There are other models, particularly one of six feet, opening so as to show the section of a first-rate. Some models of square batteries, with a revolving cannon at each corner, are those which Napoleon intended to employ in his proposed expedition against England. They were to be fastened to his transports; but how landed,

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or made effectual, does not appear. When at Amsterdam, Napoleon spent two hours in the arsenal.

I was shewn a crown (not of gold), taken by De Ruyter, which the English were sending to some potentate abroad: a mother of pearl, presented to De Ruyter, and ornamented with the history of his Chatham expedition. In another room is his portrait, the frame of which exhibits every implement necessary to construct a first-rate ship of war.

Literary and scientific lectures are given at the institution, and during winter, concerts are performed there. Two class-rooms, one of excellent construction; a room for philosophical instruments, the collection of which is very good; a large concert and coffee-room, &c., are the principal apartments. There are some paintings, and a collection of models in sculpture, of plaister.

The anatomical school is a small, square, turreted antique-looking building. It contains a celebrated painting by Rembrandt, representing a number of medical men round a lifeless body—one of them, apparently, a professor lecturing to an audience. The room in which this painting is kept is little better than a kitchen. There is also a collection of bones, distortions, &c., in no respect interesting to the unprofessional. The theatre for the lectures, which had no mark of having been recently used, is a most grotesque chamber.

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On the 5th of July, at four P. M., I set out by boat for Leyden, where I arrived at eight, and found every inn filled chiefly with English, who had crowded over, to see the exhibition at Haarlem. I was obliged to take up my lodging at a small inn, near the Haarlem gate, after having gone through the town. Here, also, were Englishmen,—of that class which does but little credit to their country. They were all in different degrees of drunkenness, from quaffing curaçoa, and were making an immense uproar in the house. Leyden is the seat of one of the universities, and is now attended by about four hundred students. As at Utrecht, the professors give lectures at their own houses. The plan of giving lectures at the private houses of the professors is certainly a bad one—adapted for the convenience of the teachers, and not of the students, who must necessarily lose much time in going from one house to the other; besides, every house is not suited for the purposes of lecturing. No distinguishing dress is worn by the students. The museum, the botanical garden, and library, are all connected with the university.

The museum is in a new building, nearly opposite the university, in the principal street of the town. It is as yet unfinished. There are, at present, collections of anatomical subjects, comprising skeletons of the principal animals, and of quadrupeds, on a particularly extensive scale.

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Almost every animal is to be found there, in one, and often in both, of its states.

There is also a collection of minerals, &c. As yet, there are no birds, but a collection will shortly be placed in the new building. The university itself is a pitiful structure—a small brick house, about one hundred feet long, containing a most ancient common hall, and some rooms above, with a wooden building at the top, probably the observatory. The garden was laid out partly by Boerhave, once a professor here—partly by Brughaar, also a professor, who died a few years ago. The whole comprises seven acres. It extends to the wall of the town, and is opposite the part where the Spaniards chiefly encamped during the celebrated siege. They show a palm-tree, planted in 1574, at the foundation of the university by William. It is preserved with great care, but is nearly dead. Nevertheless, for a few years longer it may preserve the recollection of that event, so honourable to the inhabitants of Leyden, who, after the siege, having been offered, in reward for their conduct, a remission of taxes for a certain period, or the foundation of an university, made choice of the latter.

The library is said to contain forty or fifty thousand volumes, and several manuscripts.

The church of St. Peter is a large, bare Gothic building. On entering this, as all the churches in Holland, you instantly perceive it to be a Protes-

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tant place of worship. The walls are bare, and every thing is plain and simple. It contains the monument of Boerhave; a small urn, ornamented with several heads, on a plain black pedestal. There are, besides, a few other monuments, none, however, deserving particular mention.

The town-hall is in the second street, if not the finest, in Leyden. In the council-chamber, there is a large modern picture, on the subject of the siege of Leyden—the inhabitants imploring the governor to surrender. Round the chamber are six or seven pictures, containing portraits of the officers distinguished in that memorable siege, the recollection of which the citizens do well to cherish.

From the towers of the town-hall, the whole of the surrounding country is seen to great advantage. All parts of Holland present the same general features, and it would be difficult to distinguish the prospect at Haarlem from that at Leyden, except by giving different names to the towns, woods, canals, or lakes, of which each is composed. Leyden is surrounded by a ditch, but the fortifications are low. There is, on the outside of the ditch, a public walk round the town, lined on each side with a row of trees. This is a beautiful walk, particularly when the different lines, of which it consists, are seen in their whole length from the bastions of the wall.

The interior of the town is beautiful. In the

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centre is a canal, with a row of trees on each side, several subterranean canals branching out of it, and numerous bridges across. At one end is the place where, in 1807, a cargo of gunpowder exploded, and destroyed three hundred houses. The ground thus cleared, is now covered with trees. Breed-street has neither canals nor trees. It crosses the town at its whole length, then winds, somewhat resembling the High-street, at Oxford. The old Gothic town-hall, however, but ill answers to the splendid pile of any one of the colleges at Oxford. Still, this is among the finest streets which I have seen in Holland, perhaps because it can be viewed at a glance, which is the case with very few of them. The Rhine crosses the town, and might be mistaken for a canal; its works, or sluices, are below the town, at Calwyck.

Leyden appeared almost deserted. Scarcely a person to be seen in the streets, and seldom, or never, a waggon or carriage. To obviate the necessity of going out, many of the windows are fitted with mirrors, on each side, to shew what is passing—a vain invention, where all wish to be spectators. The only people to be seen are English—and you frequently meet the same faces in different towns. An Englishman seems to feel great awkwardness in thus passing or recognizing. There were no fewer than one hundred and thirty of them came over by Saturday's steam-boat—all hastening to Haarlem.

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Leaving Leyden, at five, for the Hague, we arrived at the latter place about half past six. The road follows the Rhine for some short distance, passing through a very cultivated country, of which, however, but little can be seen, by reason of the hedges, trees, and the dead level. We stopped at the Old Doelen, in the Broad Voorhoot, a square near the entrance from Leyden, the body of which is planted with several ranges of trees. From this square, or area, branch off the two principal streets, the Vyverberg and the Voorhoot, parallel with the former, and issuing from the same side of the area. Both of these are also lined with rows of trees, and occupied by large houses. The former contains the residence of the Prince of Orange, of his next brother, Frederick, for whom a new palace is to be built, the offices of the minister of marine, the royal library, and the office of the finance minister. The Vyverberg is only a terrace, or, rather, the long side of one immense oblong square, occupied by a basin,—on the opposite side of which, rising immediately from the water, without any intervening ground, is the palace,—a range of brick building, without plan or distinguishing feature, except that, at night, from its position, it has the singular appearance of being exactly doubled. There is a small island in the middle of the water, which adds to the effect. At the western end, that farthest from Leyden, on the left, is the pri-

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son, near which the two De Witts, the celebrated pensionary and his brother, Burgomaster of Rotterdam, were killed by the people. The spot is immediately after passing through the archway, leading from the Vyverberg. Their bodies were hung up by the populace at the end of the trees of the Vyverberg. The archway here mentioned leads to a small square, in front of the western entrance to the palace. Not far from this is the principal church, a large building, with a high and ugly hexagonal brick tower, without ornament of any kind. Prince's-street, considerably to the left, has a fine appearance, from its great length, regularity, and uniform breadth. It extends nearly half the length of the town, and must be, at least, one hundred and thirty feet in width, great part of which, however, is filled by the canal in the centre, and a row of trees on each of its sides. I returned by a long narrow street, terminating in a square, called the *Plein*, a place used for parade, near the palace.

On the 7th of July, we went, in the forenoon, to see the house in the wood. The wood begins almost from the Leyden gate—the intervening space consisting of two large square plains, the one on the right, for the parade of the national guard—that on the left, for the regular army. Between the two is a splendid avenue, through which I had already passed. Where the Leyden road branches off to the left, I entered the wood,

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and found it far beyond my expectation, in extent and tastefulness. It is laid out after the modern style; the walks follow the surface in waving lines; the lakes are ornamented with, or naturally possess, small islands, and a few swans are seen on them. The wood is principally of oak and beech, some of the former trees being nearly three hundred years old, and many of the latter of a gigantic size. The length of the wood is about one mile and a half, and its breadth one-third of its length. The house stands at the further end, and is shewn to strangers at the *prix fixé* of one guilder, for which almost the only return is the sight of the Chinese room, with its hangings, presented by the Emperor of Morocco, embossed with birds and trees, partly in silk, and partly in real plumage. The audience chamber adjoining, is also worth seeing. This last is fifty feet each way, and about seventy in height. The corners project inwards, and form, with the sides, an octagonal opening in the roof above, which is the central dome in the palace. The chamber is entirely lined with paintings by the first masters. The Cyclops, by a pupil of Rubens, is thought to be excellent. In the centre of the dome above, is the portrait of the Princess, who built the palace. She is holding a skull in her hand, and mourning for her husband. There are several paintings by the late Duchess of Brunswick, tolerably executed. The exterior of the house is not remarkable. Louis Napoleon,

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during his residence at the Hague, lived in this palace.

Great improvements have been recently made in the wood; among others should be mentioned the establishment of two coffee-houses, one public, the other private. They are situated about the centre of the wood.

In the Museum, I saw several pictures, particularly one, on a very large scale, by Paul Potter, of cattle, painted when he was twenty-two. This is considered his *chef d'œuvre*. He died at twenty-nine. The Museum is in the house which Maurice used to occupy. It is a square, solid building, east of the old palace. In the palace we saw the Chamber of Peers, and that of the States General; the former a highly ornamented room, looking on the basin, and towards the Vyverberg. Round it are portraits of William the First Prince, Maurice William the Second, and, over the mantel-piece, that of William, afterwards King of England. In this chamber are forty-eight seats. The deliberations are not open to the public. The Chamber of the States General is on the opposite side of the square of the palace, and is plainer and larger than that just described. There are seats for one hundred and twenty members. The chair for the King, with those for the members of his family, is placed against the centre of one side of the hall; opposite, is the seat of the president, on each side of which are those of the secretaries, one of whom



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writes in French, the other in Dutch. The seats for the members are ranged on the two sides of the president's chair, and along the ends of the hall. At each end is a small gallery, one for the public, the other for friends of members. There is also accommodation for a reporter to the Gazette. Above the president, are openings, corresponding to the windows on the opposite side, from which ladies, &c. may hear the debates. These are either in French or Dutch. The session begins on the 1st of October, and is held alternately at Brussels and the Hague. Besides these two halls, a third is shewn in the palace—the hall of Lottery,—a very large Gothic building, the end of which is flanked by round towers, and resembles a church, jutting into the interior square of the palace. At the further end are three wheels, one very large, used only once in five and twenty years; the other two, of more moderate size, used every four months for the national lottery, which takes place at these intervals. The interior square of the palace is of the same character as the exterior. Entering from the Britenhoff, you have a range of piazzas on both sides. To the right is the Chamber of the States General, a building in the plain Grecian style, just now described.

The palace, in which the King resides, is at the west end of the town. It is shewn, but contains little deserving of mention, and is remarkably plain. The only large apartment is the ball-room,

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with the antichambers at each end, arched, and with imitation marble pillars. In one of these antichambers is placed a magnificent vase, or baptismal font, presented by the Emperor Alexander, as also several valuable tables, the gift of the same sovereign. Some paintings, by the Queen, are neatly executed in a hard style, with more finish than body. There are several portraits of the King, all very similar, and representing him to be a man of coarse features, with thick lips, and very deep furrows on either side. Judging from his portrait, the Prince of Orange may be called a well-looking man; his brother quite the contrary. The palace has a large garden attached to it, the flower-garden lying under the windows. Like the interior, the exterior of the palace is Grecian, without ornament of any kind.

In the evening, I visited the theatre, which is a neat, and well sized house. Mr. Legier, of the Theatre Français, at Paris, performed the part of Hamlet; but no more like to Hamlet than to Hercules.

Hamlet, fused into French rhyme, and enacted by a Frenchman!—the whole play thrown into one long scene, lasting for an hour and a half —for, though announced as a five-act play, the same scene kept possession from beginning to end of the performance, the division into acts being denoted by short intervals, without fall of the curtain,—the various incidental passages, in which,



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more especially as regards this play, the magic power of Shakspeare consists, all sacrificed to form a regular drama in rhyme! If any thing on earth could be more barbarous than this, the caterers at this theatre hit upon it *à merveille*, when they thought fit to introduce our incomparable poet to the audience, in an afterpiece, denominated "Shakspeare Amoureux." It may be safely asserted, that no Englishman, at least for a century past, has ever formed, or, perhaps, dared to attempt, a definite conception of what contained that spirit, the traces of which are, among us, every where visible. In England, Shakspeare is an abstraction,—a name which awakens no conception of a particular form, but stands as the sign for what is vast and incomprehensible. The execrable playwright of this theatre, however, was not to be contented with such abstraction, and the mighty spirit of the English bard was represented to have found its local habitation in the person of an active and frivolous little Frenchman, who played the part of Monsieur Shakspeare, made love with great energy, and shrugged his shoulders when addressed, (as he was continually,) in the following terms—"Ah! Shakspeare, est-ce vous, donc?" or, "Bon jour, Monsieur Shakspeare!" It would be difficult to conceive anything more disgustingly ridiculous.

Before breakfast, we went to the fishing village of Scheveling, about two English miles from the

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Hague. The road is one of those long, tree-flanked, straight avenues, so common throughout Holland, and is remarkable for its uniformity. The village contains between three and four hundred people, employed in the fishery. The appearance of the coast is singular; from Haarlem to near Rotterdam, is a straight line, sandhills here and there, and, at the extremities, mist limiting the prospect. During my stay, about thirty boats arrived, and caused a considerable bustle, there being no harbour. Hundreds of persons were on the shore, running, occasionally, up to the middle in water, with hampers, &c. This scene of landing is often represented in Dutch paintings, and I thought myself fortunate in being down at the time. After taking breakfast, for which we were overcharged a florin, and witnessing some artillery practise, we returned to the Hague before noon.

The Chinese cabinet is deserving attention; and in the same house as the pictures, the armour of De Ruyter is shewn, as are also the shirt worn by William III. when he fell from his horse, before his death, and the clothes which William I. had on, when he was assassinated at Delft, which are coarse in appearance, probably from age. There is a hole in the doublet; and two of the three bullets are shewn, together with the pistols, a brace of long narrow-barrelled instruments, the dog-heads of which strike the reverse of the present

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way. One of them, loaded with three balls, was that employed by the assassin.

The cabinet of medals in the royal library in the Vourbourg was, from some cause or other, closed for a few days. We saw the library, which is a great curiosity, consisting, at the outside, of forty thousand books. The building is sufficiently large.

I left the Hague on the 8th, at half past two, by the barque, for Delft. On our right we passed Ryswick, the steeple of which alone is visible. At four, we reached Delft, where we stopped for two hours, and then proceeded to Rotterdam. At Delft, I saw the monument of Van Tromp in the old church, and that of William I. in the other. This last church occupies one side of a square, on the opposite side of which is a large Gothic building,—the town-hall. The tower of the church is magnificent; the interior, plain, the chief ornament being the monument of William, which is placed in the middle, near the further end. This monument is particularly splendid, and resembles (though much larger) the canopied monuments of Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. William is twice represented—once, below the centre of the dome, lying at length in his robes, and a second time in black marble, and in armour, sitting in front, with emblematical figures, as large as the natural form, surrounding the whole. This Prince was shot in

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a building which was formerly a palace, but is now a barrack. At the foot of a stair, to the right of a door on the side of the palace court, is an inscription, in Dutch, commemorative of the crime having been there perpetrated. There are three bullet marks, but too large and deep not to have received very great additions since; still, there can be no doubt as to the locality.

Delft has a sort of harbour, formed by the widening of the canal, in which several vessels were lying. The canal to Rotterdam runs above the level of the country, which, as that between the Hague and the Delft, is incredibly cultivated.

At Rotterdam, I stopped at the "Maréchal de Turenne," which was filled with English. The boat from Delft was principally filled with English travellers, and, at the inn, I saw none else. These were, generally speaking, of that class of small tourists, who come over to Holland to buy cigars at four a penny, and drink geneva at two stivers a glass.

Rotterdam is of a triangular form, the base extending along the Maes, one of those immense branches into which the Rhine is divided towards the sea. This branch may be one-third of an English mile in breadth. The land on the opposite side is of the usual flatness, and is covered with long avenues of trees. The key called the Boom, extends in a straight line along the greater part of this base, being planted with trees, from which cir-

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cumstance, indeed, it receives its name. The town is entirely concealed from the river, and thus presents rather a heavy appearance. Towards the east, however, where the river begins to turn southward, and shews the broad canals, or the remains of the former channel of the Maes, filled with shipping, and the extensive government building-yards at the extreme east, the aspect of the town is striking. Considerably inwards, runs the High Street, on an elevation which was formerly the dyke of the river; but, contrary to what usually occurs in Holland, a new town has been built outside this, in which are the principal streets and commercial establishments. It extends from the line of the Boom to that of the High Street. During the great storms of February 1825, the water again reached the High Street, and, had it passed this, the extent of damage would have been incalculable. Men were employed in erecting barriers; but though the part nearest the river was inundated, the flood did not rise so high as had been apprehended. The level beyond the High Street is below that of the Maes. This is the case with the country generally—the water is forced from the canals to a level above the low-water mark, by windmills, to the extent of twelve feet. Floodgates, which shut when the sea pressure exceeds the land, and open *vice versâ*, allow the water to pass into the Maes, and by these means a kind of circulation is kept up in the

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canals, which, perhaps, prevents the country from becoming marsh, and finally sea, by the accumulation of rains, and water oozing through or below the dykes. A great part of the Rotterdam shipping consists of Rhine traders, small vessels, sometimes schooners. Cologne is one of the chief places of destination. Steam-vessels are beginning to be used on the river; one sails twice, daily, for Dort, and one for Antwerp. The first is English built; the other, much the better one for sailing, is Dutch, after the long build of English vessels. A third is building at present, two hundred and fifty feet deck, nearly as long as the Columbus. The inhabitants, generally, appear sensible of the immense advantages which the people of Holland, above any other nation, must eventually reap from steam navigation. They will soon learn to construct machinery, if they have not done so already; and, as regards Holland, it may be doubted whether we are not too late in repealing our laws respecting the exportation of machinery—yet this, if so it be, could only have the effect of weakening the opposition to a measure which must be little better than nugatory. We are, however, more likely to find a permanent market in Holland—labour being there almost as dear as in England—than in other countries. To decide on the principle of free trade is one thing, and that most easy: but to calculate its effect on the intercourse with any individual nation is another, for the decision of which real difficulty in practical economy,

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years of residence are necessary in both countries. There is, however, this comfort, that, whatever the extent of the effect, it must eventually be beneficial to both.

At Rotterdam, there is not much to be seen. The statue of Erasmus is a poor affair. It stands on the edge of one of the great basins, or canals, in a market place—is generally surrounded by vegetables of all sorts, and might be not unaptly taken for the market bailiff, lifted on high to read the law of sale. The great scholar is represented in robes, reading from a folio, which he supports with both hands. On the pedestal are commemorative inscriptions. The small house in which he was born, is in a narrow street not far distant. The statue is painted in front. So much for the learned Erasmus:—

"—— That great injured name;
The glory of the priesthood, and the shame."

The cathedral of St. Lawrence is placed beyond the High Street. The tower is unfinished, and is said to be three hundred and sixty feet in height, which, however, appears greatly to exceed the truth. We were told, that there are three hundred and twenty steps to the top. This, at nine inches the step—a very deep step this—would bring the height to two hundred and forty feet, certainly much nearer the truth, though probably still exceeding it. In the interior is Cornelius de Witt's monument, and an unfinished organ,

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of about the same size as that at Haarlem. The largest pipe—the model of which we saw—is about sixteen inches in diameter.

A game called *kolf* is much played at Rotterdam. It is something like our golf, and is played under cover. The room which I saw was eighty feet by twenty, and there are at least thirty similar to it in or about Rotterdam. At about ten feet from each end of the room is a pillar, six or eight inches in diameter. The players are furnished with balls, hard-stuffed with hair, and clubs, in shape something like a golf club, but much heavier, the head being larger, and of brass, or iron. Placing the ball near to one of these pillars, the object is first to hit the other, or to go so near as to be able to hit it the next time. It must be an excellent game, requiring great force, and appeared to interest the parties much. There are never more than three balls on the floor—if two or three play, each has a ball—if four or six, there is a ball to each pair. A great deal of play and management is evidently required in this game, which may be called a union of billiards and golf. The rooms are attached to coffee houses, where every kind of refreshment may be procured.

The exchange is a very elegant square, on the inside surrounded by piazzas, and having a sort of mosaic brick pavement in the court. The exterior is partly of brick, which disfigures it much. The collection of philosophical instruments, models,

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&c., is kept in the range of rooms on the second story.

The library is a literary society, or institution, where a considerable number of pupils attend—about forty.

I went after ten to one of the spiel houses, or musicos. After passing through several dark and narrow streets, the guide conducted us into one, presenting the appearance of an illumination. Ten or twelve lamps are blazing before each of these iniquitous houses, from which proceed incessantly noise, laughter, and music. People are collected round the doors. These doors are either concealed, or replaced by a curtain—drawing this aside, you come into a large hall, round which perhaps a dozen unfortunate creatures are promenading in pairs. At the entrance is a counter, where a waiter instantly inquires what you will be helped to, and fails not to charge more than double for whatever is chosen. Thus these villainous dens are supported. The music is at the opposite end, and consists of two or three fiddles. For the credit of Rotterdam, and contrary to the accounts given in books, but few respectable looking persons were present. Whatever may have been the fashion formerly, when it is said that families used to visit these houses without disgrace, it is now preposterous to suppose that people of character could be seen at such low and infamous houses, without ruining their reputation. In Rotterdam

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such places are numerous, but the street here spoken of is their chief citadel. Here they are permitted by law; but at the Hague, they have either never existed, or been suppressed. Formerly they were extremely common at Amsterdam, where now all have disappeared but two. Most strangers do, and all should, see at least one of these places. The exhibition is too thoroughly disgusting to seduce any one; and a single glance at the company among which you find yourself, will rescue the Hollanders from the sweeping charges so often brought against them.

On Saturday, the 9th, I sailed by the steam-boat at five P. M. for Dort, twelve miles distant, up the river. On turning beyond the dock-yards, you have a fine view of Rotterdam. Only part however can be seen. The trees along the Boom conceal the western part—the other consists of the long line of building-yards, with the houses and shipping of the eastern quarter, and the heavy steeple of St. Lawrence rising above the whole, and looking much as if the upper half had been cut off. There is not much shipping in the river, but, towards Dort, the Rhine traders are constantly passing.

Dort, a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants, is situate at the corner of a considerable island. The Bellevue inn is immediately on the shore. The people speak both French and English, and employed both with great diligence in recounting

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the visits paid by the Duke of York and Mr. Peel to Dort, the former thirty-three, the latter three years ago, on both of which memorable occasions mine host of Bellevue had the honour of entertaining the British "voyageurs." The father of the landlord, a most loquacious old gentleman, who tells "all about" the Duke of York, while his son narrates "all about" the Home Secretary, has, among many stories, one, rather singular, yet very generally believed, of an event, said to have occurred at the great inundation of 1420, which in one night destroyed seventy-two villages, some of which, or their sites, are now one hundred and fifty feet below water. One hundred thousand people perished; but the wonder is the preservation of a child, six months old, who happened to be asleep in a cradle, in common with an aged cat, which latter had the sagacity to poise the vessel, by running to the side opposite to that to which it inclined, and, persevering in this sailor-like conduct for some days, the quadruped pilot saved herself and the child, to the great wonder of all who heard the history!

Dort has a long, winding street, leading from the pier. At the other end of the town is the cathedral which is very large and in part—that nearest the tower—of brick. The remainder which is more modern (being, according to the inscription over the door, from 1608 or 1609), is of stone. In this church was held, in 1819, the Synod of Dort.

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The reformed religion is professed by the frequenters of the cathedral, and, on entering at eleven, we found a large congregation assembled, all wearing their hats. From a marble pulpit a minister was preaching with much energy, clothed only in a black gown, without wig, or other deformity, or decoration. At the conclusion of the sermon, the assembly uncovered, and the clergyman prayed. They then sang, and afterwards, a long blessing having been first pronounced, dispersed. Their singing, accompanied by an organ of great power, was particularly violent. In one of the chapels of this cathedral is a monument to John de Witt, who was born and buried at Dort. Round the church are many monuments, and, among these I expected to have distinguished de Witt's without difficulty, not knowing that it was in a separate chapel—thus I did not see it. In Dort, as in Rotterdam, many of the houses overhang the street, a circumstance generally caused by the piles giving way. This, however, is not always the cause. Many houses are designedly built so. Dort is not so remarkable in this respect as Rotterdam, where, in some of the narrow streets, the houses nearly meet. There are very few examples, if any, of the obliquity being from the street. The reason of this was matter for a two hours' dispute among the English party, coming from Delft to Rotterdam. Some contended, that the canals in the street weakened the foundations;

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but this was answered by the fact, that the narrowest streets, wherein there are no canals, are the most out of line. Others attributed the singularity to the pressure of the roofs—a plausible reason, but of little weight in Holland, where the houses are mostly endways to the street, in which case the roof can have no effect. Some said that the houses were thus built, because the Hollanders were fond of variety—others gave it as their opinion that the houses were fond of each other. The reason, after all, is probably this: the chances of the foundation giving way in either direction are equal; but as, on one side of the wall, there are gables and crosswalls by way of abutment, the wall will more easily separate from, than press back, these abutments. When the foundation fails towards the street, the wall easily follows, and contrariwise is supported by the crosswalls.

The Antwerp steam-boat passes Dort about half past twelve, and by it we reached Antwerp at ten P. M. the same evening. Some miles from Dort to the left is the immense bay, formed by the inundation of 1421. It stretches almost to the extreme point of the horizon. At its extremity there are islands. The entrance of the river, though larger than that at Broek, does not possess the same effect. Every thing looks as if no villages had ever existed there. One steam-boat besides our own was sailing about. The passage lies among the islands, at the mouth of the Rhine—

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land on either side. Sometimes, it is a narrow channel, edged with reeds, which the vessel nearly touches—at others, a broad, bleak sea, on the shores of which are seen barriers of sand, with ranges of trees, steeples rising from behind, without any land visible. Long deserts of sand are here and there seen glittering, and, occasionally, interspersed with pools. In some places, the ships appear raised above the sea, a curious but by no means unfrequent appearance. A white pearly band is seen on the waves, and above this band the vessels seem suspended. Nothing can exceed the beauty of such a sight, on a sunny evening, such as that on which we sailed.

On the borders are several small towns, the chief of which is Bergh op Zoon, which, with its tower, and part of the fortifications, may be seen lying some miles inland to the left. The Scheldt is a noble river, or, rather, an arm of the sea. Though night had began to fall, it was still possible to see the magnificent sweep of the body of water—the cause, not real, but alleged, of so much bloodshed—a river which, by its position, and the grandeur of Antwerp, ought to rival the Thames.

The great tower is seen from a distance diminishing. This is rather its appearance by day. Nothing could be finer than the effect of the whole height towards the top. On taking the last turn



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near the great basin, shipping and lamps ranged along the quays, and the whole town coming into view, you discover you are arriving at a place of importance.

Crowds with carts were waiting to convey the passengers and luggage. It was easy to see that the Hôtel d'Angleterre was the destination of not a few. Owing to our previous arrangements, we got there with the least possible delay. Several English, who came later, could obtain no answer, but " nous n'avons de place," and were obliged to retire, muttering " bien fâché," and seek lodgings elsewhere. This is a kind of distress at which one may laugh inwardly, though not outwardly—on the present occasion we were tempted to do both, the vexation being vented in French, so truly ridiculous.

On the 13th, we set out by the diligence at seven A. M. for Brussels (thirty miles). We passed through Malines, where the remains of the fête of the previous day were visible, the sides of some streets being festooned, and statues, inscriptions, paintings, and pillars, throughout the town. The cathedral is a large building, as is also the tower.

The entrance to Brussels presents many fine views and seats, particularly on the right. Lacken, the King's palace, is immediately towards the town, and runs parallel, and near the Allée Verte, a

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straight road, or promenade, of perhaps a mile in length, stretching from the borders of the town. The Antwerp canal runs by the side of the promenade. At the entrance is the new arch, called Fort William, lately built in honour of the King's reception at Brussels, in 1815. It was by this entrance he came into Brussels. The gate is large, with side archways, and much sculpture. On the town side is a bas-relief. On either side, extend the new boulevards, intended to pass round the whole town. We reached Brussels at half past twelve, and stopped at the Bellevue inn.

On the 17th of July I heard a sermon at the cathedral. On the door of the church was posted a bill, in French and Dutch, inviting the faithful to attend the grand mass of the day; offering indulgence of four hundred days for such attendance, accompanied by confession, and prayers for the union of princes, and the extirpation of heresies. This was for the first day of the Octave, for the other seven days a similar indulgence of two hundred days was offered. There is service on each of such days, both morning and evening. There was also a procession on the 17th, for following which through the town a further indulgence of four hundred days was offered. This procession, as the same bill announced, was instituted in 1530, by the princess then reigning, and was to remain an institution to all eternity. The offers of the Sovereign Pontiff drew together an



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immense crowd, clustering round the pulpit, which, like many in Catholic and other churches, was more eloquent than the preacher. The present exemplified the doctrine of original sin, by representing the story of the fall, or rather its effect. The expulsion from paradise, in sundry elaborate figures of all the animals and things which might be supposed to have witnessed that event. At eleven, the procession left the church, headed by priests carrying the cross. The host was borne beneath a canopy, and was honoured by genuflexions from all the people, near whom it passed.

In the evening, the great promenade, the Allée Verte, was much crowded. The cafés, many of which have gardens attached to them, were thronged with visitors, for whose amusement various jugglers were exerting themselves with most persevering perplexity. Mr. Ewbank's reading room in the Rue Royale, should be mentioned honourably by the English traveller. It is an excellent establishment, and one of many virtues. Books, perfumes, wines, and medicines, may all be found there, which, with the journals, and the Edinburgh, Quarterly, London, and other Reviews, offer a welcome sight to the "Voyageurs Anglais."

On Tuesday, the 19th, I saw the museum in the Orange Palace, on the right ascending Madelain Street. It consists of collections of pictures, philosophical instruments, and subjects of the natural

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kingdom. It has a library and botanical garden, all open to the public on certain days, and to foreigners every day. Fortunately this was the occasion of the annual exhibition of flowers given in a circular hall, round which the flowers are ranged in tiers. Prizes are given for the finest, and also the rarest. It was a very striking sight, and numerously attended.

On this day there was also a fête at a place, about three miles from Brussels. The road was thronged with people. The situation is extremely picturesque. The hill, the fields, and the two houses before the entrance to the wood—the dancing under clumps of trees—the wood, with two or three thousand people moving about and in it—the lights and shades of sunset—the dresses of the people—the sounds of voices, and of music—the rolling down the hill—the flags and processions—and the gladness shining in the looks of so many gay and happy beings—formed a picture, which nor the painter's nor the poet's art could emulate.

On Wednesday, the 20th, I had intended to go early to Waterloo, but the heat was so excessive that the excursion was deferred till three P. M.; to which delay I was the more disposed as a Genevese gentleman, who had been twice on the field, (once the day immediately succeeding the battle,) would accompany me at the just mentioned hour. We found some difficulty in procuring a cabriolet, but

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at length succeeded, though the horse was the most wretched brute imaginable, and, in England, would have been shot from pure compassion. However, there was no gainsaying his genealogy, on which considerable stress was laid by the owner, who declared it to be a *véritable cheval Anglais*, bought of one Monsieur Kockerill. Hack as it was, the Genevese gentleman undertook the arduous task of driving it, but, before we had got a mile on our way, the poor beast had nearly given in. After passing two barriers, or tolls, at each of which a duty is paid, we entered about three miles on the forest, which continues almost to Waterloo, about nine miles from Brussels.

The first sight of Waterloo, which is a mile and a half nearer to Brussels than to the field of battle, is the small dome of the red brick church, seen at the end of an avenue of large branches, which often line the route, in rows, of more regularity and grandeur than those which form the ornament and pride of many old residences in England. Waterloo is a mere village of white houses. There is a small inn opposite the church, and you have not stopped an instant, when guides offer their services to shew the monuments, the grave of the leg, with various other sights. By one of these instructive gentlemen we were introduced to the old man, who keeps the keys of the church, which we entered. It is a small, long, and

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unornamented place in the interior. Its breadth is perhaps some thirty feet, its length ninety. At the further end is the dome which we had seen, and which at the time of the battle formed almost the whole of the church. Formerly the monuments were round this, but since the addition to the building they have been removed, and are now on the right and left of the entrance at the end opposite the dome, a situation much less eligible than the former, though, from the perishability of the whole church, neither is fitted for the reception of monuments, such as should be raised, if any be thought necessary. These monuments, twenty-three in number, half on each side of the church, are chiefly English. Without reference to the occasion, they have nothing remarkable, being plain blue and white marble slabs, fixed in the wall, with the names of officers and men commemorated thereon, and English inscriptions, generally to the purport, that they, whose names are there inscribed, fell gloriously in the memorable battle of Waterloo, on the 18th, and that the tablet was placed by the brother officers and soldiers of the regiment. That of Charles Fox Canning has several verses of considerable feeling, though it is scarcely reconcileable with the unromantic character of modern times, and of the commander, that the dying words of the soldier should have been those of the last line—

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"Thank God! my leader lives," he said, and died.

The monument to the officers and men of the 79th, has, at the top, the claymore and bonnet of the Highlands, and before are two lines—

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

which appear too weak and unmeaning for the epitaph, the best part of which is the mention of the number of killed and wounded in the regiment.

We were next shewn a small burial-ground, where are interred several of those killed on the 18th. Near to this, at the corner of a wood, in a small square of about fifty feet, are the graves, or trenches, where four hundred were buried. The heights are still marked, but there is no tombstone, except one small triangular slab to Lieutenant Robe. On returning, near the church, we were shewn the house where the Marquis of Anglesea lay for four days after the battle, and the room in which he suffered amputation. The boot which he wore, a most unromantic Wellington boot, of fashionable shape, and ript up, is kept and shewn, as is also his portrait. In the garden immediately before the small house, the leg was interred. A large willow tree overshadows it. Nearer the house is a tablet, with a French inscrip-

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tion, to the effect of, " Here lies the leg," &c., which is true enough, but the conclusion contains an assertion extremely problematical to many, though not in that part of it which relates to the heroism of the noble Marquis—namely, that he, " par son héroïsme, a concouru au triomphe de la cause du genre humain, glorieusement décidée par l'éclatant victoire du dit jour."

On the right side, at the top, is a small ticket, saying that George the IVth, King of England, visited the spot in October 1821. Above, below, around on every side, are names in pencil, chiefly English—papa, mamma, and daughters, all giving vent to their enthusiasm at the shrine of the hero, indulging the hope that their names may go down to posterity, connected with the glory of a chivalrous leg.

We proceeded to Mount St. Jean, which is more than a mile onwards. It is smaller than Waterloo, but still sufficient to give name to a battle, and the people of the continent generally speak of the battle of Mount St. Jean. At the end of the village the road divides. On the right is that leading to Nivelles—that which goes forward leads to Charleroi. This latter road is the line passing the centre of both armies. We left the village, near Mount St. Jean, at nine P. M. The guide had told us a good deal about eight or ten robbers, who had a week before escaped from prison, and taken shelter in the forest—of one

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man, who had been robbed by them—of another, who, on Sunday, had been pursued by eight. But our ride through the forest was undisturbed, as was naturally to have been expected, it being the high road to Brussels. Here and there a waggon would pass—then would we come up with a postilion returning. One or two houses are on the road, at intervals of a mile or so. The gloomy avenues, sometimes so narrow as to be quite dark—the tall, sombre looking trees, thickly planted, and confining the view to a few yards on either side into the forest, suited well to the deep silence, unbroken save by the wheel coming in frequent contact with stones, or pieces of wood left on the route, or by the "Allez, allez, Monsieur," with which the Genevese continually addressed our miserable nag, which, when thrashed and tugged, made for a moment a splutter, something like a fish when the net is at the edge of the water, but in a few seconds sunk back to the usual slow trot, or walk. We got to the cabriolet keeper, about half past eleven, and after some pithy suggestions about the state of his stud, proceeded to our inn to supper.

The theatre, which is placed in a small square, where is also the mint, from which the square is named Place de la Monnaie, is a model. In front is a large portico, probably eighty feet, of eight Ionic pillars. Round the other three sides are piazzas. The lobbies, saloon, &c., in the interior,

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are on a very large scale. There are four regular tiers of boxes, and two others arranged below, so as to occupy no more than the place of one; the lowest nearly on a level with the pit: the other, called the balcon, projecting a little over it, and lower than the first tier. The roof is too high. In the centre of the first circle is the royal box. They played a one-act piece, called, "Maris Garçons," with the "Page Inconstant," in three acts, a sort of pantomime and ballet. The price of admission is very high; two florins and a half for the first tier—for parquet (which is the first six or seven seats of our pit, railed off), or second tier, two florins.

The audience are noisy, talking to each other more loudly and familiarly than English people would or could do, on similar occasions. Everything went on as if they were not in public. One old gentleman, whom his friends addressed by the title of Baron, was particularly active, talking and clapping his hands without intermission, addressing the musicians, and favouring his friends with instructions in singing. He seemed to be the acknowledged "leader" of the house, in the bestowing of applause.

Before going to the theatre, I saw the palace of the States General, at the end of the park, and immediately facing the King's palace. It forms the central part of a magnificent street, included between the Rue Royale on the western, and the

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Rue Ducale on the eastern side of the park. The building has a large colonnade from the second story. The palace of the States General was only finished a few years ago. It contains the chambers of the Peers and Deputies, with four committee-rooms attached to the former, and eight to the latter. On entering, there is a large arched space, paved with marble—on either side, a great stair, also of marble. Passing through two or three rooms either way, you come to the Chamber of Deputies, on the second story. This is, for speaking and public business, the finest hall imaginable. It is semicircular, with a narrow rectangle added on the diameter, about sixty feet broad; has a seat for the King, and two princes. A few feet forwards, are the seats for the president and his clerks. The benches, to the number of six or seven tiers, range round the semicircles, each rising about a foot, and having a broad desk. There are two ranges of pillars, round the semicircle; on the upper, a gallery for the public: on the same level, on the straight side, there are openings from a room for ambassadors. The light is principally from the roof, which is finished in a highly ornamented style. In the externals of a house of parliament, they are far beyond ourselves. The number of members is one hundred and ten. The chamber for the peers, sixty in number, is a long low-roofed room. It has two large modern pictures, one representing the submission of a Spanish

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general to Prince Maurice; the other, the Battle of Waterloo, the principal figure in which is that of the Prince of Orange, wounded, on horseback, by the side of the Duke of Richmond. This picture is of full size.

The park, the centre avenue of which is fronted by the palace of the States General, is adorned with various statues, gates, groups, rows of trees, and, between each, heads on long mummy-like pedestals. The three principal avenues converge, and in the centre is a large opening, round which are placed the chief statues. There is a theatre in one corner of the park; in another part, music is played every Sunday, in the forenoon. For so small a piece, this park possesses much variety of level and appearance. In one hollow, is the site of the fountain, now dry, near to which Peter the Great drank wine. A Latin inscription which it bears, round the square basin, is still legible, giving the occasion, the year, day of the month, hour, half hour, of the day on which that memorable event took place. The Place Royale, to which one of the avenues in the park leads, is the most ornamental in Brussels, or perhaps anywhere else. In the centre is the church of St. James, remarkable for its Corinthian portico.

On the 22nd, I went to the law courts, where nothing was to be seen or heard.

I walked out to Lacken, about three miles up the Antwerp canal. This is the country residence

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of the King, and was formerly that of the Empress Josephine, after her separation from Napoleon. It is a Grecian structure of some size, and of an imposing appearance, placed on a considerable height which rises gradually from the Antwerp canal, towards which is the principal front. The chief entrance is on the other side. Even when the King is there, strangers are allowed to walk through the grounds, attended by one of the keepers. These grounds are laid out in the English style of variety. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful residence. The walks are all bordered with flowers, and are winding round in every direction. There is a grotto, a Grecian temple, and a small lake, below the end of the declivity. The finest view is from the centre of the principal front, where the whole survey of the park is taken in at once; the lake, with its island, and large ornamented bridge, the trees, and range of country, and, towards the right, the appearance of Brussels in the distance, rising above the trees. The day added much to the view, by reflecting every object on the lake, and by giving the town a hazy and indistinct appearance. The large space between the grand entrance and the back façade of the palace, is lined with orange-trees in cases. The two fronts are similar, except that the centre has a semicircular projection, terminating in a dome; the other has a portico. We met the King on coming out to Lacken. He

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travels without state, in a carriage with six or four horses, and a single outrider. He is remarkable for his familiarity of manner to all; and gives weekly audiences, when admission is granted to all classes without distinction, and every grievance may be stated.

On returning to the law courts about one, I found business going on. The criminal court had finished its sittings, but in the civil court there were five judges, whose only outward distinction was a plain black gown; the wig, that indispensable of the British bench and bar, being unworn by the legal functionaries of Brussels. There were some four or five advocates in court, one of whom, Mr. Der Trem, was engaged in pleading. He spoke in Dutch, with great fluency and force of manner. As to the matter, I could understand nothing. The triumphant kind of expression, and violent gestures, which we often see in English courts, when a barrister imagines that he has gained his point, seem well understood at Brussels. Striking the desk, interjecting "My Lord," or, as it was in this case, "Mineheer," pleading with spectacles extended, stopping suddenly, then whispering, and then vociferating, are the common practices in all countries. The gesticulations of the learned gentleman on the present occasion were redundant in the extreme; but the only new action consisted in placing the fore-finger close to

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and perpendicularly out from his nose; then throwing out some distance, then still more each time with increased violence, till, at length, gaining the conclusion, the arm is thrust out its whole length, and the finger pointed downwards, and shaken with violence. The hall of audience is low-roofed and long, with small pillars. It is neither remarkably beautiful nor convenient. There were other courts, but none doing business at that hour. Here and there might be seen advocates walking with brief or with client, or with neither, dressed in plain black gowns, without wigs, but they have something resembling bands at the neck, or rather like a handkerchief passing through the tie of the cravat, and the two ends hanging down. They wear cloth caps, without fronts; and some have two arm-length tags, with ermine at the ends, depending from one shoulder behind, a sign of rank, no doubt. The judges are not distinguished in their dress, except that the cap which they wear appears somewhat ornamented. The building in which the courts are held, is near the middle of the town, and consists of two large courts, one complete, the other more irregular. The court which I attended is of a circular form, and, from some odd idea, the judges' seats are placed in the circumference of the semicircular part. At one corner of the chief court of the building, is placed a splendid portico. It is one of the many public

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works built since the accession of William, and has an inscription, to the effect that he laid the foundation stone.

The town gave an entertainment to the King and family on the 14th. The great square, in which is the town-hall, was illuminated. This square is in the low part of the town, and though of some size, is more remarkable for the grandeur of the old Gothic and partly Grecian buildings of which it is composed. The town-hall occupies nearly one side, and is an immense Gothic building, with a singular roof, having several stories of windows in it, and a tower of great height, placed considerably towards one end of the front. This front and tower were illuminated, the first by two rows of light, the other by ranges over each flat, or division of the tower, up to the extreme height. It was altogether a fine sight, for Brussels. The equipages, however, that arrived, were of the oddest and shabbiest description, many without servants, &c.

This entertainment, which was said to be on the grandest scale, and intended to surpass that given to Napoleon in 1811, formed part of the fêtes and rejoicings which had been going on at Brussels since the 5th of the month, on the marriage of the King's second son, Prince Frederick, to the Princess of Prussia. The next day, the 15th, being the last of the festival, was set apart for the people.



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On the evening of the 14th, persons were employed in erecting, in the Place Royale, the principal, or most fashionable square of the town, four poles, about thirty feet high, and this morning we found them each hung with about fifteen hams, cased in paper, and suspended round the circumference of a large board on the top of each pole. At ten, the popular amusements commenced, by the "active citizens" climbing these poles, and whoever was so fortunate as to reach the top, had his choice of the hams. Much the same occurred at Haarlem.

Before mid-day, I went to the canal, a continuation of that at Antwerp, within the town, and which serves for a sort of harbour to the small vessels or boats frequenting Brussels. Here the water games were to be held, and the crowd was great. I was, however, fortunate enough to get on board a vessel, and had a full view of the affair.

A large garland of flowers, with a medal, hung from the upper yard of one of the vessels, and a rope stretched to the water, wherein it was fastened. The candidates, undressed, that is, in shirt and trowsers, leap from the vessel, and their aim is to carry off the wreath by climbing the rope. These attempts are productive of more amusement than those in the land games. Some twenty or thirty of the aspirants fell or slipped into the water from great heights, and in all kinds of ridiculous attitudes. The prize was at length carried

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off, with much difficulty, by a fellow who, in despair, made a snatch at it, and put it round his neck, when down he fell, head foremost, the garland taking its own direction. He, however, soon arose, espied his laurels, and having regained them, was rowed to the umpires, who occupied an adjoining vessel. After a short speech, some papers were delivered to him, entitling him to the reward. The next part of the diversion was to attempt taking a ball out of a box, which might be six by eight, placed at the outer end of a bowsprit, sufficiently unfixed to yield greatly at every step. Some ran furiously along the beam, and half-way losing their balance, leaped into the water (about fifteen feet below), like enraged bulls. Some went more gravely to work, stretching out their arms to make a balance pole, weighing every step, till at length, stopping, they vibrated a few times, and seeing all was over, quietly dropped into the canal. Some again, having nearly gained the point, threw themselves on the box, and made most miserable somersets. The unfortunates, in general, managed to put a good face on the matter, cutting a few capers on coming up, to prove themselves no worse for the fall; while those, who succeeded in getting the ball, played every sort of antic at the beam end, swung, kicked, made grimaces, kissed the apple, &c. One of these joyful gentlemen, amidst his glorification, upset, and fell head foremost, to the



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no small delight of the laughers, who stood ready to greet every fall, and especially those, which were accompanied by twirlings or kickings. The last victor having emptied the box, tore it from the point, and converting it into a hat, hurtled back, stride-legs, amid the acclamations of the multitude. Two small bands were in attendance throughout the course of these diversions, one at each side of the canal, taking up the music alternately, and always suiting it to the place of the competitor, getting quicker and louder, the nearer he was to the grand object,—the people also clapping and encouraging, but with true popular consistency, laughing and bawling if he chanced to fall.

Many respectable persons attended to witness the sport, which is perfectly harmless, healthful, and manly, and if rightly pursued and encouraged, by no means unimportant. The Olympic and other games, produced on the Grecian national character an effect which may induce the moderns to establish diversions on the same footing. The sport which has been just described, requires some of the qualifications necessary to constitute expert and bold seamen, which, with the ancient games, was not the case, in a military point of view. It might be made more complicated; but, simple as it is, it embraces most of the requisites for an able sailor. To ensure success in it, the competitor must be strong, a good swimmer and climber, with

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a steady eye and step, and possessed of a considerable portion of spirit and courage.

At two o'clock, the theatre was opened to the people, gratis. In the afternoon, a procession, of a very peculiar and national kind, called "Homgang," took place. It exhibits the ancient inhabitants of Belgium, who, in the popular traditions, are represented to have been enormous giants. Attended by half the inhabitants, this procession passed, according to the order set forth in a printed programme, along the principal streets, and, amongst others, went round the Place Royale, whence it filed off towards the palace. For a popular Guy Fawkes kind of exhibition, it was truly splendid. The order of this most fantastic show was as follows:—

First, after the military, who were interspersed throughout the procession, in order to clear and keep the way, came the giants, the traditional forefathers of the Belgians. A young giantess led the way, considerably overtopping the multitude. She was followed, at some distance, by a lady about fourteen feet high, in an immense modern bonnet, lace shawl, and sky blue dress. The next gigantic figure was a gentleman of sixteen feet, who marched with great majesty, regarding the people on either side at every step of his progress. He was dressed in a powdered wig, and plain blue suit. Behind him appeared two dames

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of similar dimensions, who again were followed by a man of still larger, dressed in an embroidered antique coat, and a full-bottomed wig. This giant completed the first part of the company. Each giant and giantess was provided with two sets of legs, one for walking, and another, somewhat shorter, for resting, which latter were in requisition every few steps. The remainder of the procession was very splendid, and was led by a long ornamented chariot, and four horses, filled by eighteen musicians. Next appeared, astride a furious-looking lion, a little imp, or cupid, who kept up a constant kissing of hands to the multitude. Then came, at some distance, a carriage and six, highly gilded, filled with children, half naked, and wearing sandals. Some of them had on small black caps, others garlands of flowers.

A child riding a crocodile.

Ditto, ditto.

A chariot and six, equally splendid with the former, and also filled with children, the two in front bestriding griffins.

A child on a mermaid.

Ditto, ditto.

A child on a gigantic swan.

Ditto, ditto.

A carriage of clouds, drawn by six horses, filled with black children, the two in front bestriding golden griffins.

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A child on a dolphin.
Ditto, ditto.
A child on a tiger.
A child on an eagle.

And, bringing up the whole, was a chariot of clouds, drawn by six horses, and filled with children, each of whom was black, and held up a large hammer.

Such was this splendid popular show, which I followed to the palace, and there saw the King and the Royal Family, who were out on a small balcony to see the procession. It stopped half an hour in front of the palace, the royal party remaining out the whole time: this consisted of the King, his second son Frederick, his new daughter-in-law, and his daughter, and three boys. his grand children, son of the hereditary Prince of Orange. The King, as indeed the whole party, had a very plain dress. But for the star on his breast, no one would have supposed the elderly person, in a blue military coat, and grey trowsers, was his Majesty of the Netherlands. Though not corpulent, he is a bulky, well built man. His head and features are large, the forehead expansive, and the hair strong and grey. He appears a good-natured, familiar kind of person, with nothing of that stern, fixed expression of countenance, given in many of his portraits. On the occasion in question, he must have exerted himself considerably, as he smiled throughout nearly half an

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hour. His manner is undignified and familiar, almost to vulgarity. He talked and nodded incessantly, with an affability so surprising, that its sincerity might be doubted. Prince Frederic is not like his father, but tall, lank, by no means well featured, and very pale. Still there is a certain military air about him, which promises much. To the people he was apparently indifferent, and spoke but little. His wife, though pale and unhandsome, is still, in every sense, a royal looking personage, of very quiet demeanour. The King's daughter is very ugly, and was dressed most vilely. The greatest friend to equality would wish to see a princess, especially one so extremely ugly, dressed better than in a brown striped silk gown, with a single piece of lace at the breast, her hair braided, without ornament of any kind. Her manners were the most vulgar imaginable. She compressed her handkerchief to about the size of an orange, and ever and anon, dashed it furiously across a proboscis, which acknowledged the salute by an audible snuffle. The three young princes are little, white haired, demure-looking boys. The King employed himself chiefly in talking to the eldest, explaining every thing to him, but the boy seemed the reverse of lively or apprehensive. Rarely did the good King obtain a smile, in acknowledgment for his patient explanation. Much was made of these children by the whole party, and they were stationed in front, nearest the peo-

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ple, to whom they were no doubt meant to be interesting. Prince Frederic kissed the eldest before retiring, and the three children remained out for some time after the rest of the party. Several generals were sipping their coffee at the palace windows, or mixing with the ladies of the court. The sun was dreadfully hot—the crowd great and low, but orderly. At length the procession moved on, the royal gazers left the balcony, and the rabble, without cheers or noise of any kind, dispersed, or continued to accompany the representatives of their giant ancestors.

His present Majesty of the Netherlands appears possessed of all those conciliating qualities which are so essential in rulers generally, and in those especially who govern newly constituted states, and, more than all, in the sovereign who sways an ill-assorted kingdom, composed of two distinct nations, with separate habits, interests, and prejudices, political and religious. Such a kingdom is this. It has been formed as a mere make-weight in the balance of power, without reference to those feelings which are the soul of national union.

The dominions of the King of the Netherlands consist of three parts. Holland and Belgium, however, properly speaking, form the kingdom, Luxembourg being held by a distinct right, as a portion of Germany. This may shew how little attention was given to reason, or to popular analogies, in settling the boundaries, when peace was

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concluded. Belgium and Luxembourg, which resemble each other in almost every respect, are held by an opposite tenure; Belgium and Holland, the inhabitants of which are utterly dissimilar, are held by the same tenure. Nor is the difference merely nominal; the powers of the government are not the same in Luxembourg, which is held by a sort of vassalage to Prussia, or whatever power happens to preponderate in Germany: thus, at present, there is a garrison of ten thousand Prussians in its capital, who, it is true, are there agreeably to the terms of the peace, and under pretence of protecting the general interests of Germany. But, in this way, all German states are kept in subjection. The independence of each is fully acknowledged; while, for the benefit of the confederation, either Prussia or Austria are careful to garrison the whole country, leaving to the petty princes and their governments, a merely nominal independence.

Formerly, about five hundred years back, nearly the whole of the present kingdom of the Netherlands belonged to Spain. This arose from a variety of causes, but chiefly from the power of Charles the Vth, who, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, had acquired the sovereignty over seventeen separate provinces in Belgium and Holland. In the succeeding period, the distinction of character between these two parts of the present kingdom, generated a spirit which it is the

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sole care of the Belgian government to allay, and if possible, extinguish altogether. It was then the time of the reformation, and even Charles the Vth had begun to persecute. We, indeed, talk of persecution under Mary, but this was toleration compared with the conduct of her infamous consort, the son and successor of Charles the Vth. Mary burnt in detail, but Philip gave general orders, worthy of the tyrant of old. At length the towns formed the famous union of Utrecht, and vowing eternal enmity against the Spaniards, began a war, which lasted almost uninterruptedly for seventy years, till, in 1648, it was terminated by the treaty of Munster, when Holland, and the other northern states, which had embraced the reformed religion became independent, Belgium continuing Catholic, and under the dominion of Spain. Here, then, was a final separation. Holland, independent and free, became a great republic, and the first commercial country in Europe, while Belgium, subject to successive disasters, was the theatre of almost every war, and frequently the cause of contention. It belonged, as we have seen, to Spain—was transferred to Austria—afterwards conquered by France; and thus we need not wonder if, among so many masters, it lost all feeling of nationality and patriotism. If it have any particular bias, it is towards an union with France; but for Holland it can entertain no partiality, differing as it does in

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language, habits, and religion. It was the Dutch who ruined Belgic commerce.

Antwerp was once a place of two hundred thousand souls, till the spirit of the new republic raised Amsterdam to prosperity and importance; and the former now contains but seventy thousand. Indeed, had it not been for the temporary prosperity given to it by Napoleon, ere now it must have sunk to fifty, towards which, since 1810, it has been gradually descending. It was against the Dutch that the Belgians and Spaniards fought for seventy years: nor have they forgotton how frequently the Dutch armies have since appeared in Belgium. During the revolution they shewed themselves decidedly French, for as early as 1794, the Austrians lost their authority, and Belgium became part of the republic of France. They were identified with all the victories obtained, subsequently to that period, in Italy, Germany, and Russia; were the devoted soldiers of Napoleon; and even at Waterloo it was doubted whether they would not go over to the enemy, and held certain, that had that memorable day terminated differently, the people of Brussels would have received the French with enthusiasm. The soldiers fought against France, from the compulsion of circumstances, and, in all probability, from the want of some leader to organize revolt; while the people, wearied out with continual war, remained

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neuter, and would have accepted a king from either party. But the inward wish, and, considering all circumstances, the true patriotism, of a Belgian, is to see his country a part of France. Under Holland, he is the subject of a power, which cannot protect him—of a people, in no way similar to himself; while an experience of five and twenty years has taught him how much prosperity and honour belong to an union with France.

Such are the two parts, which the sovereigns, at the first peace of 1814, strove to cement into a new kingdom, and the policy of the Netherland government takes every possible precaution to strengthen and preserve this precious specimen of royal joinery. They were at first extremely solicitous to secure the protection of England, and had the alliance between the Prince of Orange and the Princess of Wales taken place, his Netherland Majesty might have been at perfect ease respecting the security of his kingdom. Disappointed, however, in this hope, the Prince applied to Russia, and with more success, having obtained the hand of the sister of Alexander: and in order to turn this alliance to the best account, he resides almost constantly in Russia. The second son of the King of the Netherlands has also made a marriage of political precaution, with the daughter of his Prussian Majesty.

On Saturday, the 23rd, at seven A. M., I set out for Namur, and arrived there before one P. M.

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Namur is a town of seventeen thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the meeting of the Sambre and the Meuse. The country around is hilly and rocky. Since the peace the town has been much fortified; the citadel on the heights is nearly finished, and is extremely strong, both by its position, and by the immense works raised on or near it. Then appear four or five ranges of walls, one above the other, following the steep ascent on which they are built. The heights, which are several hundred feet, are the end of a chain of hills between the Sambre and Meuse, so that the fortifications have the additional advantage of a ditch on either side. The Duke of Wellington, during his inspection of the fortifications on the frontiers a few years ago, visited these of Namur.

The Sambre is smaller than the Meuse; neither of them can be called large. There is a bridge over each, and a small water-mill is worked by the former. Strangers are not allowed to see the fortifications of the citadel. We ascended the heights farther up the hills, and had a commanding view of Namur, with the Sambre coming from the left, and the Brussels route descending to the fortified entrance—that of Louvain coming down in front, and the Meuse winding toward the right, with the sloping range of perpendicular rocks in the distance on its banks. The cathedral church and that of the Jesuits—the barracks—the long wall and square bastions of the citadel, to the

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right beyond a valley, cutting half through the range of hills—the sentinels marching at their posts on the redoubts, and in the citadel—together form a striking *coup d'œil.*

There is at Namur a cathedral, in the Grecian style of architecture. For a catholic country it is rather small, but would be thought much of in England. Another church is remarkable for having the interior and pillars entirely of marble, and the roof of stone, most elaborately carved.

On the 24th, I set off, at six A. M., for Liege, and arrived there at seven P. M. The scenery from Namur to Huy, where we stopped for half an hour, is beautiful. The river is shut in by rocks, often of great height, and perpendicular. The villages are very numerous and picturesque—one in particular, called "Marche des Dames," to the left, in the centre of a semicircular range of perpendicular rocks, in an opening or valley. Running outwards along the bottom of these rocks, is a row of beeches, cut, or growing, as regular as poplars. There are only a few houses, a modern mansion of some size, and a church built on the top of a small rock, above the level of the houses. The river runs close by the houses, which appear indented in the rocks.

In going down the river near Huy, you pass a bridge of seven arches, a small island, and, lower down, there are barks visible at intervals. Above, is a range of houses; and still higher, the great

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church next the rocks, and the large square castle rising above the summit of the projecting hills, covered with trees, at the end of which lies the town. The rock rises towards the left, and the castle walls are level at the top, and very high on the side of Namur. Towards the church, the rock is extremely high, and nearly perpendicular. The church has two towers, a larger and a smaller. Steeples are numerous throughout the town, which is remarkable for the superabundance of clergymen. Its population, certainly, does not exceed six thousand, and there are no fewer than sixteen churches. Nothing can be finer than the situation of the place. The scenery grows less striking towards Liege—the level on the river sides becoming broader. There are several vineyards, hop gardens, convents, châteaux, &c., to be seen as you pass on. The château given by the King to Mr. Cockerel, the Englishman, who has done so much for the manufacture of steam-engines in the Netherlands, is among these. Mr. Cockerel is much talked of, and has a manufactory and residence a league and a half from Liege, where he employs nine hundred workmen. Drawing near, I saw crowds of promenaders on the quay. To the left, is a long terrace, planted further inwards. We stopped at the Pavillon Anglais, opposite the ancient palace of the Prince Bishops.

The old cathedral of Liege was immediately between the palace of the Prince Bishops, occupy-

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ing the large irregular space now partly lined with houses. The French pulled it down, and nothing now remains of it, but part of a small side-wall, and a few foundations, not occupying forty feet in any way. The structure itself was very extensive. A square of common houses was forming, so that the palace of the Prince Bishop—now that of Justice—should occupy one side. The sacrifice of a few buildings, apparently of small value, would throw together this square, and that before the town hall, and form a long square or street of great breadth and splendour.

The front of the palace is Grecian, and seemingly of no very antient date, with a pillared archway. The great court to the right is gothic, or nondescript, surrounded by piazzas, the pillars of which are curious, resembling two or three balustrades piled above each other. This court is antient. The courts of law within it are entered from the right, up a large staircase. There are three chambers for civil business, and one called Cours d'Assises for criminals. There is also the correctional tribunal.

The cathedral having been destroyed, the church of St. Paul was converted into one. This has little worthy of remark in the interior, excepting a painting of the baptism of Christ. The roof is painted.

The finest church in Liege, for architecture, is that of Saint Jaques. It is not large, and has no



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tower. The windows are long, narrow, and painted. The roof is also painted, with an intricacy of meeting arches. The quire is marble, and adorned with statues. There was a nine days' wonder for the traveller, in the shape of a nine days' solemnity, in honour of Saint Odile then celebrating. Immediately before the quire, in the body of the church, at the meeting of the cross aisles, was raised a temporary altar of the usual size, and upon it, stood a gilded Virgin about three feet high, wearing s silver crown, and a robe of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and fringed with ermine. The lady held in her left hand a silver feather, ribbon, knot, and flower: the right hand being extended, and bearing a flag of embroidered velvet. The altar, which was also covered with crimson velvet, richly embroidered, supported a regiment of silver candlesticks, flanked by two gigantic taper candles, towering aloft to the height of at least fifteen feet. The virgin stood under a filagree kind of gilded shrine, with dove, cross, and Christ towards the top. At her feet were flowers, with laurel, and other shrubs, round the altar sides. The people knelt without the barrier, ranged at some distance, and muttered some orisons as often as they had bargained for, and went away apparently satisfied, that they had done their part for the obtainment of mercy, forgiveness, grace, and life everlasting.

At half past five, I returned to St. Jaques,

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where vespers were now celebrating. The church was crowded chiefly with devotees, round the railing of the temporary altar, in honour of St. Odile. The only visible change in the solemnity, since morning, was that where one large dirty unsnuffed candle had stunk beneath the Virgin's blessed nostrils, two now sent up their blended odours. Strange religion! in which the least as the most important ceremony must be sedulously cared for, and nothing is without a meaning and a mystery. Soon there appeared a priest attended by a boy, and now the crowd became anxious, as for some great event. We were as eager, though more ignorant than they in the matter, and our surprise was greatly increased, when we beheld the reverend functionary, with a circular seal, imprint the sign of the cross on the countenance of each expectant Christian—rather dexterously daubing either eye, and then the mouth, after which he wiped the seal with a towel, and proceeded to the next. When the operation was over, and it was supposed that an impression had been made on the good feelings of the prostrate devotee, behold the attendant roused him from his reverie, by chinking a box, thereby hinting that money had been given by others, and was expected from all. This hint was sure to be taken. Most of the sealed Christians, on this occasion, were females—many of them with an infant in their arms, whom they were scrupulously careful to subject to the



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operation. The young people in general received it silently, and the old ceased but a moment from their devotional mutterings, and nibbled at the spiritual food as it passed, much as a trout might do at a fly. There seemed no chance of this mummery coming to a close—as one set disappeared, another took their places, and a considerable sum must have been collected by the boy with the box. Outside the church, a sort of miniature fair was going on; where the terrestrial food of cherries and gingerbread, was daring to rival the spiritual banquet within, and lotteries, &c., were established in honour of the Saint, and the ever adorable Lady Regina Angelorum, so that the faithful could fulfil both the conditions of a Scotch deed, and go to kirk and market at once.

The University was established in 1817, and is the most flourishing in the Netherlands. We saw the philosophical instruments, and the collections in Natural History—some skeletons, and the skulls of seven murderers guillotined at Liege since 1817—also skulls from various nations, and skeletons of birds and wolves, which last are not uncommon in the neighbouring forests, round Liege.

The new public room is very much like the hall of the States General, equally good and large, and of the same shape, with two ranges of pillars, gallery above, &c. It has a portico of eight large pillars. The botanical garden is partly between this building and the river, and is a promenade

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for the students of the University. Hearing that a degree in law was to be conferred, we attended; but, found that much tedious speechification must be supported, before the ceremony could be witnessed, and therefore left. Before three o'clock we went to the heights to see a coal mine, and the citadel. Steam engines were at work in the mine. The citadel is placed on a height, overlooking the town from the north-east, and has been fortified since the peace. It has several barracks, which have a fine effect. This citadel is on an eminence of perhaps four hundred feet. Permission is given to see the citadel, but only for the purpose of viewing the town from that elevation. One of the best surveys is that from the glacis without the lines, from which point, the whole of Liege is seen spreading irregularly on either side of the Meuse. On the right is the ridge of houses, elevated above the other parts of the town; at the further extremity of which, still more raised, is the church of Saint Martin, and beyond, to the left, appearing higher, the great convent, now used as a military hospital, its ample front towards the citadel. To the left below, is the town, but little defined as it passes into the country, the level nearly the same as the river.

Leaving for Aix la Chapelle, I arrived there at six, having passed through one or two considerable towns, without having met with any thing remarkable on the road. We reached the frontier

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of the Netherlands at about half past three, stopped half an hour at the custom-house, and then passed the frontier into acquired Prussia. This frontier is not distinguishable, except that something hangs across the road like a crown, immediately adjoining which, is the custom-house.

At Aix la Chapelle, I stopped at the " Cour Impériale," a very poor inn. There are, however, many excellent ones in the town, and provided with baths, for which Aix, or as it is here called Aachen, is celebrated.

This is the place of the birth and death of Charlemagne, and where he fixed the capital of his transalpine dominions. Here the Emperors of Germany were crowned. Here also the peace of 1748 was concluded, and the congress of 1818 held, both of which take their name from that of the place. Charlemagne built the octagonal church still standing, and in the centre of which he is buried. It is situated about the middle of the town. The dome, which rises from the octagon, is of some height. There are smaller domes around, rising from chapels subsequently added. The chief addition, however, is the church on the east, larger than the octagon of Charlemagne, and in exterior appearance and shape not unlike that of Henry the VIIth, at Westminster, though more lofty, more airy, and less ornamented. The whole edifice taken together, forms a half rude, half ornamented group, perfectly indescribable.

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Charles died in 814. He was embalmed, and his effigy was placed below the centre, with crown, sceptre, testament,—and seated on a marble chair with gold ornaments. It rested three hundred and fifty years, at the close of which it was disinterred, the chair taken up, the bones, &c., preserved. At present there is over the centre a large blue marble slab, with Carolo Magno, in large brass letters. On each of the right sides, there are two stories of arches, with an exterior octagon beyond, leaving a large space around. The chair of Charlemagne, was placed on the second story above the entrance, such as it was in the tomb, raised on five white marble steps. The chair itself is also of white marble. On this chair, and on this spot, thirty-six Emperors of Germany were crowned, from Frederic Barbarossa, to Charles the Vth, both inclusive—after which, Frankfort became the place of coronation. The chair is plain, but on those great occasions, the ornaments of gold figures, &c., were replaced. It is now locked in a rude wooden case, and shewn to visitors—its day for ever past, and the very name of an Emperor of Germany unknown.

On a level with this chair, in each of the other arches, were pillars of granite, and porphyry of the time of Charlemagne. The French carried them to Paris, but four have been restored, and are placed in a side chapel. They also removed the organ from above the choir, and placed it on a set

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of wooden pillars, imitations of granite, between the two chapels of Charlemagne, and Otho. In order to continue their mischievous folly, they also disinterred Otho, and removed his monument of black marble, which rose several feet from the floor, in the centre of his chapel. Nor did the altar escape injury, it having been removed from its place between the two chapels, and placed at the extremity of Otho's. Beneath the table of this altar, in a sarcophagus of white marble, were placed the disinterred bones of the Emperor Otho; and there they still remain.

At ten, I returned to see the relics in the cathedral. It is necessary to have a priest present, who, indeed, shews them, and receives the gratuity. There are two sets—the larger, and the smaller. The first is shewn to the people during fifteen days, every seven years. This was the yearly exhibition, but unhappily it had closed on the 24th, so that we missed it by two days. The larger set of relics consists of the shirt of the Virgin Mary, the cloth on which John the Baptist was beheaded—the linen in which the body of Christ was folded, &c. &c. &c.

The concourse of people lately at Aix was immense, fifteen and twenty thousand in one day. This, however, is stated only on newspaper authority, and in the accounts of the keeper, certainly no trace remained of such vast assemblages. And, indeed, who can easily believe such unexampled

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folly? The people see these relics from a distance hung out, and the payment of a franc entitles to a nearer view. A crowned head can command a view in all years, and at all seasons, but for ordinary men, seven years must revolve, before these unquestionable evidences of Christian truth can again be produced, to feast the eyes of the faithful, or carry conviction to the unwilling heart of the unbeliever! The smaller collection may be seen at all times. They are kept in a little chapel to the right, on entering Otho's church. They are chiefly contained in a glass case, about ten feet in height, and divided into two stories. On the lower rests, in the form of a house, the chest, about four feet long, of silver gilt, containing the greater relics. On the second, is a similar receptacle. Behind the lower chest, are the gold ornaments of Charlemagne's chair—fourteen figures—each on a square base, and all of solid gold. The relics which were shewn to us were the arm of Charlemagne—a colossal arm of silver gilt—with a small glass, half way up towards the elbow, through which glass is seen the true bone of that Emperor —at least so saith the priest. We also saw the leathern girdle of Jesus Christ, with Constantine's seal upon it—a part of the cord which tied his hands before the flagellation—a good, stout, well plaited, one-third of an inch cord—an ingeniously plaited narrow girdle of the Virgin, each in a separate case, like a candlestick, with a glass tumbler

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at top, surmounted by minarets of silver gilt. Also a large circular piece of plate, containing in the centre, a piece of the sponge from which Christ drank vinegar on the cross—and round, near the circumference, two of the teeth of St. Thomas—part of the bones of John the Baptist—something belonging to St. Bartholomew—and a very small piece of the cross, no larger than a grain of corn. These precious relics repose among stones equally precious. Besides these, we saw the hunting horn of Charlemagne, made of an elephant's tooth, hollowed—and a small cross of two inches, which he constantly wore, ornamented with precious stones, and having a piece of the cross of Christ, at least two-thirds of an inch long, fixed into it. The little finger of my right hand towards the nail, has touched the cross—No—I touched this piece of black wood with contempt—the cross every one would approach reverentially, be his opinions what they may.

On the opposite side of the small chapel, is an altar, at which a priest was kneeling. Here, on one side of the altar, are two magnificent shrines of silver gilt, containing a part of one of the nails with which Christ was fixed to the cross. In the other, is the arm bone of Charlemagne, from the elbow to the shoulder. On the other side of the altar, is a natural sized bust of the Emperor, with a crown, which being removed, a part of his skull is to be seen. The bust is large—almost

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colossal—but his Imperial Majesty was seven feet some inches in height. "You have not such a treasure in all England," said the priest, in a calm tone, looking round on the relics—"You have more guineas than we—but these are not to be reckoned by them." I could only answer, "Non talis thesaurus—vale, vale," &c. The pulpit is of silver gilt, ornamented with precious stones. There is a sarcophagus of Charlemagne, and some paintings—one by Vandyk, and one by Reubens, as also a copy of his "Descent from the Cross."

The hall wherein peace was concluded in 1748, is a long arched room. To the right, on entering, is a portrait of the present King of Prussia. There are also portraits of the ambassadors employed in 1748. Among the rest, those of Lord Sandwich and Sir — Robinson, those sent by England, one on each side of the entrance. In the antichamber to this hall, is the Last Judgment, by Reubens; also a representation of the Giving of the Privileges to Aix, by Charlemagne. In another chamber is a painting of Charlemagne (natural size), by Titian. It was in this house, or rather on this spot, for, though old, the present building is of a much later date, that he was born and died. The front of the building is large; at either end are spires, &c. In front is the great market-place, of a triangular shape, with the town-hall on one of the long sides, fronting the north. In the middle of this area, is a magnificent fountain, surmounted

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by a statue of Charles, with a sceptre and globe. Below is a brass basin, of at least ten feet in diameter, with an inscription round it. Under this a still larger one, about twenty feet, of stone. Lion mouths discharge into both basins successively, and two brass dolphins in the lower, throw up the water in a jet. On either side, at some distance, are pedestals, surmounted by large black Prussian eagles.

Near Aix la Chapelle, a few hundred yards to the north of the gates, is Louisberg, a steep high mount, isolated on all sides, lying lengthways, and rising to the height of perhaps three hundred feet. There are walks upwards, and an inn, half-way on the ascent, amid shrubs and trees. On one corner of its long flat top, which is laid out with walks, trees, and a small temple, is the French obelisk. From this hill you have the best view of Aix, which appears but small. It contains twenty-seven thousand souls.

The cathedral is nearly concealed by the old lofty town-hall, with its antique towers of some height at either end, fronting the Mount. The dome of Charlemagne's chapel, however, appears beyond, and the light, lofty abutments, and heavy roof of Otho's church immediately adjoining, on the eastern end. There are several other churches, but none of remarkable size. The great new theatre, with its portico of eight colossal pillars, appears on the other side, with the small planted

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boulevards branching from it. Towards the west, the town divides into two branches, the larger and more distant converging along a slight eminence, to where the town is terminated by a church. Part of the old ditch and wall, planted with trees, and terminated by a small high tower, may be seen stretching between the ends of these divisions; the fields beyond extend for a long way level. On a small eminence, a hundred yards to the left, is an old, little plain chapel, with tower, over which, on the general flat, the route for Cologne appears in a straight line for two or three leagues, passing through a thickly wooded country. The small town of Borcette, another watering place, owes its existence, it is said, to the retirement of some visitors from Aix, who were exasperated by the magistrate's order for suppressing public gaming rooms. This town may be seen on a retiring declivity, a little to the left, with its two churches, one having a considerable dome. The distant view is all forest. On the west, it only appears skirting the horizon; in front, it has descended half way down the hill, which terminates the view, at the distance of a league. Towards the south-east, this chain having ended, one dark bleak forest with a surface as level as fields, undulates as far as the eye can reach, with only here and there the shadows of the clouds moving heavily over it. This imperial city, once so renowned—this independent kingdom—for the privileges granted by

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Charlemagne, conferred almost regal power on the government — this capital of the Romans' transalpine dominions, and where so many emperors were invested with their dignity, may now be regarded as a ruin, a mere place of pleasure and political congresses. Shrinking in on every side, it seems to fear that the forests, which follow fast towards the parts which it has destroyed, may rush down on all hands against its venerable remains.

The theatre is of Grecian architecture, and, perhaps, about two hundred feet by one hundred The plan of the interior is not good. I heard a German play, and was much gratified by the performance of M. Paulman.

Set out at seven, A. M., for Cologne, fourteen leagues distant, and arrived there at three, P. M. The road to Cologne is most uninteresting—is seen along about nine miles in the distance, and continues to be so all the rest of the road, at the end of a great flat, with villages scattered over it. Numerous towers are projected on the amphitheatre of black mountains, which rise slowly up from the other side of the Rhine. On the right, the seven mountains are seen in the distance. Of these, one of the most remarkable is the Drachenfels.

Cologne is very dirty, the streets narrow, and irregular. It was anciently fortified, and has been newly so, by the Prussians. We saw the

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church of St. Pierre, and the celebrated painting by Reubens, of the Martyrdom of St. Peter, who, according to the tradition, was crucified head downmost. In this attitude is the apostle represented among a group, one of whom is driving a nail into his feet, while another ties his hands, &c. &c. Cologne claims the honour of having given birth to Reubens. The place in which he was baptized, as also the situation of his father's remains, are shewn in the St. Pierre. The house which he inhabited, and which has a large German inscription to that effect, is likewise shewn in support of their claim, which is disputed by the worthy people of Antwerp. After visiting the just named places, we proceeded to the large unfinished cathedral, which is of an immense size, and double aisled.

At five P. M., on the same day, I left Cologne for Bonn, where we arrived at eight, P. M. Bonn is on the right of the Rhine, ascending, and by its size, would seem to contain about ten thousand inhabitants. There is nothing remarkable in the road, which is through a plain country. Bonn is the seat of a German university. The most celebrated among the professors is Schlegel, the translator of Shakspeare, and author of the admirable treatise on the drama. Having a letter of introduction to this great literary character, we had the pleasure of seeing him at the inn. Mr. Schlegel is a short, firm made man, with a large head, proba-

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bly about sixty years of age, though, from his fresh appearance, he might be taken for forty-five. His hair, which is grey, leaves bare a large forehead, which, however, retires a little, though not more than a craniologist might excuse. His eyebrows are large, and his mouth something precise. A face altogether not remarkable. So different are people's ideas on the subject of dress, that this gentleman, a professor of Sanscrit, a dignitary who, in most countries, conceals himself under a solemn suit of sables, was arrayed in a blue coat, a Chinese looking, gay kind of vest, and nankeen trowsers. His manners are easy and unceremonious. He insisted on sitting down at the table-d'hôte, while we ate our supper. He talked much, and with great correctness, so much so, that in a conversation of nearly an hour, carried on chiefly in English, the greatest error which he fell into was some trifling peculiarity of expression, such as that he would *indicate* what was to be seen at Bonn. He spoke of Sir James M'Intosh, of Mr. Brougham, of Oxford, and of the facility of the German language, as compared with the Russian, but said nothing singularly striking.

I saw the Museum, which is situated at the end of a long avenue, of perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, leading from the University. It is large, and contains a mineralogical collection in several rooms; one chiefly filled with specimens found on the borders of the Rhine. The first chamber

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which you enter, is a large square hall, entirely cased with shells, with the bust of the King in a recess. On the left, is a large lofty hall, with a considerable collection of quadrupeds. The collections are only forming. The University, which is now attended by nine hundred students, was formerly the town residence of the Electors, and was given by the King for its present purpose. It stretches in several divisions at least one thousand feet; is in some parts ornamented, but generally plain. Saw the antiquities, which are chiefly Roman, found in the neighbouring country, such as vases, small statues, lamps, an altar, &c. In a large hall there is a collection of casts. In the gardens adjoining the University, we met Professor Niebuhr, a short, thin faced, oldish man, the most known at the University after Schlegel, having written the celebrated Roman History.

The cathedral of Bonn is a considerable church, with four small, and, in the centre, one very high steeple.

In front of the inn, there were groups of students, six or eight in a circle, each having a pipe in his mouth, a sort of hookah hanging down to the level of the knee. They generally wore caps, of divers colours. We hired a carriage with one horse, to Coblentz, for five dollars, sleeping one night on the road.

Set out at half past four, P. M., up the river to



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the inn on the island, opposite Rolandseck, distant two leagues and a half, and arrived there after six. We passed the ruins of the Castle of Godesberg, placed on a completely isolated mount, which rises in the midst of the wide plain of the river. This mount, of some one hundred and fifty feet, is covered with trees to the top, on which are several fragments of a castle, intermixed with poplars, and, in the centre, a large circular tower. We ascended the Mount, and, from the summit, had a delightful view of the river—the Drachenfels, with its castle on the top, and Konninsberg at the bottom, the valleys towards Coblentz, the sloping grounds covered with vines and fields, the distant view of Bonn, the great wind of the river from Drachenfels to Bonn. Opposite Bonn, the whole breadth of the river is seen, and far in the distance, indistinctly, the steeples of the Cologne cathedral, and other churches. The scenery around this island, is considered among the finest on the Rhine. Rolandseck on the left, immediately rising from the river, is covered, except where rocky, with trees, as are also the greater part of the hills on that side.

Set out at eight for Coblentz, where I arrived at seven P. M. On the following day we went up to the heights. The old fort of Ehrenbreitstein is destroyed, and has long been rebuilding at the charge of France. There is a slip of railway five hundred and fifty feet down to the Rhine for

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raising materials. Port Wellington is a diminutive port, near the Rhine.

At nine P. M., set out for Bingen. On the 1st of August, saw the ruinous Castle above Bingen, in the town. At half past four, proceeded to Mayence, which I reached at nine. On the 2nd, we saw the collection of Roman antiquities, and the library; but, though treated with the utmost politeness by Professor Leyen, we could not get a sight of the books of Faust.

On the 3rd, at eight A. M., I left for Frankfort, and arrived there at half past eleven A. M. At Frankfort we were shewn the council-room, where the Emperors were chosen. There were nine electors, three of them—namely—Mayence, Cologne, and Treves, ecclesiastical, the six others lay. Their arms are represented on the ceiling. Another large hall is that in which the Emperors dined after their coronation, which, from the time of Charles V., took place in the cathedral church adjoining. Round the room are frescoes of all the Emperors from Conrad I. to Leopold II., the father of the present Emperor of Austria. All have written below them—*Imp. Rom.* several *Semp. Aug.* These vain titles are both below Leopold II., but how ridiculous to see this *Imperator Romanorum semper Augustus*—this successor and representative of the Cæsars, dressed in bands like those of a clergyman, and a four story wig, over which, and amongst its curls, is

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entwined the laurel of the boasted dignity. His son, the last Emperor of the Romans, lives, but the office is, fortunately for Germany, abolished. On the other hand, if it be desirable to see Germany formed into one great nation, the non-existence of a recognised head seems but little favourable to that object. A patriotic emperor might have formed a permanent system.

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# TRAVELS

THROUGH

# THE CRIMEA, TURKEY, AND EGYPT.

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## CHAPTER I.

**Trieste—Austrian Police—German Honesty—Grotto of Adelsberg—Cilli—State of the Peasantry—Gratz—Arrival at Vienna.**

TRIESTE, which is surrounded by hills, generally barren towards the top, is, for the greater part, very regularly built. A large quantity of shipping fills the harbour, which, with the town, forms a fine view, as seen from the citadel above. We remained till Sunday the 22nd July, 1827; when, at two P. M. we left for Vienna. The government coach was full, so that we were obliged to hire one for ourselves, at a charge of eighty-five florins for six days; or we must have waited till Thursday. On passing the custom-house, some miles out of town, a small quantity of tobacco, the remnant from a



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packet which had been used by one of our party, and had passed the other Austrian custom-houses unquestioned, was seized. It was weighed, and ascertained to be one-fifth of a pound; and, notwithstanding all that we could say on the absurdity of making such a seizure, three florins, or six shillings, were demanded. Nor was this all. We were detained nearly two hours; a regular history of the tobacco was required, as: "Where was it bought? At Rome.—When? Some months ago. —How much was it originally? No answer."—The officer of customs then continued—"You bought it at Rome? No. I think I did not buy it, but that it was given to me.—What was the name of the person who gave it?—At Rome I occasionally met some friends, who were accustomed to smoke; in compliance with which usage, I had purchased a packet of tobacco, similar to that, the remnant of which is under consideration. This packet was of good quality, but one of my friends boasted that he had better, and, on being requested to produce it, did so, and both packets remained in my room. These circumstances occurred from four to five months ago. The two packets were smoked indiscriminately; one was finished—and, as a matter of conscience, I cannot take upon myself to declare to which of the two the remnant in question belongs." The officer then, in a long declaration, described how the tobacco was of Roman origin; how there was great doubt as to the man-

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ner in which it had come into our possession, seeing that it was received as a present, from a gentleman whose name we could not tell, &c. This elaborate statement, written in German, we had to sign; and after many scrupulous inquiries as to the authenticity of our names, and other ridiculous questions, which delayed us an hour and a-half after we had offered to pay the fine;—the said fine, amounting to six shillings, on a quantum of tobacco value sixpence, was paid, and we proceeded on our journey; but could not that night get as far as Adelsberg. We slept on the road, at a poor country inn, where the appearance of every thing was completely German. A long tight-breeched youth waited on us, gaping about, in a manner most imperturbable and provoking. Our stock of German being very small, and the people of the inn speaking the Carniole dialect, it was some time ere we succeeded in getting a steak;—shortly after, some salt was obtained; and, finally, we achieved a bottle of wine. It was impossible to furnish us with tea, and the good folks sent, in lieu, some infused water, rather warm, and served up in a porringer. Our beds were short, and the rooms much like the English. In the morning, we were charged with a moderation and honesty which proved that we were in Germany;—a want of precaution, in bargaining before hand, would, in Italy, have brought on us a bill for four times the amount of what was justly due.



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It was a festival, and the peasants were holiday-making, dressed in a gay costume, consisting of large, broad-brimmed hats, jackets of velvet, lined with pink, with immense buttons, tight black buckskin breeches, and boots to the knees. The country is hilly, scattered over with rocks, and stunted oak trees. The soil is poor and thin, and chiefly used as sheep-walks.

Adelsberg was two and a half hours further on; and in the morning we went to see the grotto, which is at the distance of half-a-mile. According to a tariff, each person pays thirty kreutzers; and for each attendant, three of whom are necessary, an additional sum of thirty kreutzers.

This grotto is truly wonderful. The stalactites are of immense size, and infinite in number and variety. Halls, corridors, and recesses are seen in endless succession; together with the most fantastic resemblances of objects and animals, pillars, obelisks, draperies, &c. &c.; so that, after two hours' examination, all that remained on the mind was a confused recollection of having rapidly witnessed a series of wonders. We saw but a part. There are other corridors, leading to such a subterranean city as would occupy a whole day in traversing. The grotto is, in every part, on a very large scale. Some of the halls are one hundred, or more, feet in length—stalactites hanging down from the roof, or springing up in multitudes from the floor. But the most imposing part is

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that where the river is seen, with its bridge, from a considerable height above.

The entrance to the grotto is shut, and is near a small river, which is ingulfed in the cave. After proceeding through a long and straight corridor, during which the noise of the stream within was distinctly heard, we came to the edge of an abyss, at the bottom of which it flows. One man descended, and, standing on the bridge, shewed the effects of indistinct light on himself, the water, the vapours, and the vast dome. The scene here was splendid:—dark and immense masses of rock formed a bold and rugged outline, magnified by the effect of the vapourous mists uprising from the stream, and contrasted with the tide beneath, which glittered in the torch-light. About one hundred steps have, at great labour, been made for the descent to the bridge, which is of wood, and about fifty yards over. The water does not cover half the space, and flows very slowly. After crossing the bridge, we ascended for about sixty steps, cut out. On the height to the left, stood a man, in a large gallery formed by fretwork of stalactites, which is called the orchestra, and is occasionally used as one. It is of wonderful richness, unrivalled by the most elaborate specimens of Gothic architecture. Turning to the right, we came to the temple of Neptune, where is a tablet, with an inscription.

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Further on, the stalactites form a pulpit, with canopy. One of the guides hung his lanthorn within, and, with book in hand, shewed how this pulpit would make a "drum ecclesiastic." We still heard the stream, and, descending about two hundred steps, we reached a large hall, which is the point of union for the part which we had gone over—Ferdinand's Grotto, and Pluto's Grotto. The second is entered by a low passage to the right, and consists of several halls and windings, among which is one with a floor, exhibiting a forest of stalactical trees, and called the "Giardino Inglese." There is a recess named the Butcher's Stall, behind which the guide again exhibited. Round it the stalactites have formed imitations of red sausages, killed pigs, with the bowels cut up according to custom, &c. &c. In a very large hall is a seat, formed with a canopy, and called the throne. These halls are all formed of infinitely varied stalactites, and, at times, over large spaces, are seen sparkling thousands of diamond-like lustres. Returning, we entered the succession of caves, (*said* to be interminable) beginning with Pluto's Grotto. In the first great hall, near the middle, is a formation resembling a Madonna and child. We then traversed a long gallery, at the end of which were two hearts, and further on an imitation of a cascade. The following objects are successively seen in a long line of intricate passages and im-

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mense halls:—A new, whitish formation—a large pulpit, with a square opening in the formation, at a height of twenty feet—the play of light along the roof and through apertures, down steps, to a very large (about two hundred feet) hall, where annually, on the 15th of May, a ball is given: the floor of this is flat earth: next is a great column—a long gallery—then a low entrance into a circular hall, shining with diamond-like lustre—and at the end, terraces and columns, by striking on which, sounds like those of bells are produced, and heard, as from a distance, in the long gallery just mentioned. We now entered an immense hall, where was a tabernacle, much elevated. One of the guides ascended it, with a light, to shew the tracery. After this we saw a beautiful transparent formation, like a veil—a very fine column (farther on, and high up), an imitation of a window—a pyramid, and columns—a tomb—two long folds, like sheets, with borders—a cypress tree about twenty-four feet, and a little on, the "Mare Rosso," (Red Sea).* The formations of stalactites in this long range are infinitely varied; but they now cease for a considerable time, till the spectator arrives at "Die Cannonen Saule von Moscau," a great pillar, with five tiers of pipes like an organ, which, when run over, give a variety of sounds.

* The stalactites in this part being mixed with oxyde of iron, have a red tinge, and hence the name—Mare Rosso.

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Then comes a great vaulted hall, with an obelisk in the middle, at the end of which is a splendid drapery with brown-coloured border, and a little further on "die Vorhang," of small draperies. From these a long corridor leads to caves, which require, it is said, twenty-four hours to traverse. We had been already an hour and a half in the grotto, and, understanding that we had seen the finest part, we returned.

On a height, near the grotto, is an ancient castle.

We dined at a small inn, kept by an Italian, and slept at Laybach, or Lubiana, the chief town of Carniola. The castle of Laybach is a large white building, with a fine piazza, planted with acacias.

The peasantry seemed contented and cheerful; and the health, comfort, and cleanliness every where observable, strongly reminded us of home, contrasting forcibly with the condition of the poor in some parts of the papal dominions. Without eulogizing the despotic government of Austria, it must, in fairness, be observed, that the working classes are in every respect better provided for, than their equals in countries boasting of greater freedom and a more rapid "march of intellect." The internal arrangement of the houses brings before the mind of the English traveller, the probable condition of the peasantry in his own country a century ago. The large bucks' antlers in the

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passages, the neatly sanded floor, the polished wooden trenchers, the air of true domestic peace, all betokened a well-being, which was, if possible, more plainly evinced in the happy faces of the inmates.

We stopped at a small inn to dine, which, as all the inns on the road, had an English appearance. The floors were deal, the rooms clean, the yard stocked with poultry, and the farmer's table surrounded by his family, who were regaling themselves with curds and cream. The houses differ from the English, being built with high projecting roofs, resembling those of Switzerland. These roofs are repositories for all sorts of lumber, provisions, &c. &c. The churches are frequently built on heights, a circumstance adding greatly to the beauty of the landscape; especially as these heights are generally covered with wood.

Towards evening we passed through Cilli, a very large town, with a church on the adjoining height, resembling, in general effect, though on a smaller scale, the Superga of Turin. Higher up are some fine ruins of an ancient castle. We proceeded along the plain to Ganowitz, a small place of about one hundred houses, very similar to Cilli, with a small church on the neighbouring height. Our whole day's journey lay through a very fine country. At sunset we went up to the church, below which was another, and, between the two, three small chapels, all white. The churches are small,

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with spires. Ganowitz lay below, with its white houses thatched, or with red and dark tiles. Along the great plain, Cilli was seen in the distance, and two or three ranges of hills beyond. A small river passes by the village, which lies, surrounded by trees and fields, at the end of a plain, and near a pass through the range of mountains which divide Carniola from Styria, on which side the view is shut up. There are various ranges of knolls, hills, and mountains, and below a fertile wooded valley. At the close of day the Ave Maria was heard from the different churches, in variously sounding bells. Gradually the surrounding objects became indistinct, as the purpled west declined, and the mountains assumed a dark and general hue: night stole on with a noiseless pace; while the gathering lights in heaven and in the abodes of man, the stillness where no sound was audible but the gurgling stream, or the watch-dog's welcome voice, invited the traveller to reflection and repose.

In the pass between the mountains, the scenery is fine. We dined at Marburg, on the Draw, a large rapid river crossed by a bridge, with eleven or twelve arches. At this place there was a cattle fair; the booths contained only necessaries, such as harness, agricultural implements, cloths, hats, shoes, &c., and there was none of that riot and debauchery, but too generally characteristic of the fairs in England.

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In the evening, before our arrival at Ehrenhausen, we were much struck by the echo of the celebrated Tyrolese song, which was sung by peasants in the fir forests, as they returned from their daily labour. The singers were unseen, and the wild melody, re-echoed from the woods and hills, had a singularly romantic effect.

The inn at this place was remarkably clean. We ascended a long mount, and had a view of the valley, and of various rich plains on the other side, with the river seen at intervals.—We slept at Ehrenhausen.

Next day our route lay through a plain country, passing the Mür, a large river, and we reached Grätz at twelve. This is a large town, of from thirty to thirty-five thousand inhabitants, commanded by a castle on the left bank. It has two bridges. The town is well built, of large, white houses, and has several manufactories of hard-ware, stone-ware, and also of cotton and silk.

All the following day our road lay through a mountainous country, following the Mür. The scenery was very striking, villages, country seats, and castles, shining from among the pine trees. The climate seems to be so congenial to this tree, that at Bruck, on the Mür, where we stopped to bait, we saw a fir growing on the top of one of the buttresses of the church.

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At Vienna we presented ourselves at the office of the police, where we were examined as to what our objects were, and the proposed place of our residence; and, the authorities having received satisfactory answers to these queries, gave us the regular permission to remain.

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## CHAPTER II.

Vienna—Arsenals—Church of St. Augustine—Imperial Library—Cabinet d'Amboise—Castle of Schönbrun—Castle of Laxenbourg—Route from Vienna to Presburg—Hungarian Diet at Presburg—Return to Vienna—Route through Moravia and Silesia to Cracow.

We took up our quarters at the Stadt London Hotel, and, after delivering our letters of introduction, commenced a survey of the town. On the first day we visited the city arsenal, which contains the arms of the different centuries, with models shewing the several methods of attack and defence. In this arsenal is to be seen a highly curious clock, and also the head of the Grand Vizier, who commanded the troops before Vienna, with the bowstring round his neck in which he was strangled. But by far the most interesting collection of this kind is in the imperial arsenal. The armour in this latter is arranged in chronological order; with all the trophies taken from the Turks at the period of their defeat before the walls of Vienna, and subsequently. Among the various trophies are several standards

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taken from the French during the Revolution, and also two or three banners won from the Carbonari during the late insurrection in Italy. In this collection, are arms, muskets, &c. for four hundred and forty thousand men. Among the many objects of curiosity thus brought together, not the least interesting is the doublet of Gustavus Adolphus, with the perforation made by the bullet which killed him.

On the following day we went to the church of St. Augustin, where is the tomb of Christina, by Canova. In the composition is a very fine sleeping lion, similar to that at St. Peter's. This tomb is esteemed one of Canova's most successful efforts.

There are two curious skeletons in the same church, those of Saints Clement and Victoria, which are tawdrily attired, and bedizened with jewels. In the church of the Capuchins are contained the tombs of the princes of the houses of Austria, beginning with the Emperor Maurice: sixty-six princes and princesses have since been interred there.

On August 1st we visited Prince Lichtenstein's gallery, which contains a most numerous collection of pictures; the best are of the Flemish and Dutch schools, by Reubens, Vandyk, Teniers, &c. &c.

The Imperial Library is considered one of the most extensive in Europe. It consists of three hundred thousand volumes, and upwards of ten thousand MSS. Among other rarities in this

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library are the original MS. of Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberato, and Tycho Brahe's original astronomical calculations. They also shew you the first book (as they say,) which was ever printed. It is a bible, and was published at Mayence, in 1456.

The next place which we visited was the cabinet d'Amboise, which was brought from the château d'Amboise, at Inspruch. The first room you enter presents a very remarkable object, being the wax model of the page of Ferdinand, who lived about the year 1500. He is eight feet six inches high. His spear was sixteen feet long, and thirteen inches in circumference. There are several suits of armour in this room, belonging to the different counts of Tyrol.

The second room contains the armour of the electors of Brandenburgh, Saxony, Wurtemberg, &c. &c. They also shew you the battle-axe of Montezuma. A small chamber adjoining contains a collection of Turkish armour. The third chamber contains the armour of the Italian princes and nobility; among which are those of Urbino, Ferrara, Doria of Genoa, the Medici, and Visconti of Milan. By far the richest suit of armour in this collection is that of Alexander Farnese, duke of Parma. Among many curiosities in this part of the museum, is the trunk of a tree, with a buck's horns branching out of it.

The collection of antiquities and medals is

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worthy of inspection. Among the coins are to be seen a silver pound of Charles the First, and another of Queen Mary, of England. There is also a very curious cameo, brought from Palestine, and said to be the apotheosis of Augustus.

The imperial palace of Schönbrun, which was the favourite residence of Napoleon, is situated a mile and a half from the city: it presents no architectural beauty. The interior we were not permitted to see. Of the gardens too much cannot be said; the avenues are very long and interesting; and the botanic gardens rich in plants and vegetables from all parts of the world. There is also a menagerie, but remarkable neither for the extent nor rarity of its collection. The high cut hedges bordering the long avenues mentioned above, the view from the Belvidere, and the extensive preserves for game, render Schönbrun one of the most attractive spots for the traveller. Five miles distant is the imperial castle of Laxenbourg, built after the model of the castles of the middle ages; and an inspection of it is sufficient to shew the despotic dominion exercised by the nobles over their vassals, in the vaunted times of chivalry. The grounds surrounding this castle are laid out in a manner the most picturesque and interesting; and, upon the whole, it may be said of Vienna, that the beauty of its suburbs, and the hospitality of its inhabitants, compensate, as far as possible, for its want of liberality in policy and excellence in art.

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While the necessary arrangements were making for our journey over land, through Hungary, to Constantinople, we were induced, hearing that the Hungarian Diet was then sitting at Presburg, to make an excursion to that town. The country between Vienna and Presburgh is in many parts very picturesque. The villages lie clustered round the bases of rocky mounds, the summits of which are capped by the ruins of many an ancient feudal castle. The owners of these have long since quitted their fortifications, to inhabit the modern villas now erected on the plain beneath; and herein may be observed the progress of civilization, and the absence of those broils which formerly rendered the abodes of the villagers insecure, and at the mercy of contending nobles. We spent a day at Presburg, and were present at the Diet for nearly three hours, during which we witnessed the debates of the peers and commoners, which are carried on in Latin. But the real point of importance to be remarked as to the Hungarian Diet appears to be, that, after attending at only one of its meetings, you feel how necessary it is, in a representative government, to have regularly organized parties. In the assembly at which we were present, no such parties could have existed, as in less than three hours we heard twenty-eight speakers, besides the president, who spoke thrice, for ten minutes each time. Every individual appeared equal in point of importance, and to think himself



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the first. While one was speaking, twenty would be standing with their speeches in their hands, endeavouring to catch the president's eye; and when the orator ceased, some half-dozen would commence reading as fast and as loud as they were able. The Hungarian barons are known to possess the spirit of liberty; but, as the history of their Diet will prove, that spirit is wasted in useless turbulence. They have done nothing, they can do nothing, against the strong holds of tyranny, more than an ill-directed force, however brave, can effect towards storming a well-defended citadel. Let some man of talent, be he a revolutionary Cromwell, or a constitutional Fox, teach the crowd submission, and then the artillery, directed by one hand against one point, must in the end open up, through the strongest barriers, the way to triumph and to liberty. In three days these noisy disputants were to be dispersed; and thus have they let a great occasion pass, which may never recur.

On our return to Vienna, much to our astonishment and regret, we received news of the celebrated treaty of the 6th of July. In consequence of this intelligence, we were dissuaded by all friends from proceeding on our journey, as it was thought very probable that, on the news of this treaty reaching Constantinople, a disturbance might take place, and render the safety of the route extremely precarious. Thus circumstanced, un-

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willing to return, and doubtful whether to proceed, we found that the only course consistent with present circumstances was to go to Odessa; where we might receive intelligence from Constantinople within three or four days, as ships often make the passage in that time. Thus we should be put in possession of more authentic information than could be obtained at Vienna, and be able to determine as to the prudence of proceeding. Should political circumstances prevent the prosecution of our journey, we might return to England by Moscow and Petersburg; but if, on the contrary, our travels could be continued, a voyage of a few days, in one of the merchant vessels constantly sailing from Odessa to Constantinople, would safely land us in the latter city, without the difficulties and fatigue attending a journey over land.

To go to Lemberg we took an *eilwagen* with a Swiss gentleman, and the additional expense thus incurred was amply recompensed by the coach being at our own disposal. We accordingly set out. Our route lay through Moravia and Silesia, both which are generally fertile, though flat and uninteresting. In passing through Silesia, we were often struck by the appearance of altars, raised amid the clumps of trees scattered throughout the country, where the peasant offers up his prayer at leisure. The costume of the female, in these parts, is singularly unbecoming. The head is en-



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veloped in a large white napkin, covering the hair, none of which is visible, excepting a long plaited tail, hanging down the back, the end of which is ornamented with a knot of red and white ribbon. The person of the female is wrapped up in a large white sheet, beneath which is a blue cloth petticoat, bordered with red fringe, and in front a white or striped apron. The legs are covered with immense thick coarse red stockings; and on the feet they wear large shoes. Altogether the costume is one of the most strange appearance that could be met with.

At about one A. M. on the 19th of August, we reached the confines of the small portion of territory attached to the town of Cracow. Here we were stopped, it being necessary that our passport and luggage should be examined at the custom-house, which could not take place before five or six o'clock. Our German had now ceased to be of service to us; and, as the postilion understood nothing but Polish, we were kept half an hour in the midst of the road in a dark rainy night, vainly endeavouring to persuade our postilion to proceed, and unable to conjecture the cause of delay. The mystery was at length explained by our being taken back to the post-house where we had last changed horses, the driver of which, being a German, informed us of the nature of the predicament in which we were placed, and, having directed us to a miserable hovel, called

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an inn, left us to shift for ourselves during the rest of the night, as well as we were able. We aroused the people, and, after much difficulty, gained admission to a dirty room, where we found two German officers asleep on the chairs. There being no beds to be had in the place, they brought us in two bundles of straw, and spread it on the floor. We laid ourselves down in the hope of having a few hours repose. Scarcely, however, had we closed our eyes, when a simultaneous attack of fleas soon convinced us that sleep was not for us; and the remainder of the night was spent in writhing and scratching, and wishing for day-light. An early breakfast, on black coffee and brown bread, the only refreshment which the house afforded, having been soon despatched, we once more set out, and in a few hours after, having passed through the purgatorial forms of the custom-house, we found ourselves in the wretched suburbs of the once flourishing and populous Cracow.

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## CHAPTER III.

Cracow—Dilapidation and Wretchedness of the City—the Cathedral—Tombs of the Polish Kings—Population of Cracow—Wellicksa—Jew and Peasant bargaining at the Fair—Salt Mines of Weilicksa—Lemberg—Brody—Police Abuses on the Frontier—Jamboul—Appearance of the Country—Agriculture—Miserable Inns on the Road—Ignorance of the Clergy—Synderow—Count G.—Tulcin, Potocki Palace—Superstition of the Peasantry—Potocki—Odessa.

THE inn, at which we stopped, had a long range of apertures for windows, eighteen in number, only three of which were furnished with glass. The chimneys tottering, and the tiles sliding from the roofs of all the surrounding houses, added to the miserable and squalid appearance of the inhabitants, who consisted of Jews, convicts, and a semi-barbarous peasantry, presented a scene of dilapidation and misery never to be forgotten. Having been provided, by the landlord of the inn, with a sort of cicerone, who undertook to shew us the principal parts of the town, we turned our steps towards the castle. This is a large pile of building,

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on a slight eminence, which commands the town. Only a part of the inclosure within the walls is occupied by the structure itself, there being a large yard, from which you enter the cathedral. Here are the tombs, containing the mouldering remains of the kings of Poland. The valiant and the vile, the paternal and the despotic, side by side, partake a general doom, untroubled by the woes and slavery of their wretched country, for whose downfal they, by internal dissensions, but too surely prepared the way. But the tombs of the Casimirs, the Sigismunds,—rich as they are in historic recollections,—pass from the mind of the traveller as he stands by the monument raised to the memory of Sobieski. This hero was the first to stem the torrent of Islamism, which, having overrun the whole of Hungary, threatened to sweep away the Austrian empire; and, with an army of sixty-three thousand men, though opposed by six times that number, he repelled the invaders, saved the throne of Leopold, and caused a turn in that tide of Ottoman power which is now at its lowest ebb in Europe. Lamentable indeed is it, that the empire, so rescued in its hour of need, which owed its safety, and, we may say, owes its present existence to Poland, should have been among the first to assist and partake in the dismemberment of that once rich and noble kingdom—a dismemberment which must eternally stand recorded among the most flagitious and unblushing outrages on political faith and

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national law. Our regret for the unmerited prostration of Poland is increased if we take a comparative view of the present state and prospects of the Poles and the Greeks. Whilst the former are subject to a system of unremitting espionage and constraint, and, in return for their chivalrous exertion in the cause of christianity and European freedom, are abandoned to a merciless despotism; the latter, who, by their intrigues and pusillanimity, prepared the way for Turkish invasion,—who lowered the cross to the crescent, and crouched in the very dust beneath Ottoman dominion,—who equal their conquerors in fanaticism, and exceed them in vice, without partaking of one spark of that honour and bravery which have ever distinguished the Turkish character,—are held forth as the inheritors of the high spirit and patriotism which gave undying glory to antient Greece. Thus, the needy adventurer and Philhellene, taking advantage of the false impressions imbibed through classic associations, mislead the untravelled enthusiast; and thus is the fate of nations decided by the dreaming influence of schoolboy recollections.

On leaving the body of the church, we were conducted by our guide to the crypt below, which contains the tomb of Sobieski and the coffin in which are the remains of Poniatowski. We then left the castle, and, descending the eminence, entered a church, which we found crowded with people lying round the altar, with their arms extended and

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motionless. The aisles were filled with devotees, many kissing the ground, some striking their breasts, and few evincing the calm of true devotion. The church is long, lofty, and gaudily gilded.

Returning towards the inn, we entered a bookseller's shop, to seek for some publication enumerating the objects worthy of being visited in the town, and were surprised to find a translated edition of Scott's Life of Napoleon, which, though only published in England a few weeks before, had already found its way to this remote and unfrequented city.

On a height to the left, about a mile from the town, is a conical mount, to the memory of Kosciusko.

Cracow has about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, all of whom dress alike, in a black robe, and wear their hair very long. They carry long sticks, and usually wear fur hats with broad rims. The part called Mount Vistula is inhabited exclusively by them. As you pass the doors, they come out and take you by the hand, imploring you to buy something of them. The women have very long hair, and caps of cloth and fur. The dress of the unmarried is somewhat distinctive, consisting of a red kerchief tied round the head like a turban, the curls falling from beneath.

Quitting Cracow, we arrived in the afternoon at Weilicksa, and, finding that we were too late to see the mines, agreed to remain till the following

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day. There was a fair at the village, and we on our arrival were stopped by a Jew, whom we took for an innkeeper, when another made his appearance, and a quarrel took place between the Israelites as to whether we should go to the director or the superintendent. Having asked at the inn, to whom the application ought to be made for permission to view the Salt Mines, and being informed that we must obtain the order from the director, and not from the superintendent, we took one of the Jews as a guide, and proceeded to the house of the director. On our arrival there, we were highly amused at the manner in which the Jew proceeded to obtain for us an interview. Aware that it was about the time the director took his siesta, he desired us to make no noise, and, leaving us at the foot of the stairs, he took off his hat and shoes, and proceeded on tiptoe to the landing, where he found, what he had half suspected, that the director was not to be seen. However, after much persuasion, he induced the servant to call the director's daughter, who very kindly carried in our cards, and mentioning our request, obtained the order for the visit on the following morning. We then returned to the inn, and, while dinner was preparing, amused ourselves by observing the manner in which the business of the fair was carried on. Whenever a sale was about to take place, as in an instance which fell under our observation in the disposal of a pony,

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the contracting parties, having first called one of the officers attending at the fair, proceeded to business. The seller of the pony was a peasant—the purchaser a Jew. The business was opened by the peasant naming his price, and striking the hand of the Jew, (which was held extended, as if offering the money,) and then extending his own, as if to receive it. The Jew then struck the hand of the peasant, offering about half the sum demanded; and this farce of alternate striking was kept up for nearly a quarter of an hour. Eventually, the officer interfered, and having, as an arbitrator, settled the price between them, they both clapped each other's hands together, thus *striking* the bargain in the literal sense of the expression. The parties then adjourned with the officer to a drinking house; where, after partaking of copious libations of *schnapps*, the peasant received his money, and, leading the pony thrice round the purchaser, delivered it into his possession.

At half past six next morning we descended to the mines at a depth of about eight hundred feet. They furnish six hundred thousand quintals of salt, which sells at five silver florins per quintal. There are about one thousand workmen and two employés. A workman has about sixteen silver kreutzers per day: he is generally hired by the day, and is free to go when he pleases. These mines, which belong to government, and furnish salt for Poland, and part of Russia and Austria, are sixty-two thou-

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sand feet long, and about twenty-four thousand wide. You descend by flights of stairs, of which there are twenty-seven, of ten steps each. There are three flats in the mines: the first a salt vein, with earth above; then pieces mixed with earth; and, lastly, solid, pure salt. We were occupied during two hours and a half in traversing the different passages and halls. The mining is carried on as follows:—Lines, of the depth of the block required, are picked out with an axe, and by simple wedges the whole mass bends. It is then cut into the necessary size, by merely beating, with a sharp hammer, along the line marked out on it for the division, the sound of the stroke indicating when the fracture is effected. Each miner is provided with a lamp—not Davy's. Though accidents have happened in these excavations, they have not been so frequent or so dangerous as in the coal mines. The passages, which, for the most part, not being in the line of fracture, are formed by hewing and blasting, are immense. Each has a distinct name—so that the mines form a kind of city. There are several carpenters' huts in the different parts of the mine; but the story of the subterranean villages is a fable. We were shewn into an immense illuminated hall. One of the men went high up to shew the loftiness of this prodigious dome, but even then the light scarcely reached the roof. Such a hall might serve as the council-chamber of Pandemonium! We next saw

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a lake, or pool, of from forty to fifty feet. The cave, or dome, at the bottom of which this pool lies, is, beyond all conception, horrific, from its height. The men kindled a fire at the top, by way of shewing the size, and we could distinguish, far up, the miners at work, or passing in other corridors above. This lake is the best and most imposing representation of Styx that could be imagined; while, amid the deep stillness of the place, the miners in their white dresses, waiting for us on the opposite side, might fairly have typified the wandering shades of the Heathen creed. Having ascended the stair-case, and divested ourselves of the miner's dress, we visited the machinery. Cut out of the salt, and about twenty feet square, is a chapel—a great curiosity. The altar is ornamented with four spiral pillars; two capuchins are kneeling in front, and in a recess behind are a capuchin and a madonna. At the end of the recess is a crucifix. Between the four columns just mentioned are two bishops in mitres. On the right side of the chapel is a large crucifix, with three figures at the bottom—opposite, a ring of fine salt, brought from Warsaw. All the other parts of the chapel are hewn out—as, two great pillars opposite the altar--six statues near the door—a pulpit opposite the door—and four other statues. Mass is said here once a year. There is a great hall, floored with wood, in which

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balls are given. It is adorned with several salt chandeliers.

At our inn the people spoke Latin. The waiters, in particular, spoke fluently and well. We had a long conversation in this defunct language with two gentlemen of the place.

21st. We set out at ten P. M.;—travelled all night—slept the next night on the road—and, the following morning, arrived at Lemberg.

23d. The country from Vienna to Lemberg is generally very fertile, and the roads excellent. On entering Poland, the country and the houses have a very different appearance. The Jews seem to have possession of this territory, for you meet with them at every step, swarming as numerously as the priests at Rome. Rarely does one meet with people of such mingled cunning and effrontery—so obsequious and persevering. The towns are all on one plan, having a square in the centre. The peasants are well clothed.

Lemberg is the capital of Austrian Poland, and has a population of about forty thousand. It was fortified; but the walls have been nearly destroyed. The streets are wide and in every part teeming with Jews, excepting one great square. Their dress is a sort of uniform, consisting of a long black robe, with a sack of the same colour; a small skull-cap close to the head, with a broad-rimmed hat above. Some have fur caps. All wear beards,

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and long curls hanging at the ears. Hungarian troops are quartered here; and, in the evening, the band plays in public for the amusement of the Lembergians. The cathedral of this city is commonplace, but there is another church, highly gilded, —the distinctive mark of the Polish churches, in which glitter, bad taste, and complicated ornaments, are profusely employed, to prove the devotion of the people. We neither saw nor heard of any pictures in these churches; and the statues which were shewn to us at Cracow were all of a rude kind. Poland could not have attained to that point of civilization when the arts begin to flourish among a people.

We had arranged to leave Lemberg on the 26th, but our servant, a Pole, required a day for procuring his passport, so that we could not start till the 27th, when we set out in a britské, or a narrow carriage of wicker work, four-wheeled, and without springs. The horses were three a-breast. We had left Lemberg at six, and at nine we arrived at Brody, a large town, full of bustle and Jews, several thousands of whom were in the streets, rendering perambulation no very pleasing employment for a stranger. The peasants here are *adscripti glebæ*, and are liable to be punished by their masters with twenty-five strokes of a knout. They work three days for themselves, and three for the proprietor of the soil; have a house and

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small portion of land allotted to each, and are no longer subject to be put to death by their lords.

The trade is exclusively carried on by the Jews. It chiefly consists of wax and corn, the former of which is sent over-land to Italy *via* Trieste, and the corn, and such timber as is exported, are sent down the Vistula to Dantzic. Much brantwein, or schnapps, is made from rye; it is very cheap, and in great requisition among the peasants. The price of wheat here is about ten shillings a quarter; and a good horse may be purchased for ten pounds.

The post goes from Brody to Odessa, starting on Friday, and arriving on Monday. All business is transacted through the Jews. We went out to make some purchases, and a Jew attended us. We gave him nothing, but he has his five per cent. on every article bought, which is, of course, ultimately paid by the purchaser.

We took a britské for Odessa, and set out on the 28th at twelve. At the barrier on the Austrian frontier was a lancer, with sword and knout, surrounded by many people waiting, twenty or thirty of whom were Jews. The passports are given across the barrier, and the powers and dominations, after keeping the traveller about two hours and three quarters in pleasing anticipation, let him pass, only however to experience a new delay at a second barrier, whither he is escorted by a cos-

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sack or lancer. At this second barrier, our trunks were minutely examined; shirt by shirt, book by book, all underwent the severest scrutiny, a process which, with the inspection of our passports took up three hours, making altogether a delay of five hours and three quarters.

In order to avoid a longer delay, we were obliged to pay, by means of an agent, the sum of five ducats, equal to about two pounds five shillings, as a fee to the officers of the custom-house for examining our luggage, although we had nothing which was either prohibited or liable to duty. We submitted to this imposition, when they sought to extort still more money from us, by asserting that there was an irregularity in our passport, though it had been signed by the Russian minister in Vienna, and by all the English and Austrian authorities, and telling us that we must either return or be put under arrest. As we saw this to be merely an attempt to obtain a few more ducats, we resolved to resist it, refused to return, and desired that a guard might be sent for, and we put under arrest; at the same time taking out our note-books, and telling them that an account of the whole proceeding should be immediately transmitted to our ambassador at St. Petersburgh. This intimation had the desired effect, and without further annoyance we proceeded to the village of Radzivelow. Having here taken refreshments, we pursued our journey, congratulating ourselves on



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so easy an escape from the fangs of police extortioners; but our congratulations were speedily checked by the appearance of a third barrier. We vainly represented that we had been previously examined; that every book and stocking had been opened and inspected: the officers assured us it was their duty to examine us anew, and we were at length glad to compound for a few silver roubles, and thus gain permission to go forward, being assured that this was the last custom-house till we should reach Odessa. It was now getting dark, but being anxious to proceed, we directed our driver to keep on as far as his horses would carry us; and wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, in the hope that the troubles of the day were past, we composed ourselves to sleep. In about an hour we were roused by the intelligence that another barrier obstructed us, before which our servant was disputing with some dozen Cossacks who surrounded the carriage. The servant being in high dudgeon at this impediment, after the promise which had been given at the last barrier, that no further vexation awaited us, had given full vent to his ill-humour—in return for which, the officers locked the barrier, and re-entered their hut, leaving us to our meditations in the dark. We, however, understood from the servant, that one of the Cossacks had been a prisoner among the French, and could speak that language. We alighted, and, entering the hut, by a timely distribution of a few more roubles convinced them

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of the propriety of allowing us to pass the barrier.

We witnessed one scene of detected smuggling. A woman and her son were stopped and lightened of a large quantity of calicoes. Their distress must have been great, for they cried bitterly. After all this delay we thought ourselves fortunate in arriving at a village where beds might be procured, which we did at half-past eleven. Here, however, every one was asleep, and no bed could be had. We drove into a large remise, and proceeded to a room in the cottage, or inn, where six or eight of the children of Israel, male and female, were asleep; another was occupied by three of the same generation. At length we took a quantity of straw in a sort of store-room, and till five in the morning were occupied in vain attempts to sleep, and in an unequal strife with a numerous army of fleas. At five we gave up the contest, and started at six, most unwillingly carrying off a detachment from the conflict of the previous night, the pursuit of which employed us on the dull and monotonous road along which we had to travel. The village, in which we had *not* slept, was a very miserable pile of porticoed houses, filled with soldiers. The roads, which are here through a barren country, are good. The werstes are marked on the side by long white and black poles. There are vast tracts of pine forests. The country in this part of Poland, between Jamboul, and Staro-Constantinow, is flat and tolerably



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fertile. Immense quantities of corn are grown, particularly of buckwheat, which, when boiled and mixed up with a little butter, forms the chief diet of the inhabitants. We, in several instances, on our arrival in a village, while waiting for our dinner, have tasted the buckwheat, and found it very palatable. At mid-day we stopped to bait the horses at an inn, in the yard of which we found upwards of three hundred *Merino* sheep, which had been driven from Estremadura, on their way to Russia, and had, as we understood the man, been purchased for the Princess Baratansky. In passing through parts of this country, it is no uncommon circumstance to see eighty or a hundred oxen ploughing at once. The implements of agriculture are the rudest possible. The ploughing is a mere scratching of the surface of the soil; and indeed it would be quite impossible with a plough which resembles what, among our own agriculturists, is called a strike-furrow-plough, but far weaker, and more inefficient, having only two oxen yoked to it, to go to any depth in the soil. The advantages of the climate, however, compensate for this deficiency. On the following day we travelled through a woody, flat, and poor country, and in the evening arrived at Jamboul.

This is a small town; all the houses have porticoes. We met troops of caravans, fifty at a time, drawn by oxen, and carrying salt. At night we reached a good inn, where the beds and linen

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were the more thankfully acknowledged, from the recollection of our recent battle with the fleas. Next morning it rained excessively, and continued to do so throughout the day. The wind was high and bleak, and the roads execrable. On the fourth night of our journey from Brody we slept at Letyn. At the inn the Jews had the conscience to charge us seven shillings for our beds, about three times the sum due; and after suffering the utter absence of all accommodation, we set out next day for Mr. Korziniowski's.* Being Friday evening, the Jew's sabbath commenced, and our guide refused to proceed. This had been foreseen, and expressly stipulated for, so that he found, as he had undertaken to do, a Christian to carry us forward on the following morning (Saturday) to Mr. Korziniowski's, where we meant to stay for a day. Nothing could induce the Jew to go himself. We found that Mr. K. was from home, but staid that day, as we were unable to proceed without our Jew. We delivered our letter of introduction to this gentleman's mother, who introduced us to his sister and cousin. They spoke French with great fluency, and gave us much information on the state of the peasantry. We were joined by two Catholic clergymen, the one a Dominican, who had acquired great reputation by his preaching. Both were strong in their

* A Polish gentleman resident at this place, with whom we became acquainted at Vienna.

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denunciations of the priests of the Greek church, representing them as ignorant, gross, and sensual. These last, however, are Greek schismatics, and not of the Greek Catholic church. The account as to their ignorance and bestiality was confirmed by a gentleman, who assured us that they sometimes come drunk to the celebration of mass, and, in fact, that they differ but little, if at all, from the boors, over whom they spiritually preside. The summer dress of the peasantry is a white shirt, very wide trowsers, tied at bottom, and a sash round the middle. They are rude and savage-looking. At half-past twelve the better orders take tea, and bread and butter, accompanied by rum and fruit; and at eight they sup, much after the manner of an English dinner.

On Sunday we set out for Synderow, where we delivered our letters to Count G———. A conspiracy had been recently detected against the Russian Government—all the young men about Synderow had been arrested, and the Count among others. The commission for Russia had finished sitting; that of Warsaw was still occupied in investigating the matter. In Russia, out of twenty-one condemned, five were executed. We dined with the Count much in the English style, excepting that, before proceeding to the dining-room, liqueur was served round to the company, as a "whet." We started at four, and slept at

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Braclaw, where there was an illumination, it being the anniversary of Nicholas's accession. The bells had been ringing throughout the day. Next morning we went on to Tulcyn, and visited the Potocki Palace, but were prevented from seeing the lady. The gardens appeared to be in the English style, a lake winding irregularly through them. In the apartments of the palace were several paintings, one by Raphael, of the Virgin, St. John and Jesus; also one of the raising of Lazarus, by Allan, the Scotch artist. The mother of Potocki was a Greek. This palace is that of the eighth son. He has twenty thousand slaves, besides what he owns in towns. This is the eighth of his father's inheritance. In Poland, the females, whatever be their number, take one quarter of heritable property. We obtained a letter for the brother of Potocki, to whom the gardens of Haman belong. Accordingly we set out, but the Jew, pretending to take a short road, deceived us, and we were obliged to sleep at Kolaaszyn. On the following day we dined at Balta, where we found that the ruble in silver was not worth its value in paper, by which the loss was twenty grosses. The Jew was again deceiving us, going entirely from the post-road, so that we could not pass by Teraspol. It was too late to turn back when we discovered this, as his sabbath would have intervened. We slept in a miserable house, with a straw bed. The country now became

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gradually more bare, and the houses miserable.* The people shew a remarkable fondness for lakes, of which there are great numbers, too small for fish, so that the predilection cannot be accounted for by any profit resulting from it. The fields are immense, and the peasantry wild and savage in their appearance. In filth they are exceeded only by the Jews, who still are met in great numbers. Long lines of corn carts are seen going to, and returning from Odessa.

The appearance of the full moon, preceded by a rich sunset, which verified Byron's expression of the "vast Iris of the West," was an agreeable variation of the sameness of the prospect presented by the country through which we had travelled. We were fortunate in finding an excellent house to sleep in. The beds were as good as straw could make them, with the extras of a cloak for covering, and a sack shirt for keeping off the fleas. Custom is, indeed, everything, for we slept as well on straw as we could have done on the thrice driven beds of down, of which the untravelled many think so highly. At five on the following morning, we set forth, and breakfasted at Potocki, three miles from Odessa. It is a large square built town, the houses having porticoes. We had purchased sundry provisions at Balta, and found that

* In many of these places the houses are half excavated, and to them the peasants retire in the winter, being less exposed to the cutting winds.

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we had three fowls remaining at Potocki. These we offered to the Jew, but he conscientiously refused them, because they had been killed by the hands of the Christians. At three P.M. we arrived at Odessa, which is a very extensive place, situated on a height of rocks, and has a large bay of from five to six miles in breadth.* The neighbourhood of Odessa is very bleak, and much infested by locusts, which come in immense bodies, covering entire acres, and in an hour after they have alighted, every vestige of verdure is effaced. They devour all sorts of vegetable substances. Wandering along with our gun, we fired in among a flock of pigeons, and the shot took effect. We observed that the peasants were horror-struck and indignant at this act; and we afterwards learned, that the pigeon is held sacred among them, because emblematical of the descent of the Holy Ghost.

* See paper at the end of the volume, shewing the state of Corn Exports, &c. at Odessa.

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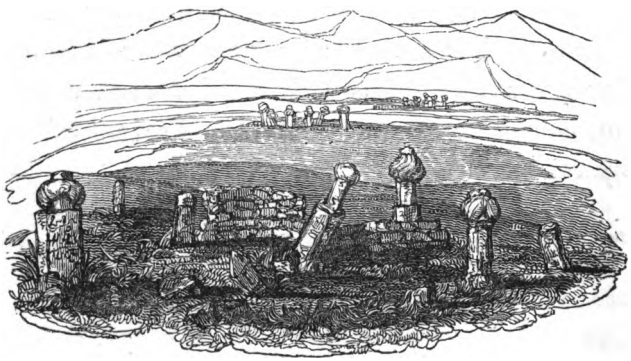
## CHAPTER IV.

**Odessa — Political Appearances — Greek Marriage — Route from Odessa to Symferapol—Sultana Katti Gheri—General Bachmacoff's Gardens near Sablis—Anecdote of Mad. de Staël—Country between Symferapol and Alushta—Tartar Hospitality and Superstition—Alushta—Ascent of the Tscheterdag—Tartar Women.**



Odessa was one of the chief seats of the conspiracy against Russia, and is viewed with proportionate suspicion by government. A nobleman, named Walhowski, was condemned, and is now actually working in the mines. He is a man of education and high character, was possessed of

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great wealth, and but recently married. His case, however, is by no means peculiar. The misfortune of the political state of the Poles is—that three powers are interested in the continuance of their oppression—and that, of course, they will never relinquish their shares in the partition of the kingdom. All efforts on the part of the native nobles must ever, as they have, hitherto, done, fail. They may still continue to give splendid examples of patriotic self-devotion—they may complain and conspire, and may even obtain a temporary success; but the leaden weight of three empires must crush them in the end. Yet, in the course of Russian civilization—in the revolution of empires—something may turn up favourable to the cause of freedom and of Polish independence.

Having arrived at Odessa, and established ourselves at one of the inns, we delivered our letters of introduction, and visited the English Consul, Mr. Yeames. Here, notwithstanding all the lengthened journey which we had undertaken, we found ourselves in the same predicament in which we had been placed at Vienna. There the treaty of the 6th of July, prevented our proceeding to the Turkish capital, and here the ultimatum which had lately been given in, remained yet, unanswered. The friend to whom our letters of introduction were addressed, as well as Mr. Yeames, the Consul, who treated us with hospitality, induced us to await the result of the last mentioned measure.

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Day after day passed on, and no news arrived; morning after morning we wandered down, hoping to witness fresh arrivals, but contrary winds prevailed.

On Sunday the 16th, we attended the solemnization of a marriage according to the Greek rite. A temporary altar was raised, on the right of which were the men, and on the left the women. The bride and the bridegroom both wore crowns. The bride was dressed as a girl—her head without cap or kerchief, her hair hanging down behind in a long plaited tail, and flowers over her forehead. Both bride and bridegroom held a candle. The priest presented a tumbler of wine to the lady, which she, crossing herself, tasted, and handed to her future lord. This was repeated thrice, and the last time the bridegroom emptied the glass. The priest then tied the left hand of the man to the right hand of the woman, and led them thrice round the altar, stopping each time, and the people chaunting. He then took off the crowns, which they kissed, and the husband having thrice embraced his wife, the ceremony was finished. The bride now, accompanied by all the females, retired into a corner, where she put on the dress of a married woman—her hair was bound up, a handkerchief, worn only by the married, tied over it, and the whole habiliment changed. In the meantime the bridegroom stood smiling and looking as if he knew not how to look. He then received a carved

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and gilded picture of the Nativity, holding which before him, and attended by his wife, he set out, the spectators following in his train.

As these temporarily happy people left the church, a more experienced couple entered, bearing a pledge of their affection to the baptismal font. The child was naked, and wrapped in a cloth. After a repetition of prayer, and pronouncing of the name, the priest holds the child, and, uncovering it, anoints it with oil, making the sign of the cross on the brow, on each of the eyes, the nose, mouth, chin, ears, elbows, hands, sides, knees, back, and feet. He then takes the infant and dips it over head and ears thrice in the font. After this he again anoints the child all over, the first anointing taking place in the hands of the mother, the second in those of the father. He then washes all the anointed parts with a sponge, and clips four locks from the head of the child, in the form of a cross. These the mother presses together in wax, and a man throws it into the font. The mother and women attending, all seemed very anxious about this. When it was thrown in, they eagerly followed its manner of swimming. It seemed, however, to twirl about in a very satisfactory way, as the women were manifestly delighted, and having gratefully kissed the cross, they departed, and the ceremony is concluded.

We left Odessa on the 21st, to travel post in the

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Russian manner, of which we had heard so much. A light wicker-built britska, four horses abreast, with a bell attached to the end of the pole, constituted our equipage. Twenty copecs, or twopence, was the driver's legal demand, thirty the sum usually given, and, on our offering him forty, he flourished his whip, with a halloo to his horses, and set off at full speed. The wheels spun, the dirt, dust, and grass, flew behind us, and Odessa was soon lost in the distance. Without exaggeration, we may say, that, at some parts, we were driving at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, over a road like a bowling green, two small ditches and the striped werste-posts marking out its direction over an immense plain. Nothing for miles interrupted its level appearance, excepting where, at intervals, it was dotted with the tumuli of the ancient Scythians, till it faded away in the blue distance. Thus we continued our journey throughout the day, till, towards evening, the far-off spires, chimneys, and masts of vessels, rising, as it were, from the soil, indicated our approach to Nicolaef, and we were soon on the banks of the broad Dnieper, over which the ferry-boat carried us in half an hour, and at sunset we entered the town. Streets, long, large, and dusty, with rows of poplars planted on either side—houses, with white-washed walls, and covered with boards—churches and public structures, with green roofs and yellow mouldings, is all that can be said of the taste of

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the inhabitants in this part of the empire. It has a dock-yard, museum, &c., which we deferred visiting till our return, and, in the morning, continued our route to Cherson, where our philanthropic countryman, Howard, died. We got our carriage embarked on the ancient Borysthenes, which we crossed, and proceeded about ten miles by water, on a canal, through the marshes, which, at all times, produce quantities of fish—in the winter, abundance of wild fowl, — and in the summer, canes, cabbages, melons, and malaria.

On finishing this voyage we again put horses to our carriage, and found our road continue much the same, excepting that, instead of grass, we now had sand. At the first post, while we were changing horses, we walked forward to enjoy a sunset, of which Italy itself might have been proud. A herd of cattle passing towards the marshes, a few scattered cottages, and an old wind-mill in the fore-ground—the sand naturally yellow, seeming more so in the tints of evening; and, at some distance, our four horses, abreast, whirling the carriage along at full speed, and, at times, almost concealed in a cloud of sand-dust, glittering and gilded by the setting-sun, formed a picture, which, could it have been taken by Guido, at the moment, might have formed no unworthy companion to his Aurora. The carriage overtaking us, we ceased to be spectators of the scene, but continued our route at a some-

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what slower pace till about eight in the evening; and, finding it impossible to reach any decent place for the night, we stopped at the cottage of a Russian peasant; the low mud walls, and reed-thatched roof of which, presented an exterior which the interior did not belie. We entered, and beheld, in a room heated and stenched by a stove, and swarming with fleas and filth, sundry persons of both sexes strewed about, sleeping on the benches. On the table was a half-devoured water-melon and a lump of black bread; from the centre of the room a child was suspended in a kind of cot, and in the corner stood the Virgin Mary, with a lamp and a bouquet of flowers. As soon as we had despatched our supper, we ordered some straw to be strewed at the entry of the cottage, whereon we stretched ourselves and fell asleep, unfortunately without having reconnoitered the hen-roost over head, of the existence of which we were, however, fully aware on the following morning, from the state of our cloaks, &c. We started again at sunrise, and, for the first time, saw the large bustards which abound in these plains. Flocks of starlings, pewits, snipes, and sea fowl, would have afforded us capital sport had we had leisure to indulge in the pursuit.

Towards the middle of the day we arrived in Perícop, which is the entrance to the Crimea. Here we met with the Tartars, who made their appearance in a caravan of about a hundred waggons,

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drawn, some by oxen, and some by camels. These people never grease the wheels. The creaking of one is sufficiently offensive; but the noise of four hundred was absolutely excruciating. The Tartars, too, were singing, which, with them, is another term for howling; and there was only wanting a leader with a cow's horn, and a man in each waggon sharpening a saw, to render the concert complete. Our road lay over the same kind of plains which we had already passed, but the scene was in some degree changed. The Tartars, in their black lamb-skin caps and eastern dresses—the camels grazing on each side of the road—the quantities of bustards wandering over the country, presented a novel and highly interesting scene. We slept this night at a post-house with somewhat better accommodations, and, in the morning, the blue mountains of the coast of the Crimea became visible. Towards mid-day we arrived at Symferapol, the capital.

Symferapol, called by the Tartars, Ak-Metchet, lies in a fine valley at the base of the line of mountains on the southern coast of the Crimea, and upon a small river called the Salgheer. It consists of two parts—that which has been erected by the Russians, since their possession of the Crimea, and that which remains from the ancient Tartar town. This latter part is dull, dirty, and disgusting: every Tartar house and yard being surrounded by a wall, and not having a single window looking into



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the streets, or rather lanes. Not a soul, excepting, occasionally, a wandering Tartar, was visible, as the inhabitants, particularly the women, seldom make their appearance, and then they are always veiled. On the contrary, that part of the town erected by the Russians—which, with the exception of the cathedral, contains no public building of importance—with the accompanying landscape, backed by the mountains, and the whitened houses in contrast with the foliage of the trees, and interspersed with gardens, forms an agreeable and picturesque variety from the dull monotonous plains over which we had lately passed. There is a new church, and several small mosques with towers. At the end of the town is the churchyard, where there are many monuments and graves on an ancient tumulus.

As soon as we had settled ourselves at the inn, we sent our cards, to inquire if we might wait on the Sultan Krim Gherri Katti Gherri, to present our letters of introduction. The answer returned was, that the sultan was from home, but that the sultana would be happy to see us. The sultana, who is a native of Edinburgh, daughter of Colonel ——, received us with great affability and attention, quite in the English style. The history of her marriage with the sultan is curious. When about fifteen years of age, the sultan became acquainted with some missionaries, who had taken up their station near the Caucasus, on which occasion he em-

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braced the Christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded, under their protection, to St. Petersburgh, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland, and there he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. It was in Edinburgh that his acquaintance commenced with his lady, and eventually ended in marriage, though against the consent of her family. As he is lineally descended from the ancient Khans of the Crimea, the throne of the present sultan, Mahmoud, will be his on the extinction of the reigning family. He has sons, and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne, the singular fact will be presented, of a prince of British descent and christian profession, governing an empire of Turkish infidels.

On Thursday, at ten, we went to see General Bachmacoff, near Sablis,* His nurseries of fruit trees are very valuable. There are pear, apple of various kinds, the trebisond nut tree, &c. &c. The greater part of the fruit used in Russia comes from the Crimea. It is sent to Moscow and St. Petersburgh. The second spring was commencing when we were at Sablis. The first set of leaves was falling off withered, and others coming out.

* In this excursion we saw, for the first time, one of those picturesque burying grounds—so abundant in the Crimea—and of which a wood cut is given at the head of this chapter. The quality and sex of the person are indicated by a difference in the form of the turban.



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Sometimes a second flower comes—but not fruit. This is injurious to the trees. The second spring began this year with the fall of the leaf, and the faded verdure of the first foliage gave the country the appearance of the close of autumn.

In the custom-houses here the vexations and delays are unusually great. The general was occupied for fifteen days in passing some furniture from his present residence to a place on the coast, — importing at Balaclava. He complained in strong terms of this.

Madame B. spoke English with perfect fluency, and read a passage from a volume of Byron, that was lying on the table, which she did, if not as correctly with regard to pronunciation as an English woman might have done, still with infinitely more spirit and feeling. She spoke much of Madame de Staël, whom she had known well in Italy. This celebrated woman was at a fête given at St. Petersburgh, by the grandfather of Mr. Bachmacoff, and, at the common amusement of the 'Montagnes Russes,' Mad. de Staël's daughter, Albertine, wished much to descend. To this Mad. de Staël objected, but, after much entreaty on the part of Albertine, the wished for permission was obtained; but, as soon as Albertine was in the car, and commencing the descent, Mad. de Staël, in an agony, exclaimed, "Albertine! Albertine! elle est partie!" and swooned. Madame B. told us a peculiarity of the French authoress, which

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may well be pardoned in a woman, since our leniency has long been claimed for similar littlenesses in *men* of genius. When Mad. de Staël was conversing, she always placed her elbows on the table, for the purpose of displaying the turn of a well rounded arm. *Au reste*, she was, as all the world knows, remarkably ugly, and had a loud shrill voice, which she was at no pains to control. She always carried a branch of laurel with her, and when we consider the peculiar appreciation which regulates the modern distribution of the bays, it may seem by no means censurable in this high and undoubted genius, to have thus passed judgment on herself, and worn the unfading emblem which she had so nobly won.

Having been treated with the greatest hospitality by the General, we left him with heartfelt acknowledgments, and returned to Symferapol, where we obtained a firman, or order, for the Tartars to provide us with horses.

At seven we went to the Bazaar, a large open space, of from twelve to fifteen acres. There were booths, and multitudes of carts and waggons, with oxen, horses, and numerous camels—these last lying down, or eating, or chewing the cud. Money-changers were squatting on the ground; groups eating and drinking; and Tartars selling fruit, chiefly the water-melon. Nearly all present were dressed in the Tartar costume.

At three, P. M., we set out, and at a short dis-

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tance to the left saw a new house for the vice-governor,* unfinished. The next object which attracted our attention was a Tartar, who had broken the wheel of his cart. The oxen were lying down, still yoked, the broken wheel untouched, and the Tartar himself quietly seated, and waiting with the utmost placidity for some earthly or heavenly help.

We continued our route, which lay through a very bare country. The carts which we now met were chiefly drawn by buffaloes. We suddenly came into a very fertile country, like a garden. The fruit-trees, the mosque with its minaret, and several tombs of Dervises and Tartars by the way side, formed a scene of pleasing contrast with the dreary country through which we had recently travelled. We slept at a Tartar's house between Symferapol and Alushta. It adjoined the Post-house, where we had proposed to put up for the night, but found it a miserable dirty hovel, inhabited by Russians. Meanwhile, the son of the owner of the neighbouring house came out to offer us accommodation. On entering, we were much surprised at the perfect cleanliness of the house. The room was doubly carpeted, and along the wall was a row of cushions, of sufficient breadth to admit of a traveller's stretching himself with perfect comfort. The fire was on the ground, in a large open chimney. Piles of cushions, occupying

* Count Naritskin.

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one end of the room, nearly up to the roof, and some two dozen pots, pans, and bottles, ranged along the rafters, constituted the principal part of the furniture. The whole interior was neatly whitewashed, and kept with great care and cleanliness. We were welcomed by the old Tartar, and in half an hour his wife had prepared for us a most comfortable dinner, consisting of maccaroni soup, roasted bustard, which we had shot, and water-melon. The Tartar furnished us with every thing in his power, and treated us most hospitably. He however hinted to our servant, that he hoped to be remunerated for his lodging, and not treated as he had been by some Russian officers, who had not only refused to pay him, but accompanied the refusal by blows—a complaint by no means uncommon in the Crimea.

The women of the small house at which we slept were in a room adjoining us, and none of them, except the Tartar's wife, were to be seen. Next morning, however, we could observe them stealing a look at us, and going out and in. They were simply clothed in trowsers, and without stockings, wearing a red skull-cap, and their hair braided and plaited behind, in long cords, to which were attached small coins.

We left at eleven, and passing the Tscheterdag, arrived at Alushta at four. All up the sides of the mountain, called the Tscheterdag, the foliage of the trees is extremely luxuriant. The summits of the

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foliage are capped by the mountain mists, which, at intervals, as they broke away, revealed the bare and peaked rocks, round which the eagle and other birds of prey were soaring. Alushta is built on a sort of terrace, so that the flat roof of one house serves as a promenade to the people of the upper one. There are seven or eight rows of these houses, none having more than one flat, and that very low, with a portico in front, about eight feet wide. The mosque is embowered among old and immense walnut trees. It is a rude structure of wood and clay, with a projecting roof and a wood railing in front. From this railing a priest was bawling in a manner sufficiently ridiculous to those who could not understand him; at length seeing that no one came, he calmly took out his tobacco pouch, filled his pipe, and went off slowly, as if on a religious ceremony, to an adjoining mill to light it. On his return, he was joined by an aged man, who sat down with him on the seats along the front of the mosque, and they began muttering at a great rate, in which devotional exercise we left them. On the flat roofs of the houses, several Tartars were squatted down, smoking, and surrounded by their children. We procured a very clean and comfortable lodging, with cushions, &c. They were making a soup, and one of us threw in a piece of bacon, whereupon the culinary ministers exclaimed, "We can no longer eat out of that pot." They were, however, persuaded that it was not bacon,

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but mutton ham, and thus the pot was saved from the consequences of pollution. We were served with milk, fowls, apples, grapes, walnuts, &c.

On Sunday we left Alushta, which, as we got to some distance, presented a most delightful aspect, the terraced houses looking out half embowered among the trees. The two great occupations of the people, at the time, seemed to be treading corn, which is done by three horses running briskly round, and sheep-shearing. Whenever we approached an unmarried woman she fled, hiding herself behind a chimney or stack, or rushing into the house. If they meet you on the road, they veil themselves, and if suddenly, they, especially when very young, turn round and fairly run for it. It is to be remarked, however, that they are generally looking out from their hiding-places, perhaps to see if the stranger has passed. They are all dressed in the Tartar or Turkish style, wearing trowsers, and, if out of doors, slippers—the hair braided, or, if they be married, tied with handkerchiefs.

The ascent of the Tscheterdag is slow. We began it an hour after leaving Alushta, and continued ascending an hour and a half, yet were still three quarters of an hour from the top, although the height of the mountain is only one thousand two hundred feet. The mists began to fall, so that at length the surrounding hills were all enveloped. It was useless to proceed—we had made a bad venture in the unsettled weather, and so returned to

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Alushta. Here we found men digging two holes, about twenty feet, out of the enclosure of the churchyard of the mosque. Some eight or ten of them were thus employed. The two oldest, and for whom this ceremony was acting, were to set out, in two days, on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and, should they not return, their monuments, upright stones, surmounted by turbans, would be placed on the spot where the holes were dug. There were ten or twelve large pots, in which soups, and other preparations, were to be made on the day before their departure, and all the peasants, &c. of the place were to partake of the feast, which is furnished by voluntary contributions.

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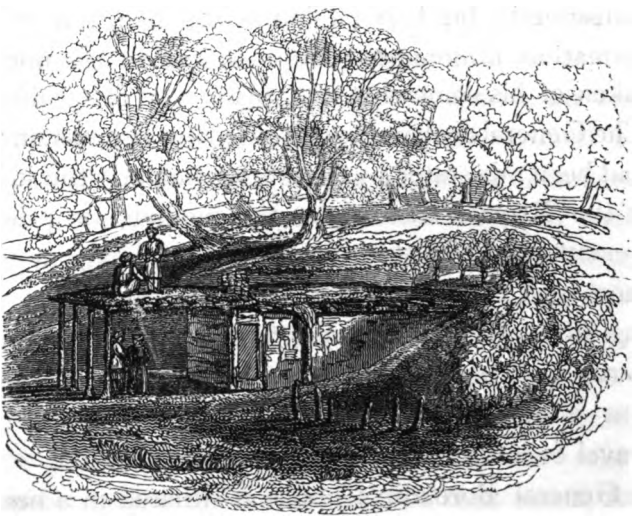
# CHAPTER V.

**Tartar Cottage—Couchut Lampat—General Borozdin—His Complaints of Clarke's Misrepresentations—Russian Government of the Crimea—Keesiltash, (the Red Rock)—Legend connected with it—Count Woronzow's Gardens — Nikita—Aloupka: Extraordinary Beauty of the Gardens—Pass of Meerdveen—Tartar Women —Valley of Moscomia—Balaclava, Greek Village—Convent of St. George—Caverns of Inkerman—Excavations—Return to Sevastopoli.**

THE SUBJACENT IS A SPECIMEN OF A TARTAR COTTAGE.



We again set out, and took the road along shore. A group of travelling Tartars, consisting of an old

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couple on horseback, a young woman, with a white veil, walking, two young men, the one turbaned and smoking, the other with a jacket over his shoulder, presented a most picturesque appearance while winding among the great rocks. At Couchut Lampat, we delivered letters to General Borozdin, the first Russian who settled on the coast, which he did about forty years ago. Sablis belonged to him, and he it was who planted the nurseries, &c. He sold it for five hundred thousand rubles. The General complained strongly of Clarke, who was, for six weeks, in the almost daily habit of dining with him when at Symferapol. Borozdin had then the command of the troops in the Crimea. Clarke frequently expressed himself indiscreetly, but being a fine young man, full of information, a momentary reproof was all the notice taken of his somewhat too plain way of speaking. The General declared to us, that many circumstances had been mis-stated by Clarke, particularly the story of the Russian shooting at the moulah, or priest. Personal feelings seem to have been always uppermost with Clarke. Speaking of his misrepresenting facts, Borozdin said, "Je ne sçais pourquoi, parce qu'il a été si bien accueilli partout." He was allowed to go from St. Petersburg, and to travel over the country, without molestation.

General Borozdin's house is situated in a beautiful bay, the lawn reaching down to the cliffs, and the garden rich in fine vines. He has also orange-

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trees, (under winter covering,) olives, laurel-trees, apples of all sorts, pears, almond-trees, aloes, &c.

Borozdin is an old man, of about sixty, fresh, of good information, and very communicative. He speaks French, Italian, German, and Russian. He has been, and is, married, but has long lived apart from his wife. We were received by him with great hospitality, and, during our stay, partook of the produce of his own lately planted vines. There were three sorts of wine, one resembling port, the other two white, and all of very agreeable flavour. He was particularly eager to obtain information about Canning, as, indeed, was every well-informed person with whom we happened to speak on political matters. Canning was universally regarded as the greatest man and first orator of his age; and his death cast a gloom on the liberal-minded of all nations. They seemed to fear, that the freedom and happiness of mankind must necessarily retrograde, when the first man in the first nation fell, leaving his vast and benevolent designs imperfectly developed. But such fears were, as time has shewn, unfounded. Canning was the representative of universal feelings—and the world, while the regrets for his death were yet keen in the hearts of all, saw other defenders arise in the service of that cause, for which the immortal statesman fell.

September, 1827. Having breakfasted with

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General Borozdin, and gone over his grounds, garden, &c., we rode along the bay to the residence of Count Lizari, where we met the Sultan Katti Gherri Krim Gherri in company with a doctor and a Mrs. Lainge. The count had just purchased an estate here, which he was very intent on improving, and had already erected several cottages, and had marked out a site for his villa. He has a vineyard containing three thousand plants. We dined with the count, and, after dinner, General Borozdin explained to us the system of military colonization in Russia. A village belonging to the crown has five or six hundred soldiers, billeted on its inhabitants, who are obliged to maintain them—each house receiving one soldier, whom it must clothe and support. The villager is further required to train his eldest son to supply the soldier's place, should the latter die. In consideration of these services such villages hold their lands free of the crown. The peasant was formerly obliged to wear the military dress, a regulation which the Emperor Nicholas has abolished, in consideration of his paying some part of the produce of his farm. The Ayudagh mountain is maintained by some to be the Crion Metopon of the ancients, an opinion from which General Borozdin dissented, and expressed a belief, that the Crion Metopon is the most southerly point of the Crimea. From the expression of Strabo he decides that this

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cape, with the corresponding one of Serambis, cuts the Euxine into two divisions. All the western side of the Ayudagh is being planted with vines, &c. The sides of this mountain are very steep: the summit is wooded, and was formerly occupied by a monastery, one of the pillars of which we saw next day before Count Woronzow's house. It is of marble, from twelve to fifteen feet long, having a cross, of a foot long, on it, in relief—a circumstance which has destroyed many theories.

Keesil-tash, or the Red Rock Keesil, is beautifully situated, rising quite perpendicularly from among fruit trees, wild vines, &c. It takes its name from the western side, which is of a reddish colour. There is a legend connected with this rock, and implicitly believed by the Tartars. It is as follows:—A young lady, betrothed against her will to a neighbouring chief, was, on the day of her nuptials, in the midst of the marriage ceremony, when her real lover appeared, and made a sign to her; on perceiving which she abandoned herself to despair, screamed aloud, and discovered her secret attachment. She besought Allah to hide her from the world, and to bury her alive in the centre of the Keesil-tash. This prayer was granted, and she was snatched away by an invisible hand. She is said to inhabit the rock, but at every full moon, at midnight, the rock, as it is declared, opens, and the lady walks forth in her

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bridal garments, on which occasions she has the power of foretelling events. Count Lizari went up to consult the said spectre; but a Tartar told him, that his not having seen her might be easily accounted for by the circumstance of his not being alone.

Towards evening we left for the house of Count Woronzow, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Richelieu. It is a neat dwelling, with a broad viranda in front, and commanding a fine view of Yoursouf and Ayudagh. We reached it at night, and, on the following morning, we ascended the Keesil-tash, from which the prospect of the surrounding country is particularly striking. We returned to the house of Count Woronzow for our luggage, and left, much impressed with the hospitality shewn to us, and then proceeded to visit his vineyard, which lay along the sloping-bank towards the sea. He has more than fifty-five thousand vines in these grounds, principally of the Burgundy and Muscatel. It should be observed, that Count Woronzow, who is the present governor of New Russia, has done much towards the amelioration of the country, both by the capital which he has expended there, and his liberal and conciliatory manners. His improvements are not confined to his own domains. His grand project of a road all along the coast of the Crimea, and the great facility for communication thereby afforded to the different villages and towns, will materially

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assist in inducing other settlers to take up their abode there; and we doubt not that, ere many years have passed, this picturesque and fertile part of the Crimea will become one of the most populous, wealthy, and favoured spots in the vast empire of Russia.—At the village we were delayed an hour by the rain. We stopped at the house of a Tartar, who gave us pipes, walnuts, &c. From Keesil-tash we went to Niketa, where we slept in the house of a Tartar. Here the gardens, which are under the direction of Colonel Steven, whom we had not the good fortune to find at home, are very fine. They were instituted by the crown in 1811, for the purpose of supplying the settlers with fruit trees, and also to serve as a botanic garden. They contain a temple, in which is a bust of Linnæus. The site of this structure commands a fine view of the sea.—On the following morning we proceeded to Aloupka, twenty-five versts distant. It has five gardens and two mosques, one of which we entered, and saw a man at his devotions, holding beads, moving backwards and forwards, and, at intervals, uttering ejaculations. There is no ornament whatever in the mosque, which is a small room, with a recess. The gardens are singularly beautiful, having a lake, and, on the acclivity, quantities of large stones and rocks, heaped together. Some rocks, as that behind the mosque, are fifty feet, or more, in length. These gardens may be safely styled, un-



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rivalled! In the gardens of Versailles are rocks, which were brought together at a great expense; and the grottoes and overhanging precipices are pointed out as admirable objects—and such they are, as shewing how far caprice and wealth can go in imitating nature. At every step in the gardens of Aloupka, you meet with rocks far more imposing than the wonders of Versailles, and such as a thousand 'grands monarques' could not have collected. The superintendant, speaking to us on this subject, made a remark, which shews his, and most people's, notions of England. Wishing to express how wonderful he thought these gardens, he said, "Le Roi d'Angleterre, tout puissant qu'il est, ne peut pas en avoir de pareils." The olive and the pomegranate flourish in these gardens in great profusion. Aloupka is finely situated below the precipices: indeed, it may be said, of all the villages, that they could not be more picturesquely placed. The coast, generally, has a barren appearance, but is spotted over with fertile vallies, wherein the villages lie, almost concealed among walnut and other trees. On entering one of these vast bowers, so beautifully contrasted with the barrenness of the previous route, the eye is delighted by the fruits, flowers, trees, and gardens, and by the comfortable dwellings, where peace and contentment have manifestly made their abode. In the distance you discover, from the terraces, either, on

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one side, the sea, which is seldom audible, or on the other, over the trees, which conceal the intermediate waste, tremendous grey and misty mountain walls, which seem to shut the people from the world. After quitting the gardens, we ascended the mountain, and soon arrived at the foot of the singular and picturesque pass of Meerdveen. Here we alighted, and ascended the wooden galleries to the top of the mountain, and our road then lay through a forest, which, at the several windings of the road, afforded us glimpses of the lovely vale of Baidar. This fertile spot is inhabited entirely by Tartars, and, in some degree, merits the title, given it by Lady Craven, of the Tauridan Arcadia.

We were now overtaken by a violent storm, and evening also advancing, we resolved to stop in the village.

We repaired to the house of a Tartar farmer, where everything had an appearance of neatness and comfort. The women were not permitted to enter the room; but two small holes had been made, through which they enjoyed the privilege of peeping at strangers. This they did not fail to exercise while we were eating; but, if looked at, they ran off immediately. On the following morning, we set out for Balaclava, the women evincing an unusual curiosity about us. We got a look at them, and observed that their nails, and even their hair, were dyed with henna. The hair hangs very



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low in plaits. They wear a low cincture round the waist, trowsers drawn close at the ancles, and a very long white veil.

Moscomia is a valley like that of Baidar. Balaclava is a Greek village, and here a decided difference in look, manners, costume, &c., is perceptible.—On a conical hill, commanding and bordering the eastern side of the entrance to the harbour, are the ruins of a castle. This hill is precipitous on the sea side: it is composed of pudding-stone rock, and is gradually loosening, so that cliff and tower will perhaps soon fall together. There are great remains chiefly in two lines, extending up the hill, from the inner side of the harbour, and having towers at intervals. The style of building is not massive, neither is it in hewn stone: still it produces a fine effect as a ruin, though but a ruin, of the middle ages, and this effect is increased by the range of cliffs jutting right into the sea, and by the same kind of precipices to the west.—The Lyceum is a large white house, on a height to the left. This place is a Greek colony, and had a regiment of Greeks, under the command of Colonel Revoliotti.—On Saturday we went to St. George's, and, after leaving it, saw many ruins, some of which are not inferior to those of Italy, and are undoubtedly more antient. At St. George we saw the monastery, and the new church, in order to build which, the old one was destroyed. The monastery is most healthily situated. After

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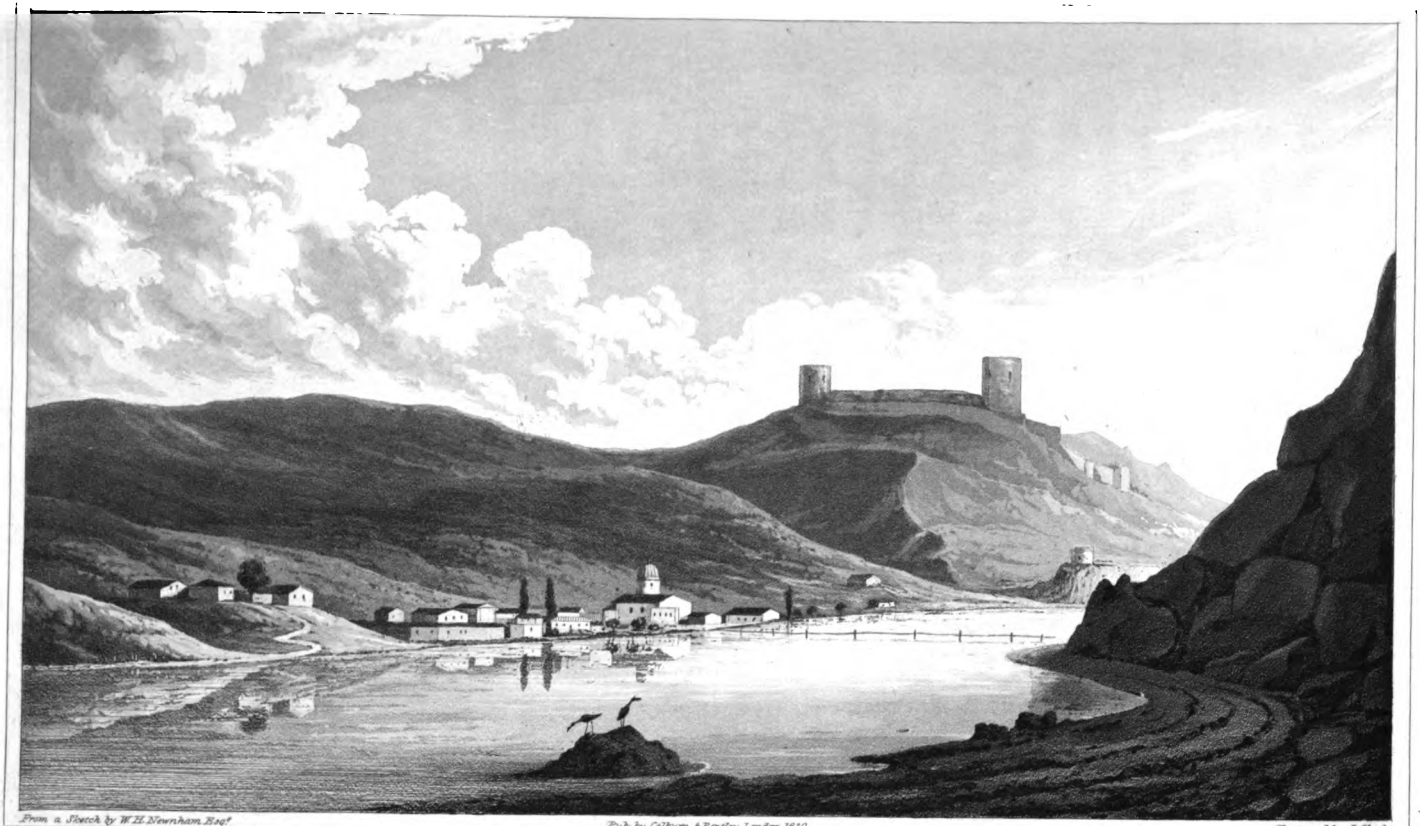


BALAKLAVA.

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going through it, and conversing some time with the bishop, who told us of a temple of Diana, a little to the west of the monastery, we partook of a collation with their reverences, and departed.

From the convent we went to the spot described as the site of the temple of Diana, and the scene of the shipwreck of Orestes and Pylades; and, indeed, the bleak and barren cliffs of this inhospitable shore seem well adapted for the bloody sacrifices which once rendered it so celebrated among the antients. In crossing from this spot over to Sevastopoli, we endeavoured to trace out the wall which is stated to have been built across the peninsula. A few scattered stones, and the foundations of some square towers, are still traceable; but the remnants of antiquity are so very few and indistinct, as to leave the traveller in a state of uncertainty. In the evening we arrived at Sevastopoli, and, having taken lodgings with a Jew, we prepared to visit the caverns of Inkerman. On the following morning at about six, we took a boat and started. We went up the spacious bay of Sevastopoli, at the end of which the caverns of Inkerman are situated. A mountain, the sides of which are almost perpendicular, and largely perforated, and the summits crowned with the mouldering ruins of an ancient castle, contains these much talked of Cimmerian habitations. On our arrival we ascended a rude staircase, which led to a chapel excavated in the

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rock. Its ruined and mutilated appearance gave ample testimony to the fury and fanaticism of the Mohammedan conquerors of the Crimea. The almost obliterated cross and defaced paintings shewed it to have been formerly the fane of worship for Christians, who had taken up their abode in the adjoining excavated chambers. These bore evident marks of having been inhabited, in the smoke-darkened roof, and the rude cupboards and shelves cut in the rock. A staircase from these ascended to the castle above, which, in all probability, had been destined as a place of security and retirement in case of any unexpected attack. Other caverns similar to this are formed in the neighbourhood. It is a matter of great uncertainty who the inhabitants of these caverns were: but as it is mentioned by the Byzantine historians that the Chersonites were a sect of Arians—and as it is known that this sect, so numerous in the east, endured great persecution towards the decline of the Greek Empire, it is supposed that these excavations were made by monks and their proselytes, who retired to ancient Cherson, where, not finding a suitable asylum, they excavated these caverns for their dwellings, and the chapel for their religious purposes. The valley, although fertile and picturesque, is now nearly uninhabitable, from the many malignant fevers which are engendered by the marshy nature of the soil.

Inkerman has a harbour, and steep, white, soft

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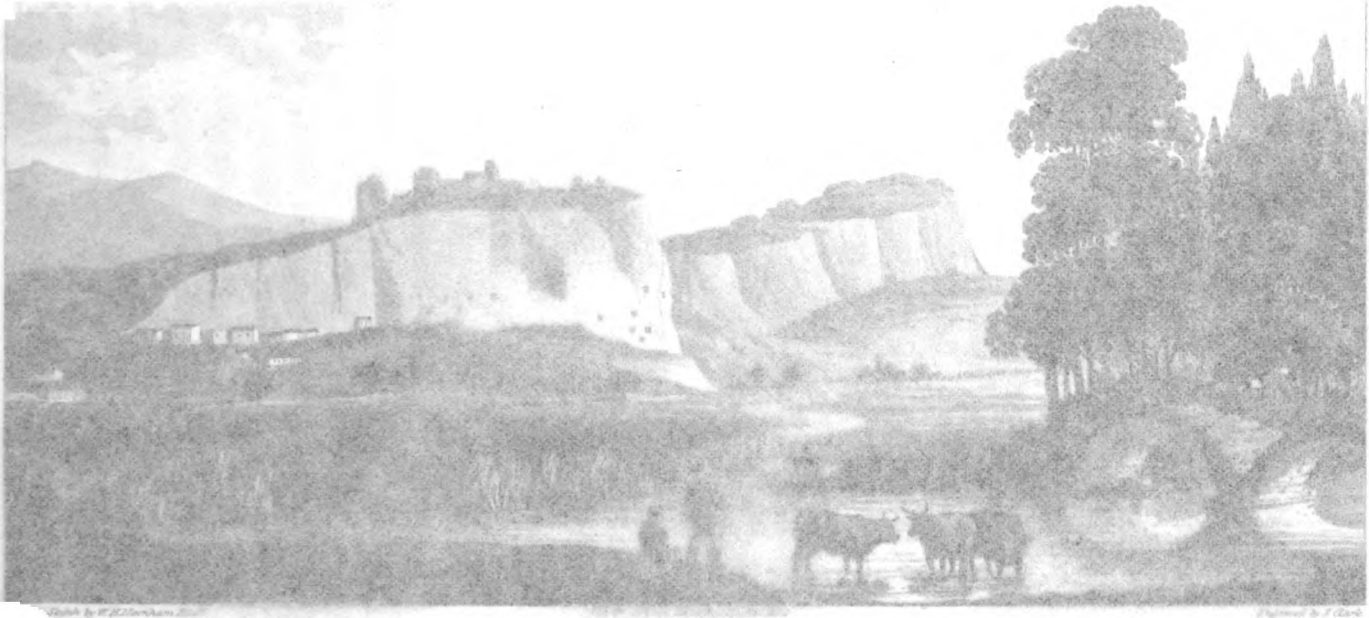

INDEMANN.

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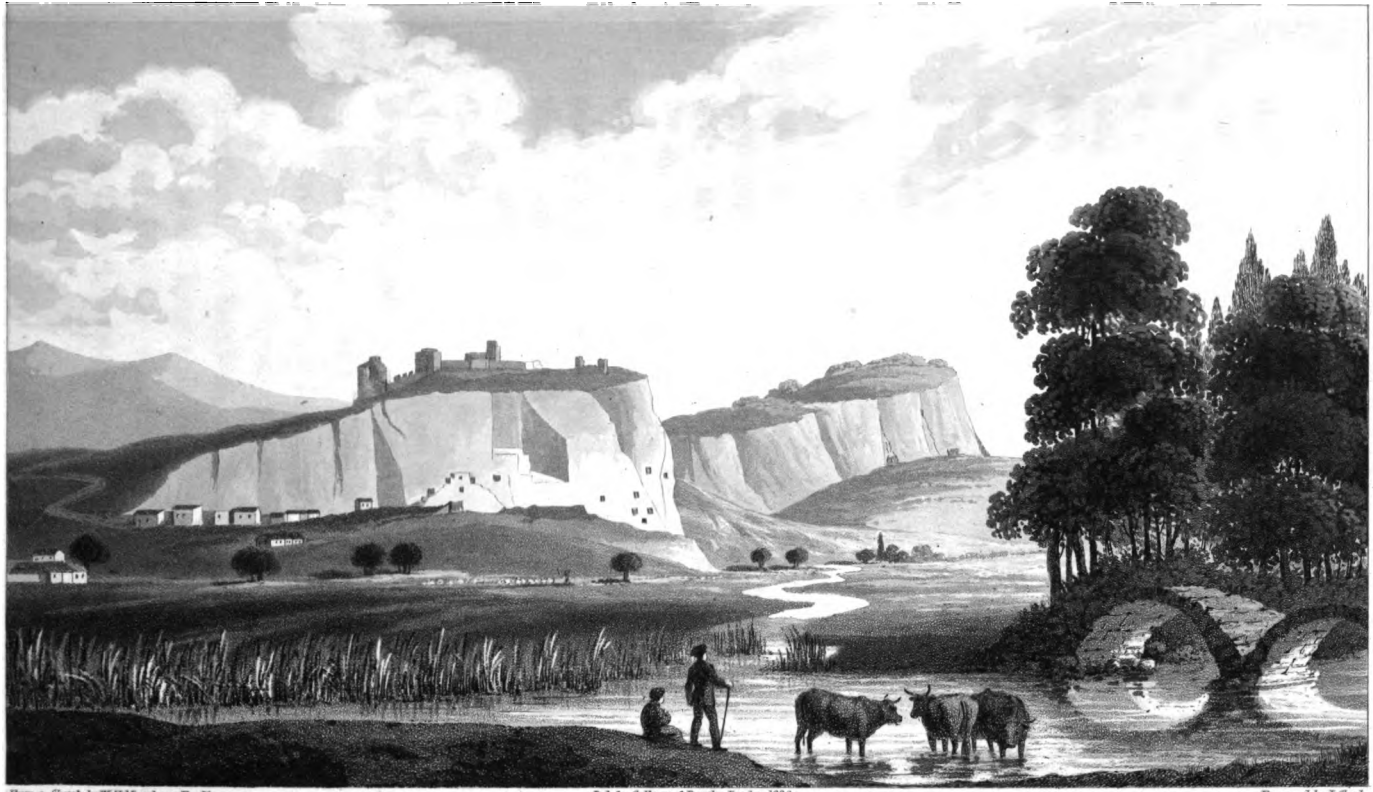


INKERMANN.

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cliffs, in which numerous excavations have been made. In front of the rocks, holes, at regular distances, prove that these recesses must have been dwelling places, the larger being used for beds, &c., and the smaller for presses, shelves, lamps, &c. Some seem to have been partly excavated and partly built, which is proved by the marks of the rafters in the rocks, as also by these being, in a few instances, reinhabited, or reconstructed by the Tartars. The already mentioned chapel is situated towards the middle of the range of excavations and is all cut out of the rock, with altar, semicircular seats, arches, which were supported by pillars, (now broken), places for holy water, and a small room adjoining for a sacristy. Above the altar is a very large three feet cross cut in the rock. There can be no reason for supposing this chapel to be of a different epoch from the rest of the excavations, in the centre of which it is found, and thus the inference is natural that these excavations were the dwellings of the Christians. The style of architecture visible in the chapel might determine the antiquity of the excavations generally. This style does not appear to be very antient. In all probability it belongs to the middle ages. Opposite to the cliff just described is another, with similar excavations, stairs, and a long corridor. Here, at the corner of the cliff, the central point of the series, is also a chapel, something larger than the other,

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and in the form of a Greek cross. In a room adjoining, numerous written characters are still visible. Both chapels contain remains of plaister and rude painting. In the first cliff is a cellar, where bones are found. It is altogether different from the usual excavations, having no door, but a small window in a built wall. The circumstance of bones being found there only sufficiently proves that the other excavations were not sepulchres. Many of these caverns, at the base of the cliff, have additions and projections, so as to form houses, and are inhabited. In Malta, on a hill opposite St. Paul's Bay, are some caverns to be seen, of a precisely similar form with these at Inkerman. Those at Malta are made on a soft rock, and are placed on a high and nearly inaccessible ridge. They have stairs, flats, and numerous recesses, and form in fact a village. There are smaller caverns all over the island. In like manner, bordering the Seine, between Rouen and Havre, where the rocks are of a soft chalky composition, and present frequent cliffs, villages may be seen cut out of the rock. The existence of such excavations is, then, no matter of wonder, nor one of very great interest. A number of peasants are employed in the neighbourhood of these soft, porous, and chalky cliffs. They find it easier to excavate than to build a house. A common village, built of wood and stone, or mud, perishes when the causes which produced the village have

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passed away: when the population fails, the village soon perishes, and is forgotten; and justly, for what interest could be taken in the knowledge of habitations, such as are daily before our eyes? The population of the caverns falls off from some cause, perhaps (as in the case of Inkerman) from malaria; yet here the village remains. But has it the more interest on that account? Is it anything more than a common village? Writers are too eager to work on the imagination of their readers. They tell us of men who lived in caves, and who must have been hermits, or persecuted Christians, or fabulous aborigines, antediluvian savages, or heroes, Greeks or Romans, or anything but common men, actuated by common motives; poor labourers, in fact, who seek the nearest and easiest shelter.

Near the castle on the cliff runs a small stream, almost stagnant, winding through meadows, bordered on either side by perpendicular white cliffs. There are numbers of trees. The soil, thus built in on both sides, has a curious appearance. Over the small river is a bridge, very old, and rather massive, of hewn stone. It was of three arches; two are now standing, which are small,—fifteen feet or so.

We returned to the town of Sevastopoli, which is three versts distant from Inkerman. We visited the harbour, and went on board a 132-gun ship, the *Paris*, fitted up in a most elegant style. We

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sailed round the harbour, in which were several line-of-battle ships, &c. ready for starting. The vessel which had gone to Constantinople to fetch the ambassador had returned without him, a circumstance which revived the hopes of peace.

Unfortunately, by some mistake, we found ourselves unprovided with letters of introduction for this town, and in consequence, much to our regret, lost an opportunity of gaining useful information.

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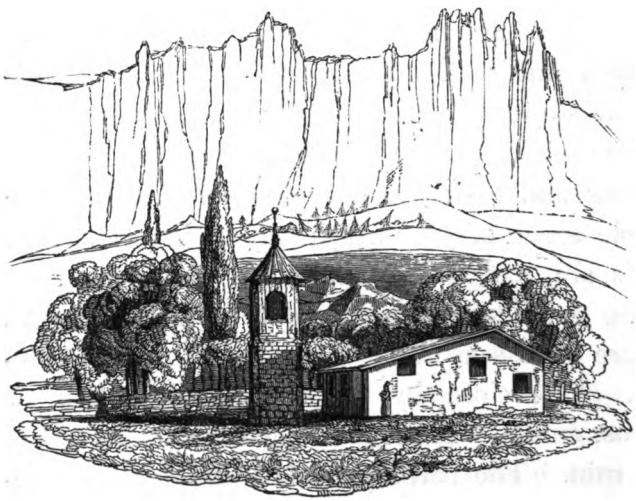
## CHAPTER VI.

**Ruins of Chersonesus—Batchiserai—Palace of the Khans—Excursion to Tchufutkali—Tombs of the Khans at Batchiserai—Mullah calling to Prayer—Reflections on Tartar Life and Manners.**



On Monday we went to Chersonesus, the ruins of which are the most literally ruinous sight imaginable. On two sides is the sea, and on the others fragments of the massive and lofty walls inclose a

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field of crumbled stones, sometimes heaped in cairns, sometimes half covered with long grass and weeds. A drove of cattle was stumbling over them in search of food, and a solitary sentinel looking around the barren excavations. Did he reflect on what his forefathers had been, or knew he the ground which he was set to guard?

The work of excavation was proceeding very slowly, and the monuments and remains discoverable but ill repaid the trouble and expense of the search. All remains of the ancient Chersonesus have been utterly destroyed,—those now discovered being mostly of the middle ages. Workmen were digging out the ruins which had covered an old chapel, but their labours discovered nothing but a few inferior Ionic columns, with crosses carved upon their shafts and capitals. In the middle is a long and high green mound, from which the whole scene of grey heaps may be viewed. The walls are traceable from sea to sea, some parts being from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. There are marks of the round towers at the turning. One close by the quarantine harbour is almost entire. These traces denote the extent of the ruin. The barbarian had exhausted his ferocity, and perhaps wished to mark well of how vast a city he had been the destroyer.

In the excavations, the rude pillars with crosses, and other remains of the kind, are of a comparatively recent date.

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We rode to Batchiserai, and fell in with a party of gipsies, who were quartered in tents covered with a kind of felt. The children were many of them naked. Those from ten to twelve years of age wear a slight covering round the waist, and the elder are in rags. The whole tribe had their heads shaved, leaving a lock in the middle of the crown. They were dark, thick-lipped, and something like negroes. The boys were dancing, kicking, and occasionally practising pugilism, to settle their conflicting claims about a few copecs.

The picturesque town of Batchiserai is situated in a narrow valley, inclosed on every side by high rocky mountains. Its white minaret-like chimnies, waving poplars, mosques, and variously constructed Tartar dwellings, are highly impressive, unsurpassed indeed by any of the towns in the Crimea. The most interesting object is the palace of the Khans, which stands in a large area, the front of which is shut in from the town by offices, formerly occupied by the retainers of the Khans. We entered the court-yard, which brought into our view the palace, the mosque, and the tombs. Our attention was first drawn to the palace. In the entrance we passed a marble fountain, and ascended a spacious staircase, which brought us to a large room, called the golden chamber, the ceiling of which, divided into compartments, and studded with gilded stars, must have had a magnificent appearance when lighted

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up by the chandelier hanging from the centre. The crimson walls, gilded ornaments, stained windows, and sumptuous divans, though now much faded and decayed, yet serve to give some idea of the magnificence of the Tartar rulers. The farther part of the room, which was surrounded by the divans, and covered by a Turkey carpet, was raised about six inches higher than the part at the entry, which latter part was reserved for the guard or attendants, who might be in waiting on the Khan. This structure is observable in all houses where eastern manners prevail. We next entered what was called the grand divan, or hall of justice, the whole of which was in a state of confusion, owing to the repairs then in progress by order of the Russian government, who purpose restoring the palace to its former state of splendour.

Potocki's room, or gilded chamber, so named after one of the daughters of this famous family married to a Khan of the Crimea, is in its original state, and is a square room, about thirty by twenty-five feet. The floor is covered with matting.

There is a small room, on the fire-place of which the cross is below the crescent; and there are various chambers, as the sleeping-rooms, bathing-room, &c. &c., the Potocki chapel, now shut up, and a large gilded apartment, with a fountain in the middle. The windows are of stained glass, and the floor of marble. Out of this room a door opens into a

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little oblong garden, terraced round, and having vines on the terrace. It goes round the gilded chamber, and terminates with an octagonal tower of wood. We passed through various other apartments of the palace, all more or less in the style of the golden chamber; and we were shewn a chapel, in which the lady of the Potocki family, married, as already stated (though herself a Christian), was allowed to perform her devotions. On descending we entered the garden, on the opposite side of which is the harem. This harem is a square building, with verandas, having only three rooms: these are large and lofty. The verandas occupy the greater part of the harem. Each room has a double range of small windows, with wooden gratings. A door from the court leads into another inclosure, having a large octagonal tower, with gratings at top. The building is enclosed by a high wall. The appearance of the exterior of the palace, as seen from the garden, is that of a low building, in some parts only one story. Its roof is white, and the chimnies appear like so many minarets, a remark which has been applied to all those throughout the town. There is a large court, four hundred feet by two hundred, having a few poplars on one side, which shew off the minarets of the mosque to much advantage. The mausoleums of the Khans are beside the mosque, in a small burial ground, filled with tombs in the

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Turkish style, some of them of marble. This burial-ground is overgrown with "traveller's joy," formed into bowers. There are two large octagons, with domes, of about thirty feet diameter, which contain the bodies and monuments of many Khans. In the first are ten or twelve wooden coffins, covered with black cloth, and having at the top the turbans of the deceased. In the second octagon are three wooden coffins, and two stone monuments. An octagonal screen incloses the monument of another Prince, or Khan.

The streets of Batchiserai consist of one-story houses, and stalls. The Tartars sit in their shops smoking, cross-legged, in patient expectation of custom. The trades are arranged together in quarters: one part of the street being occupied by blacksmiths, another by tailors, a third by pipe and tobacco venders, and a fourth by boot-makers. At this place, Christian, Mussulman, and Jew, live unmolested together.

On Tuesday, we set out at seven for Tchufut-kali, which is inhabited by Jews. Our road thither lay through a beautiful valley, with rocks on either side. A winding stream, poplar and other trees, villages, and mosques, lent an indescribable charm to this secluded vale. The fortress, to which we were proceeding, was at a great height, and houses were seen ranged along the precipice. We ascended to the summit, and en-

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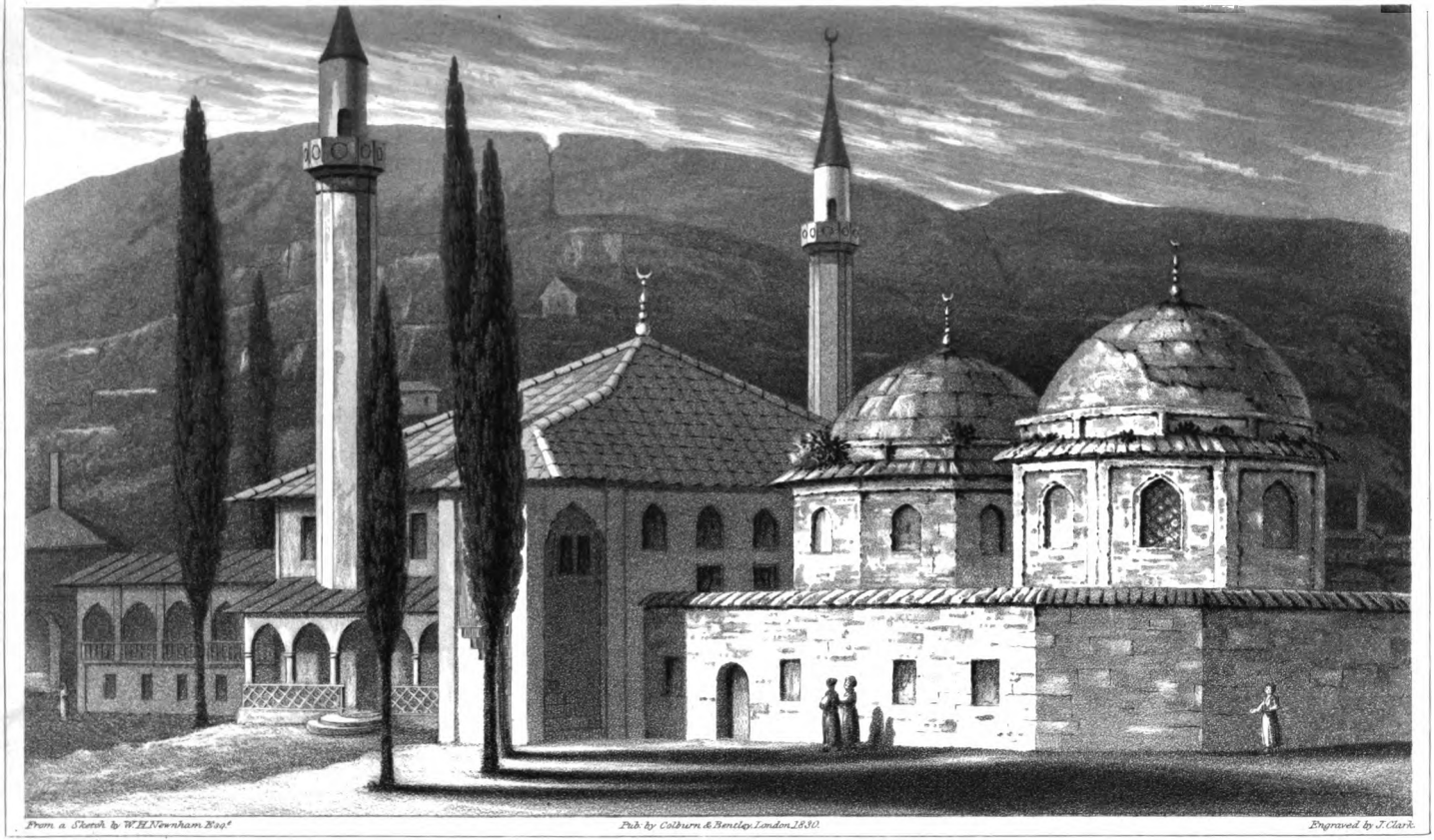


TOMBS OF THE KHANS OF THE CRIMEA.

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tered Tchufutkali, which has very much the appearance of a Tartar town. The women dress and conceal themselves as the Mohammedans. We visited the synagogue, and were informed by the rabbi that the Jews had inhabited this place for one thousand years. The site of Tchufutkali is on a high hill, with precipices on three sides. The neck of land between is fortified, but not strongly. Very little care might render the position impregnable. The town, in its present state, has nothing singular. The houses, generally, are of one story, with small courts. The streets, from the want of windows, are dull, and so narrow, as to be mere lanes. At the door of the synagogue is a cistern. We were informed by the rabbi that washing did not form part of the ceremonies of their faith; but that those, who chose to undergo an ablution before entering the synagogue, did so. This rabbi we found to be exceedingly ignorant; and upon our requesting to know the points on which his sect differed from other Jews, he was unable to inform us; but at our desire he sent for another rabbi, whom he represented as more learned than himself. This was a German Jew, who told us that the sect of Kairites rejected the Talmud, and omitted many other ceremonies, which were practised by the orthodox Israelites. However, the nature of these particular ceremonies he was either unwilling or unable to explain.



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The custom of ablution, as regards the Jews, is probably local, and resulting from their intercourse with the Tartars, by whom they are on all sides surrounded. Nearthe town is the Jews' cemetery, in a valley, planted with oaks. The tombs are sometimes placed one above the other; but few of them are of marble, and none of any magnitude or beauty—still the appearance of the whole is effective. The cemetery may be one-third of a mile long, and two hundred yards broad. It is crowded with tombs. The Jews call this spot the valley of Jehosaphat.

On our return, we saw a Greek monastery on Mareonopoli. It is now uninhabited, and is half way up on the cliffs. In front are three balconies of wood, overhanging a large low-roofed chapel, fifty feet by thirty. It is cut in the rock, has four pillars, and rude paintings of three apostles. A lamp was burning at the side, and some votive offerings were fastened on the apostolic paintings, such as copecs, cradles, ropes, and other such acceptable tributes.

We next visited the cemetery of the Khans at Batchiserai. From the minaret of the mosque, a Mullah was calling the people to prayer, which he did with a remarkably hideous howl. Holding his hands to his ears, probably lest he might be stunned with his own din, he bawled in a long high unvaried tone, while walking slowly round the balcony. The effect of this outrageous pro-

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longation of discordant sound is truly melancholy. We were placed in a gallery from which we might witness the devotions performed in the mosque, which were, if not very imposing, sufficiently strange. A number of grave, bearded personages came dropping in, some carrying their upper slippers, which they placed down on the window,—the poorer class being barefooted. Each, when he had arrived at the spot, where he chose to pray, went through the following gesticulatory devotion. Placing his hands before him, he stood for a minute quite still, looking towards the upper end of the mosque. He then leaned forward with his hands on his knees, and remained another minute gazing on vacancy, when, having resumed his upright posture, he thought right to plump down upon his knees. He next prostrated himself with his face on the ground, where he remained a minute; then he fell back, still kneeling, and after a second prostration, again fell back, and continued for some time in that posture. He then rose, stood for about a minute quite still, and this having been done three or four times, those who could read took out a copy of the Koran, many of which, with stools whereon to place them, were at hand. After reading some time, he returned to his corporeal exercise as before. Then the Mullah, who was seated in the gallery, began to chaunt forth the Mohammedan creed, all the worshippers in the mosque advancing towards the



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upper end. Having ranged themselves in file, they went through their devout exercise together, the Mullah indicating by a chaunt, or word of command, the time for each distortion of the person. All bowed together, fell prostrate, knelt, fell back, and rose together, like a file of soldiers. After this had been done three or four times, these followers of the prophet rubbed their eyes, stroked their beards, and dispersed to different parts of the mosque. Each then continued the mummery on his own account, and, taking out his beads, began counting them, making many singular interjections, holding out his hands, and swinging with great gravity from side to side. At length, the whole of his evolutions were gone through, and rubbing his eyes again, and again stroking his beard, the conscientious Mussulman went his way, the Mullah *singing* during the latter part, which would appear to be, beyond comparison, the readiest way of clearing any mosque whatever. The whole business occupied from fifteen to twenty minutes. These prayers are, or ought to be, repeated four times a day. Four times a day is the Mullah heard from each minaret sending forth a hideous howl to startle all the vale. Few, however, seem to attend. Not above eighteen were in the file just described. The worship—the form—the unceasing cry of "God is God," must weary and cease to affect. All religions have a tendency to resolve themselves

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into a repetition of rites, as is the case with the Catholic and the English churches. The Mohammedan rite is shorter than that of the two churches here instanced, and is on that account more suited to its end. The mind dwelling continuously on one idea is heated to enthusiasm, but the rite, when short, has the effect of stirring the spirit as though it were music. There is no exercise of the intellect; the imagination and the passions are moved by the recurrence of the same sounds and the same gestures, and by the presence of numbers employed in the same mysterious incantation. It is a curious subject for investigation, how the mind is most awakened to piety—whether by change or repetition—by addressing the intellect, or by appealing to the passions—by promises, or by threats. Most religions have tried all these, and the character of a religion is best judged by inquiring what kind of excitement predominates. One thing must be said for the Mohammedan,—it has succeeded, and that by promises, rather than by threats.

Who that has ever heard the Ave Maria slowly tolled forth in the quiet of an Italian twilight, can doubt that the effect of those sounds (their religious connexion being known), is to produce a pious and contemplative tendency in the minds of all? Without them, day might die unheeded, and the manifold images of man's life and destiny, which sunset and the still advance of night present, would be unob-

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served. The mind is arrested by the sounds; they affect the stranger—how much more those whose earliest associations are connected with them! So is it with the call of the Mohammedan priest. It is indeed a ruder observance, wanting the poetic effect of the Ave Maria, but marked by the simplicity of primitive worship. The call to prayer is heard throughout the city—the long howl, so unpleasing to one of a different creed and country, is to the Mohammedan a sacred sound, which admonished his childhood, and admonishes his ripened age, of the duties which he owes to God, to his fellow men, and to himself. The Mullah, pacing round, and calling Allah! Allah! from every minaret, is a visible messenger of the Most High, inviting worshippers from every quarter of the wind.

At our request, the Mullah got Dervises to perform their rite, or, as it is sometimes called, the dance of the Dervises. At two we entered the mosque, and saw the preparatives for dancing had commenced. Each Dervise had taken off his shoes, and they had formed themselves into a circle. Their dance, as it is called, was every way worthy of its musical accompaniment. They bowed, kneeling forward, sate down, fell prostrate, rose, all the while singing in a nasal tone, which made our friend the Mullah appear a comparative melodist. Thus they kept on, swinging from side to side, the whole circle waving together, and bowing slowly for five minutes or so. What followed

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was beyond all powers of description. The sounds which they uttered cannot be likened to any one particular mode of producing outrageous noises. They first snorted with great fury, then bellowed as furiously; the bellow consisting of three notes, like that of a calf, or a bull. Each time they bent forward with a violent motion. The rite altogether is absolutely terrific, and must be most fatiguing. This circle of thirteen looked like so many sawyers, uttering sounds not unlike that of an ill-going saw, or one under the file—neither singing, snorting, roaring, nor sighing, but uttering an indescribable asthmatic grunt and growl, most violently sent forth, and heard with pain. While they were generally employed in venting these unearthly noises, one of the number continued chaunting in an octave, and occasionally either he or another would interject quick and loud sounds, to impart courage to the perspiring pietists. Then the roaring and sawing took double quick time. A new tone was then interjected—quicker went the Dervises, till suddenly and simultaneously they stopped. They, however, resumed their horrid rite on hearing a fresh nasal sound sent forth; and so continued for nearly an hour, during which they had had three bouts. To call this affair ridiculous, horrid, and incredible, is nothing; to form any conception of its disgusting absurdity, one must have witnessed it. The Dervises sometimes fall down senseless from over-exertion.

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They are dressed chiefly in white turbans. Not all of the thirteen were Dervises; five only were so, the rest were brought as assistants. It is strange that by giving a sum of money we should have procured the performance of such a ceremony; but this spirit of merchandise is not confined to the Mohammedans. At Haarlem, Lucerne, and Catania, we had the organ played for the same consideration which induced these poor Dervises to exhibit. How many thoughts was not such an exhibition calculated to awaken! It took place in the mosque of the Khans, within the precincts of their palace, a few steps from their tombs.

When we first went to the mosque, the Mullah was thankful for two rubles, as were the Dervises for twelve among them, on the occasion of our second visit. This is really pitiable. Should age —should religion, be at the call of curiosity and youth? but the curiosity was not irreverent—and, rude as the exercise of the Dervises undoubtedly was, it was civilization when compared with the brutal flagellations we had witnessed at Rome. The gestures of the Dervises do but prove the strength of internal religion, and may be compared to the fertile and extravagant motions made by the dumb to express their thoughts. To those who speak, such notions seem absurd; but still they prove that the dumb have thoughts to express.

The interior of the mosque is not very striking: the roof is flat. At the farther end is a recess, and

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along the upper part of the floor a carpet is spread. Here the wealthy come to pray; the poorer put up their orisons from the stone floor behind.

To the right of the harem is the garden of the palace, which communicates with the harem by a small door covered with iron.

The valley of Batchiserai, which has a rock on one side, and on the other a steep acclivity, is open at the entrance, but gets narrower towards the palace end, so as to leave room only for the palace and its gardens, which latter are partly on the rise. By the end of the town the rocks appear on both sides. This is perhaps the most beautiful spot in the Crimea, with the minarets, the poplars, the rocks, and the villages of white houses, also the strange diversity of costume among the inhabitants. Batchiserai wants but a river running through its valley to render it one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. As it is, it strikes the stranger most forcibly. It is a new world; and from the circumstance that its inhabitants are under a Christian power, the traveller has an opportunity of examining, by which it were well that he should profit. The Tartars are subdued, but the remembrance of their antient connexion with the Porte, and their religious identity, still remain. The time will come, and has nearly arrived, when their new masters will model them according to their own forms, and antient manners must fall into disuse.

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The life of the Tartar would appear to leave him nothing to desire. True, he is indolent and poor; but his wishes are as limited as his means. He gathers the fruit that falls beside him, and, sitting on the roof of his house, under the shade of the old walnut tree which sheltered his father's father, tastes all the mild gladness of repose. The Russians exclaim against the laziness of the Tartars: but wherefore should they work? They are the happiest peasantry possible without it, and are naturally unwilling to sink into common labourers. In passing through a country, one cannot, however, know much of the internal management of their domestic affairs, nor how their time is spent; and, not understanding their language, we may mistake the appearance of happiness for its reality. Certainly, what delights the traveller is to them indifferent; and as the Swiss seldom look on their mountains, except as the cause of so many hours' labour in driving up their cattle,—as the Roman passes the ruins of the eternal city unheedingly,—so the Tartar looks with indifference on the cloudy heights of Tscheterdag, the beauties of Yoursouf, the wonders of Aloupka, the classic soil of Chersonnesus, and the minarets of Batchiserai; custom having familiarised his eye with the objects which fill the stranger with admiration and delight. In this way we might reason for ever, and arrive at no conclusion but this—that man is never permanently miserable. He struggles with

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events, and when unable to control them, adapts himself to their course. He does not attain what he wishes, but what he can. He is, therefore, always as happy as he can be; and as nature balances her favours—giving to one a clearer climate, to another a freer spirit; to one a good government, to another a good religion; to one freedom from plague, to another, skill to defeat disease,—Providence is, in the end, vindicated; and all are found, if not in the same scale of rational being, at least with equal means of happiness.

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## CHAPTER VII.

**Symferapol—Complaints against the inaccuracy of English Travellers—Locusts—Superstition for exterminating them—Disregard of the Russians for Antiquities found in the Crimea—Punishment of the Knout—Russian Officer—Dress of the Russian Peasantry—Route to Nicolaef—Admiral Greig—Clarke—Lyall—Odessa—Abuses at the Passport Office—Effect of Count Pahlen's Interference—Departure for Constantinople.**

On Wednesday morning we started for Symferapol, at eight o'clock, and travelled the thirty versts in two hours and a quarter. The Sultan Katti Gherri we found at home. We dined at

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Mad. Narizkin's, the lady of the governor, and daughter of Rostopchin, who was governor-general of Moscow at the time of Napoleon's invasion in 1812. During the conversation at dinner, and in the evening, there were numerous complaints against English travellers for misrepresenting the Russians.

Locusts, which are the curse of the Crimea, are of two kinds, the yellow, or common locust, and the black, which latter are by far the most destructive. They alight in swarms on the fields, and in an hour all verdure is gone. They follow the wind, and when young, fly very low, or rather leap as the grasshoppers; the older fly high. Moving slowly on, they make a broad tract of desert wherever they go. When they meet with a river they pass it, over the foremost, which are drowned; and thus the streams become polluted, so that the water cannot be drunk by cattle. From fear of this pollution, the wells of houses are frequently shut up. These devastating insects multiply exceedingly. They lay their eggs in the earth, where they remain till next year, when myriads of a kind of black worm come out. The superstition of the Tartars induced them to procure Dervises from Asia Minor, because the locusts come from Asia. These Dervises prayed around the mosques, and as a charm, ordered water to be hung out on the minarets, which, with the prayers, were meant to entice a species of blackbird to come in multitudes

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and eat the locusts in the Crimea. The water thus hung out is still preserved in the mosques. On this occasion, the Dervises collected eighty thousand rubles, the poorest shepherd giving half a ruble.

We dined with the Sultan, who shewed us a relief of a Scythian warrior on horseback, rudely executed. Near it was an inscription, in which mention is made of King Scelerius. This was found, by the Sultan, at a mile from Symferapol. He supposes a neighbouring hill to have been the position of the third fortress of Scelerius. There are many ruins of great antiquity and interest, but for which the Russians evince but slight regard, employing reliefs and stones with inscriptions for repairing the roads. The Sultan, to convince us of this, took up a portion of the road, and, pointing to the stones, said "There they lie." Can anything more barbarous be conceived?

On our road to Symferapol, we had stopped at a post-house to lunch, and while we were there, a Russian captain drove up in his kabidka, and, entering the house, called for a glass of spirits: but the landlord was nowhere to be found. In vain he sent the boy in search of him; nor were the captain's oaths and scoldings of any avail. At length, his horses having been changed, he entered his carriage, and proceeded on his journey. The instant he was out of sight the landlord appeared, and, on our expressing surprise at his concealing himself,

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our interpreter told us that, had the captain received his spirits, they would not have been paid for.

On Thursday morning a crowd collected in the market-place. Observing a black flag, and concluding that something unusual was about to take place, we walked towards the assembled multitude, and found them witnessing the infliction of the punishment of the knout on ten or twelve prisoners, who, in endeavouring to escape from prison, had murdered the priest, and killed several of the guard who had opposed them. Three of them had already suffered the punishment when we arrived, and the fourth was undergoing it. A large circle had been formed by the military, who, with bayonets fixed, and presented towards the centre, formed a guard upon the prisoners, and kept the crowd at a distance. The criminal was fixed on a sloping plank, on one side of which were two large rings, to which his arms were fastened, the top having a large notch to admit of his neck, which was strapped down. His legs were also fastened at the ancles, and his shirt stripped off, leaving his back bared down to the waist. In this condition, he received the infliction of forty stripes by the knout, a sort of scourge, which is about two feet and a half long in the handle, and having a heavy lash about the same length as the handle, at the end of which, again, is fixed a thong of white leather. The executioner, taking his whip in his hand, and measuring

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his distance, walked away about eight or ten paces, and returned and struck the blow. Thus a space of about twenty seconds elapsed between each blow. So severe was the punishment, that, ere the forty stripes had been inflicted, the head of the criminal fell on his shoulder, and he was removed from the post in a senseless state. During the infliction of his sentence, curiosity induced us to approach that part of the circle where those who still awaited a similar infliction were standing. The horror depicted in their countenances, by the anticipation of impending torture, was a manifest aggravation of their punishment—if possible, even worse than the actual suffering. By the wild and despairing exclamations which, from time to time, escaped them, we were fully able to judge of the dreadful mental torture to which they were reduced. One of them wished for a knife, that he might put a period to his agony. As soon as the man was removed who had received the allotted number of stripes, another was brought forward, who very reluctantly prepared, in which he was assisted with much more effect by the executioner, who tore off his shirt, forced him on the plank, thrust him down, and, having bound him, proceeded to execute the sentence. Nothing can be conceived more barbarous and inhuman than the appearance of the executioner. His bald head and long matted locks falling on his shoulders, his large black mustachios, his glaring eyes and

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ghastly visage, added, if possible, to the horror and disgust with which the scene inspired us. The screams of the sufferer, at the repetition of each blow—his agonized writhing, the sweat streaming down his forehead, and the blood gushing from his back, rendered the scene too repulsive to be any longer witnessed, and we quitted the spot. Although this punishment may be deemed barbarous, yet, upon reflection, it may be thought more adapted, than that of hanging, to the accomplishment of the object proposed by both. As regards the suffering of the criminal, the former is certainly the severer punishment; and, on his recovery, which takes place in a few days, he has a chance of reforming his life, of which he is the more likely to take advantage, from the recollection of his past suffering. Its effect upon criminals before they undergo it, is, as we have stated, still greater, if possible, than the actual infliction; and the warning, which it gives to the spectators, seemed to make an impression which, as is well known, is rarely produced by an Old Bailey execution. We were told that, as soon as these criminals should recover from the effects of their punishment, they would be sent to work, for the remainder of their lives, in the mines of Siberia. The rest of the day was employed in taking leave of our hospitable friends, and on the following morning, we quitted Symferapol.

The dress of the Russian peasant is generally a



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black sheep-skin cap, covering his long lank hair, which is cropped round the bottom of his ears; a blue or pink checked shirt hanging over his trowsers, which are tucked into his boots; the shirt fastened round his waist by a sash, over which is his outer garment, consisting of a sheep-skin souba, or pelisse, the wool turned inwards. The women wear a similar upper clothing: their head dress is a handkerchief.

After the customary payments at the police office, we got new passports written, and left Symferapol, in doing which, the excursion to the Crimea seemed concluded—a flat desert, without anything to awaken memory or reflection, being all that now remained. With much regret, we felt that this interesting country was left behind us, probably for ever. We had found the scenery as beautiful, and the manners of the old natives as peculiar as we had anticipated. We had been treated with the greatest hospitality; and now, in turning away for ever, we experienced that depth of melancholy accompanying the thought that all the qualities and sympathies which had just been known and awakened were now no more than remembrances of a vision irrecoverably passed away.

The desert now spread its wide and extended horizon around. Symferapol disappeared; the blue and cloudy mountains sank away; while, for a time, the broad Tscheterdag, with his long line of

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attendant hills on either side, looked over the increasing waste. The bustard walked amid his native wilds; flocks of larks were seen from time to time; and long lines of waggons, drawn by cattle, horses, or camels. Occasionally we met with wells of great depth, from which the water is drawn up by fastening a rope to the horse, who runs from the well. We slept at the third post-house, sixty-five versts from Symferapol. Having travelled all the following day, we put up at the nearest post to Vecliska. The stove had been heated that day, so that sleeping was out of the question. The bed as usual was of straw, with the superfluity of a cloak, in a house hot almost to suffocation. At five the following morning, we set out for Cherson, where we arrived at twelve, and found the market-place thronged with purchasers of melons and cabbages, the latter being in great request for making the common national soup. On Monday we reached Nicolaef, and waited on Admiral Greig, who was indisposed, but sent his aid-de-camp, Mr. Romanzoff, who shewed us the place. 1st. The dépôt des chartes—a small museum—one large Greek tors and legs—some capitals—a bas-relief—small statues, heads, &c., with a considerable number of medals, found either in the neighbourhood, or in the Crimea. 2nd. The Observatory, which was in an unfinished state. 3rd. The dock-yard, where two ships of eighty guns were building, and one frigate. The



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vessels are now generally built on Sir Robert Seppings' plan.

Clarke's book was again spoken of, when a gentleman observed, that he, Clarke, had run through the country, and given a caricature. Of Lyall's book it was said that its fault was the having spoken the truth too plainly. Mr. Romanzoff, who is commander of the admiral's yacht, took us over it, and we afterwards accompanied him to his house, where we spent the evening.

On Tuesday, at half past three, we set off for Odessa, where we arrived at four P. M.

On Wednesday we resolved on proceeding to Constantinople, but were obliged to dance attendance during all Thursday and Friday at the office for our passports. Having, however, received on Friday, by post, a letter, inclosing one for Count Pahlen, the governor, we called on him on Saturday morning, to whom we explained the difficulty and delay in the affair of our passports. The result was a wonderful expedition on the part of the official gentlemen, who, notwithstanding all the egregious lies which they had found it fitting to tell, had our passports actually in the office, and produced them as soon as the count's secretary interfered. The office is in the house of the governor; we had been in it ten minutes before, when these persons denied having the passports. They were beneath a great many other papers, and consequently could hardly have come

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during our absence. Yet thus were we and the servant kept driving about three days for what, as we afterwards learned, would have been at our service on the first application, had we paid down twenty rubles. After a further delay of some days, owing to the foul winds, we sailed on Wednesday, at mid-day.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Entering the Bosphorus—First View of Constantinople—Its outward Magnificence and internal Misery—News of the Battle of Navarino—Alarm of the Franks—Turkish Forbearance—Views of Constantinople—Turkish Costume.

On the 29th of October, we arrived in sight of Turkey, off the Asiatic Coast: but contrary winds kept us back. On the next day, however, at twelve, a north wind sprang up, and we entered the Bosphorus, which is about the width of the Thames. Mountains rising on each bank—hanging gardens, and the ruins of antient castles on their sides—the beautiful line of villages at their base—the minarets of the mosques intermixed with the poplar, the cypress, the fir-tree, and the vine—the costumes of the people—the caiques, or pleasure boats, skimming the water—our ship, followed by twenty or thirty vessels, their white sails forming a fine contrast with the blue mountains, from behind

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which they seemed to issue at every winding of the straits, continued incessantly to occupy our attention for three hours, till the Mohammedan capital burst into view. The Seraglio on the point, with its white domes, gilded, glittering minarets, dark cypress trees, and light tracery work: on one side Scutari, on the other Topana, Galata, and Pera, rising like amphitheatres from the waves, their bases lined with the shipping of all nations; and beyond the palace, the sea of Marmora, with its islands, and Mount Olympus filling up the distance, formed the finest view in the world."

How painfully disappointing is the interior of this city, which seems to rise magically from the waters. Like the painted sepulchre, it is fair and beautiful without, but within the very sink of filth and wretchedness. The streets, if they may be so called, dirtier than the worst part of St. Giles's, Bermondsey, or Blackwall—more winding and narrow than Crooked-lane—full of half-starved and mangy dogs: and the lower orders of Greeks and Turks, diseased, and swarming with vermin, wandering about like so many walking dunghills,—are appearances which render the interior as disgusting as the exterior is pleasing and delightful. The stranger's attention is, however, soon called from such subjects, to reflect on the novelty of the scene, the difference among the people, their religion, costume, &c. The temple of the Christian and the mosque of the Mohammedan stand

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side by side: the voice of the Mullah, from the gallery of the minaret, is answered by the sound of the bell from the steeple of the church:—the followers of Christ and those of the Prophet worship on the same ground, while the synagogue of the disbeliever in both rises into view, and mingles with the Crescent and the Cross. The Frank and the African, the Persian and the Greek, the Tartar and the Turk, streaming through the streets, make, by the variety of their dresses, a moving rainbow, and the confusion of their languages rivals Babel itself. Such are the sights and sounds that greet the traveller on his arrival at this antient capital.

On going ashore, we delivered our letters to Mr. Wright, and established ourselves in the Casa Juisappino, which is considered to be the best. We had also letters for Mr. Cartwright, the consul, and for Mr. Scarlett. With the former of these gentlemen we dined, and met a numerous party, all full of the probabilities of war or peace between the Allies and the Porte. On Thursday, the 1st of November, rumours of the Battle of Navarino began to spread, to the effect that the whole of the Turko-Egyptian fleet of one hundred and twenty vessels was destroyed, that the French admiral was wounded, and the English admiral's nephew killed, and that two English seventy-fours had been sunk. The news had arrived on Wednesday evening, and was now known all over Constanti-

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nople. The Turks appeared on this occasion calm and downcast; the streets continued quiet, and the Franks walked about, as usual, unmolested. On going down, however, to the vessel by which we had arrived, we found the crew in great alarm; the mate said to us, when we had descended to the cabin, "Well, it's all up with us now; the vessels are all stopped." He seemed in a state of much anxiety, the firmans having been refused to six English vessels lying in the harbour. The firman for the Comet had passed the Porte, but she was nevertheless stopped at the custom-house, and lay out in the middle of the harbour ready to sail. The embargo was understood to extend to Russian and French, as well as to Ionian and Maltese vessels. We rowed up the harbour, and had a fine view of the town. A little above the arsenal is the palace of the Captain Pacha, and on a level with the water is his divan, or court. The arsenal runs along the right of the harbour on entering. Ships of all sizes go up to it. Six large vessels were lying along side of each other, four of them seventy-fours, the two others large three deckers; also two frigates, which looked very old and unfit for service. Near these were eight or ten incredibly small brigs, like boats, perhaps of fifteen or twenty tons, taken from the Greeks. By their appearance they might have belonged to the land of Lilliput, or been models for a museum. This sort of skiff is frequently employed by the

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Greeks. In the arsenal are about twenty wood and other stores, ranged along the side of the harbour. The establishment on the whole seems insignificant, as compared with the European dock-yards.

On our return, we heard nothing new on the Navarino business, excepting that the Porte refused to receive or acknowledge any report of the affair till they had received the intelligence from their own officers. The dragomans had been sent for by the Porte, and were asked if the news of the battle was well founded; they replied, that it was so, and that the ambassadors hoped that measures would in future be so arranged as to prevent a recurrence of such an event. In the evening we met at Mr. Cartwright's, where the conversation flagged, every one appearing to think the moment rather a critical one. The palace of the English embassy adjoins Mr. Cartwright's house, and we could hear the bells ringing on the arrival of the ambassadors. The ball to be given the following day at the French embassy was put off *sine die*—which was looked on as good taste—for, however signal the overthrow of the Turks, and the victory gained by the allies, every one considered the affair as most calamitous. It was rather a singular fact, that, during the negotiations in favour of the Greeks, we never met with any one who attempted to defend the principle on which the allies thought fit to proceed. Mr.

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C——— said, "Having got into a bad business, we must go through with it;"—and Mr. Wright observed, "Had we justice on our side, there were no occasion for alarm." From the time of the treaty at Vienna to the disaster at Navarino, we met not one to advocate the proceedings of the allies, though, in the interval, we had been among French, Austrians, Poles, Russians, and English. England had long observed the strictest neutrality on the subject of the Turks and Greeks, and all men argued thus:—If England has not interfered for the Greeks while their cause was prosperous, while they had armies and fortresses, and when they had almost achieved their freedom — she surely cannot now interfere when the tide has turned decidedly in favour of the Turks, and when, in general opinion, the rebellion is all but crushed. What circumstances are existing now that did not exist before, save those which are adverse to the Greeks? The question of neutrality seemed decided, for it was thought that England could not depart from it, unless under the same circumstances that led to her recognition of the South American States, namely, the plain and substantial possession of the country by the revolted, the utter discomfiture of all enemies, and the peaceful exercise of the functions of regular government. The law of nature and of nations is on no point more evident than on this—that, whatever be the origin of communities, when once their separate

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existence and rights are recognised and sanctioned by time, by possession, or by treaty, each and all of them ought to be respected. On this the peace of mankind essentially depends; and the same rule regulates private property by all systems of civil law, so much so, that even an unjust possession becomes, by prescription, a right of property.

On the morning of Saturday, as we were going along the street, we heard a church organ. We entered, and found the priests celebrating mass, it being one of their festival days—that of "All Saints." Candles were burning, and the church was crowded with Greeks and Greek monks, in an almost Turkish dress,—while, from the gratings round the upper part of the building, women were looking on the scene. Surely, under the circumstances then existing, no stronger proof could have been afforded of the toleration of the Turkish government, than the fact, that, with such an event as the butchery of Navarino fresh upon their minds, they should have left the Christian Greeks to celebrate the rites of their religion without the slightest interruption.

On Sunday the 4th, the streets were perfectly quiet. We took a caique, and went to the Acqua Dolce at the head of the harbour. The sail was delightful. We observed that one of the ships of the line had been taken out, and that in another of the vessels the upper masts had been added

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since the day before. This, like the embargo, naturally resulted from the Navarino news; but whether it was meant to imply an intention to hold out, or was merely a demonstration, we could not then determine.

Near the point, where the harbour turns to the right, are two beautiful palaces. On the left the old walls are visible, and in one part a mosque appears built on them. There is a mosque in the palace to the right, which palace is a very large square, is low, with two stories, painted window-sides, and projecting roof. On each of the three sides seen, is a projecting portico. In front are a number of small brass cannons. On a height, fronting the harbour, is a burial ground. As we sailed up we got into a valley, and the bay became a slow stream, on the banks of which we saw a curious group sitting smoking together under a tree—an Armenian, a Jew, and a Turk—that is, a christian, an infidel, and a pagan.

The palace at Acqua Dolce is situated a little way up the stream, among fine trees and beautiful meadow ground. It is not large. We got out of the boat, and walked among a number of Turks, who were sitting smoking under the trees. On returning to the bridge we found the boatmen, in their turbans, smoking at a sort of café, kept by the guard. We took pipes and coffee. The officer of the guard remembered our guide, who had been dragoman to a physician who visited the

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palace. Nicolo, on being asked by him concerning us, said, we were Germans. "They are fine people," was the reply—"not like the French and English." Our old Turk who, with his son, was comfortably seated, and would, no doubt, have willingly enjoyed his pipe, cheerfully came away when requested. Our boat was at some distance, and one of the soldiers came and assisted us in getting it to the bank—giving us many hearty thanks for some twenty paras, which we left him.

We returned rather late, and at our hotel met a foreign messenger, Mr. S——, who had arrived from London. He told us that the report was, that the Sultan had sent a message to the ambassadors to the effect that they should take no further step, and that Austria was mediating—otherwise, that an impression existed of war being inevitable, though upon what such impression was founded he professed himself unable to discover.

On the following morning, when going out, we met a Turkish officer with two attendants behind him, one of the latter carrying a scimitar. He stopped at a baker's shop, and we saw him take up a loaf which, after examining it, he replaced, and passed on. The ancient rule is, that if this officer find the bread deficient in the quality or weight prescribed by the law, he orders the baker out upon the spot, and the second attendant

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executes judgment on him. The more moderate and usual practice now is, to inflict a certain number of blows on the offender.

We witnessed the military exercise of the troops in front of the barracks beyond Campo di Morte. A regiment of infantry marched with a band at their head, playing the huntsman's chorus in Der Freischutz. The soldiers were young-looking men. Ten or twelve artillery pieces were on the plain, and behind each a company of twelve or fifteen horse. The men went through the exercise. The soldiers at length went into their barracks, which is a very large building, finely situated. While we were preparing to go to the Turkish quarter, the Captain Pacha passed, attended by eight or ten people, himself on horseback, the rest on foot. He had on a very dark green dress, and white turban. His beard was long and black; his face pale, broad, marked with the small-pox, and of a most grave expression.

The streets we found very crowded, they being extremely narrow. On each side, they have narrow footpaths,—the whole ill-paved with round stones. The houses are generally of wood, and of two small stories, the upper projecting as far over as the footway. Passing the palace of the grand vizier, we went up to St. Sophia, and after some time came to the Hippodrome. Here we found the soldiers firing in exercise. Shortly, however, the firing having ceased, and the smoke

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subsided, the two obelisks, and the famous brazen column, which supported the tripod at Delphi, came into view. The troops, about two hundred or two hundred and fifty in number, marched well, with a band before them, headed by a drum-major, who brandished his bâton with the usual air. After turning, they took up a position, and resumed firing. They kept up a running fire, and then marched again, &c. &c. On the left of the Hippodrome were a number of grandees, but the Sultan was not there, nor had he attended the exercise at Galata. Our appearance excited no particular attention;—a few turned round and looked at us, but no one with an evil eye, nor did any speak to us. We then continued our way, and came to the pillar of Justinian, which is of porphyry, bound with wreaths, &c. We passed the different mosques, and went through one bazaar. Wishing to see the walls, we got near the gate, when the guard, next but one to the gate, said to our servant, "Dog, son of a dog, Italian, whither are you going?" We went on without noticing this salutation, but the guard at the gate not only put the same sort of question, but said we could not pass. Nicolo then told him that we were two physicians, going to visit a lady very dangerously ill. "Go," rejoined the guard, "and may Allah be with you." The walls are double; and outside are vast fields of tombs. We proceeded down the hollow to the right, fol-

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lowing the line of the wall, which is in bad repair, though not ruinous, except at top. As a proof of the philosophy with which the Turks had received the news of the Navarino defeat, it may be noticed that we had traversed the very heart of the city without exciting remark or notice of any kind. A Turk in England under similar circumstances, that is, the fifth day after intelligence had arrived of the burning and sinking of the whole British navy, would have evinced his wisdom by shutting himself up as closely as possible from the view of a populace more easily excited. Towards the suburbs of Constantinople, the feelings, not indeed of the people, but of the soldiers of the guard, did in some degree shew themselves. On our entering by another gate no notice was taken of us; but on passing the second, language similar to that already quoted was made use of. Though within the walls, we were still in the suburbs, where the people are not much accustomed to see Franks, especially on horseback. Passing the mosque of Bajazet, we saw a number of people performing ablution, along a range of fifteen or twenty fountains, by the wall of the mosque. On our return to Galata we ascended the tower. From the guard-room, which is surrounded by a framing of windows, the best panoramic view of Constantinople is obtained. Nothing can be finer than this view, which takes in the point of the Seraglio—the distant moun-



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tains of Olympus, enveloped in mist and clouds—the sweep of the city filling the ascent from the harbour—the principal mosques on the hills, with their minarets, and the smaller mosques and minarets in every direction—the arsenal, ships, &c.—the palace and divan of the Captain Pacha—the harbour turning to the right, and lost behind the suburbs—then the burial ground below, with cypress trees—the Pera, with the English palace at the top—Galata—the barracks—the Bosphorus, with the villages along its shores—Scutari, its mosques, and the hills behind it. The novel, picturesque, and extensive character of this view is indescribable.

We were presented with pipes and coffee by the guard, and remained for nearly an hour enjoying the splendid panorama before us.

On Tuesday, after dinner, we walked in the Campetto with a view of Constantinople at sunset. The minarets, projected on the gold line below a range of thick clouds, seemed so many pillars supporting that dark entablature. The gilded domes began to fade, and darkness to overspread the whole scene, amidst a silence interrupted only by the rolling of drums beating the retreat, and the howling of dogs throughout the city.

We called on Mr. S——, who undertook to speak for Austrian or Dutch passports for us, Austria and Holland being on friendly terms with the Porte. The Turks were represented as being

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a prudent people, but the Sultan as a fanatic, subject to ebullitions of fury, and decidedly for war. Many troops were constantly going up to the Dardanelles, and the fleet in the harbour was ordered to be in readiness. The Seraskier Pacha was said to be for peace, though the Sultan continued inexorable. The Seraskier, the Reis Effendi, and the Mufti, were understood to have been deputed by the Sultan to meet the three ambassadors, with power to decide on peace and war. Another rumour prevailed that this power had been confided to the Mufti singly. The war party doubted the good faith of the Christians, saying, "If we consent to this, they will take more." Some of the divan were reported to have spoken their minds pretty freely to the Sultan, so much so, that a gentleman, long resident in Constantinople, observed to us that he should not be surprised to hear of the Sultan's death, the conflict of parties was so high. The merchants, generally, were employed in packing up their moveables, and placing them under protection of Austrian or other neutral powers. On the 8th we went down to see the captain of the Harby, and found the crew much alarmed, and, as the mate expressed it, in hourly fear of their lives. An Englishman, whom we met with the captain, gave it as his opinion that the Sultan was afraid of the Janissaries, many of whom are still in Asia. Others said that he was awaiting news from the Morea, and that if he found that Ibrahim Pacha,



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who, as head both of the army and navy, commanded at the battle of Navarino, was killed, war would be declared. A very general opinion, however, prevailed, that the Turks would yield, though slowly, in order to save their pride. We were told, at the ship, that an English sailor had nearly fallen a victim to his folly. He went ashore drunk, and meeting two Turks, went up to them, staggering, sparring, and damning their eyes for Turks, adding that he would shew them 'what was what.' An Italian, however, interfered, and saved him from the probable and well deserved consequences of his insolence.

It was the opinion of an English gentleman, long resident at Constantinople, that if the war should break out the Turks might set fire to the Pera.

Arms were placed in the hands of all the officers in the service of government, and there was a talk of the Turks throwing a chain across the Hellespont. Mr. S——— called on us in the afternoon on the subject of our passports, and said, "You had better wait for some days, and if there be danger of English vessels being detained, we will make out passports—Mr. Canning thinks that Dutch will be the best."

The Turks are not fond of allowing people to draw or sketch, and are in fact very particular as to this.—They eat with their fingers—for instance, one takes a fowl, tears off a leg or a wing, and

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offers it to his neighbour. Dishes of flesh are served in small bits in one large dish, into which each thrusts his fingers, and takes out his mess in rotation. The wealthy eat of twenty dishes, and only a mouthful of each. They take two meals a day—one at ten, and the other at six, or thereabouts. They are very careful to wash their hands before eating.

As to dress, that of the men is always the same; but the women are subject to the dominion of fashion. The changes are chiefly in the head-dress. They never wear stockings, but have trowsers, which are tied below the knee, and double down, so as only to shew the point of the foot. Their hair is plaited, and hangs down the back.

The erudition of the Turks is such, that after a long search we found a bookseller, who is said to be the only one in Constantinople. He has a small collection of French and Italian works, with some English.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Excursion to Pirgos—Aqueduct of Andronicus—Pirgos—Sabbath Rejoicings—Return to Constantinople—Site of Ancient Chalcedon—Bazaar—Sultan returning from the Mosque—Turkish Coffee Houses—Great Cemetery—Dogs—Opinion of the British Ambassador concerning the Sultan's intention on first hearing of the Navarino Victory.

On Sunday the 11th we rode out to Pirgos, passing over the height in front of the barracks, whence we had a view of Constantinople, the sea of Marmora, with islands, Scutari, mosques, barracks, Pera, &c. We rode by the palace, near Acqua Dolce, and on through a bleak uncultivated desert, a part of which on the side of a small river, is rich meadow land, but untilled. We saw numbers of vultures, jays, and a heron, &c. At length we came to the aqueduct of Andronicus. It has two stories of arches, four main arches in each, and between and beyond these,

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sets of smaller ones, ranged on three stories. The whole is in good repair, and still used. Along the top is a channel, about two feet wide and five deep. About three feet depth of water is running with considerable quickness. At the foundation the aqueduct is nearly twenty-five feet thick; its height may be eighty feet, and its length at top four hundred feet. It is built of hewn stones, which, near the foundation, are rather large. Further on is a round cistern, some forty feet in diameter.

The aqueduct of Pirgos has two ranges of arches, in the Turkish style. Pirgos is a large village, of from three to four hundred houses. Being Sunday, it was a festival day, and the festivities at the public house were very numerously attended. This house was a dark, mud-floored, hovel-looking structure, at the entrance of which stood a man dealing out wine, as fast as possible. Behind him, and raised above the rest, sat a person playing a bagpipe, something like the Scotch, and making a drone more hideous than that produced by the most unpractised vagabond in Scotland. Many talkers, gamblers, singers, and drinkers were dispersed throughout the large and gloomy hall. The outside was no less crowded. Here, preceded by several fellows brandishing sticks, and making uncouth gestures, came a young piper with his head shaven in front, and wearing a little red Turkish cap, who blew with all the energy of drunk-

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enness. He staggered up to the door, where a tankard of wine was presented to him, which having tasted, he passed on, fully illustrating the saying of "drunk as a piper." We went to the church, which has four small antient pillars at each door. The floor is marble, and the paintings in the Greek style. We saw a little child with a twelve-piastres piece fastened to its hair,—a common practice, to keep the *evil eye* off the infant.

On returning to the tavern, we found that the people had made considerable advances in festivity. Before the door sat a numerous group, singing, and with a purpling tinge upon their visages. Near them, though not of the party, was the priest, sitting with some others. He, with two of the four great men of the village, came to us. The people continued drinking furiously, some sitting and singing to themselves in solitary glory. At length two rose up to dance, an amusement which they performed after a strange, though by no means arduous, fashion. They held up their hands, and, beyond this, scarcely moved either head, hands, or feet. The bystanders, in order to support this violent exertion, supplied them from time to time with wine, which they drank off with much readiness. One of them now became so drunk that he could drink no more, but had recourse to an ingenious refinement in debauchery, by washing his hands in wine. The dancing gradually became a more active affair—they threw off their turbans, and

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clapping their hands, moved slowly and bent—nay, sometimes they proceeded so far as to lift a leg, which feat was accompanied with a peculiar grimace. The priest sat looking on all the while, and appeared too easy a soul to care much for those of others. We asked him and some others what was thought of the recent affair at Navarino, but they were for the greater part entirely ignorant of any such occurrence. The devotions just described are punctually performed every Sunday at Pirgos.—On our return, not far from the village, we saw another aqueduct, having three ranges of arches, with four arches on the first, though there was space for six; on the second, twelve arches, and on the third, in the whole line, thirty-three, of which twenty-one are in the line of the lower arches, the remainder forming an obtuse angle, bent towards the east. The aqueduct is of hewn stone, of a fine structure, and quite simple in its plan. We passed over some bleak hills, and descended to the valley of the village of Acqua Dolce. The park before the Sultan's palace is very fine, adorned with trees, elms, and cypresses. On ascending the hill, we again saw Constantinople, where every thing appeared in perfect tranquillity.

About nine in the evening there was an alarm of fire: the great kettle-drum in the tower of Galata was beat, and all people were on their house-tops in an instant, not knowing but the fire might be near themselves. Watchmen were pa-

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trolling the streets below, to warn the inhabitants, which they did by beating on the stones with a stick pointed with iron, at the same time exclaiming, "fire! fire!" in such or such a place. The inhabitants are bound to run to the assistance of those in danger. On the present occasion the fire was on the other side of the harbour, and near the Seven Towers. It was soon got under.

On Monday the report was that the Sultan had offered an armistice for six months, which being refused on the part of the ambassadors, the latter were likely to leave. Firmans were, however, expected for the Austrians and other neutral vessels.

On Tuesday we went over to Scutari, and, after passing through the town, ascended a hill about two miles beyond it, from which we had a view of the Bosphorus, some miles above Buyukdere. The view of Constantinople from this hill is complete. The barracks of Scutari were unfinished: they had three stories, white, and with towers at the corners. There are two other barracks, similar to this, very large, and one smaller between them. Near it is a mosque, into which travellers were formerly allowed to enter. Down near the sea-side, in the town, is another mosque, with very handsome minarets, and a double balcony.—Returning, we went up Leander's tower. It is square, with a peaked roof, and situated on a rock. In a small dome adjoining is a lighthouse, having only an oil lamp, with but few wicks, and no reflectors.

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We went on board the Harby, and found the people in a great fright, they having understood that English ships were to be placed under Dutch protection, or the crews to be made prisoners, or worse.

On Wednesday, the 14th, we heard at Mr. Wright's that firmans were expected; and afterwards met Mr. Scarlett, who told us that things began to look better, and that firmans for English vessels were confidently expected that day.

We visited the site of ancient Chalcedon, and walked over it. Near the river which goes into the bay, sate a party of Turkish women, veiled, and smoking, under a large tree. Walking along the bay, we saw the wreck of a vessel, in which, two days before, eighteen souls had perished. The fragments of the vessel lay scattered on the beach—as the helm, planks, part of the keel, the pump, masts, ropes, bucket, &c.—We came to a small peninsula, on which is a lighthouse. In front, is a ruin below the level of the ground, viz., the foundations of a building, two hundred feet by one hundred; i. e. paces sixty-six by thirty-two. They may be fifteen feet down, and the earth on the outside nearly on a level with the walls. On the east the wall is interlaced with layers of brick, in the Roman style—the other sides not. The walls are very massive. On the beach, nearer the peninsula, and where now is a small Turkish burying-ground, are the massive foundations of some antient structure,

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washed and partly covered by the sea. They are partly stone, and partly brick. At some distance, the foundations of a pier are still seen from point to point above the sea, stretching a long way inwards. At the entrance of the peninsula is a coffee-house. Here a mat was spread under one of the large old trees, and pipes with coffee brought to us.

On Thursday, the 15th, the news was not so favourable. The English ambassador had hired a vessel, which was kept in readiness to go. His departure was not, however, certain; and it was understood that not the embassy, but only his private secretary would accompany him. Some supposed that he was going to meet the admirals at the Dardanelles, on some important business. Others again affirmed, that the Turks had a personal antipathy to him, and that he was about to leave in order that the treaty might be negotiated. Mr. Parish was mentioned as the chargé d'affaires.

On Friday, the 10th, we went through the bazaars in Constantinople. They are long covered passages, communicating with each other in all directions and manners; the roofs commonly gothic arches, painted at intervals with red, green, white, &c. Booths are ranged along each side, occupied by jewellers, clothiers, dress-makers, &c., each trade in a set, apart from the others. We returned to see the Sultan go to the mosque. He

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went from his summer palace, a little way up the Bosphorus, to the mosque at Scutari. His barge is very long, with a gilded peak, in shape like the beak of a swordfish. It is rowed by eight or ten pair of oars, has a scarlet awning at the stern, and a scarlet cushion. Another boat, of a nearly similar description, accompanied it. The crowd was very great. We got into the shop of a Greek, rather against his will, in order to see the Sultan returning from prayers. In the shop were two children, one about four, the other six. A Turkish woman offered the younger some bread or cake, which he, quite delighted, was putting out his hand to receive, when the elder said to him, in Greek, "What! will you take it from a dirty Turk?" or words still worse; whereat the child drew back his hand. Such is the stubborn hatred between these nations. The Turkish women spoke several times to us; and, indeed, we observed nothing like ill-will towards the Franks. One of these women seeing us take off our hats as the procession passed, was much amused at such a mode of testifying respect, and soon after begged us to put them on again. When the procession had passed, they inquired whether we had seen the Sultan, and if we had been pleased: but no persuasion of ours could convince them of the truth of our reply to the latter interrogatory, that we had been pleased with the sight of him.

The procession was truly magnificent. It is,

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however, too widely extended, so that one part is divided from the other by several hundred yards. It may be properly called the passing of several cavalcades, in much the following order:—A few Bostangis; four servants on horseback; a man carrying a cushion; a second carrying a golden ewer. This made the first part.

Some distance after, followed a cavalcade of superior officers, richly clad in furs, silks, &c. &c.; their horses superbly caparisoned, and with embroidered housings. These officers wore long feathers in their turbans. Before them were four or five horses, belonging to the Sultan.

The third division consisted of fifty or sixty Bostangis, all in red: then two lines of soldiers, in green, with immense fans. In the centre, between the two lines, was the Sultan, robed in yellow, with blackish fur. His countenance is not expressive. The eyes and beard are black, and his look serious. His face may be called that of a man who can be anything—it being one of those which, either unmeaning or impenetrable, leave no distinct recollection on the mind of the beholder. Behind him rode the Kislar Aga, a black eunuch, and head of that sable body. He is a singular ugly monster, remarkably richly dressed, with three or four black fellows in his train. Then came the court poet, after whom a variety of odds and ends, who closed the procession.

The people saluted the Sultan by bowing slowly,

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and making a motion as he passed, which his Sublimity never acknowledges, that being part of the duty of the Kislar Aga, who salutes instead of his master. The streets were excessively crowded with soldiers, and with spectators, chiefly women. In a few minutes, the guns fired as a signal that the Sultan had embarked. It being now too late to return to Pera, to see the Dervises, we went on through Scutari to the great cemetery. In crossing, we had seen a boat, carrying a coffin, covered with cloth, and at the head of the coffin the turban of the deceased was placed. Five of his friends were in the same boat, and a mullah, or priest, in a green turban. When a burial is performed, the friends of the deceased carry the coffin along the streets, and it is considered a duty by the inhabitants to come out of their shops and houses to give a help onwards. This is continued throughout the town. A few paras are put into the coffin.

We went into a Turkish coffee-house, where several Turks were seated on divans round the room, smoking and listening to a reciter of stories. Fifteen or twenty people formed his audience. He walked to and fro, reciting, with great grimace and varied intonation of voice. He was an old man, with a very large turban, and had a stick, which he made a practice of dropping at intervals. There was but little variety in his gestures, which consisted principally in holding up his hand and

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pulling his mustachios. The audience listened with great attention, while they smoked and drank their coffee. Occasionally, though not often, they laughed. This amusement is said to last them for hours. The stories told on such occasions, are not generally of a very decent kind, and the little we heard fully justifies this remark. The narrator receives some pecuniary remuneration at the close of his recital.

We went down to the cemetery, where on many of the tombs we saw flowers and fruits, as roses, grapes, pomegranates, and very often cypresses. On some, painted lamps are hung; some are gilded, and all have turbans on them. Generally the tomb consists of an upright stone, about three feet high by one broad, ending in a turban; having one side covered with an inscription, usually taken from the Koran. The stone is rough, shapeless, and rudely sculptured, the turban on the top denoting the name and rank of the deceased. One of a peculiar shape points out the graves of females. Some tombs are very large. The forest, which may be half a mile square, is covered with tombs, very thickly placed, and darkly shaded by cypresses. This is the great Asiatic burying ground, in which the Turks prefer to be buried, believing that they must one day be expelled from Europe, and therefore are they wishful that their ashes may repose in a country which is to serve as an asylum for their race. There are small burying grounds all over Con-

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stantinople, usually adjoining the mosques. Generally, a view of them from the street is obtained through a grating; and a few cypresses overshadow the tombs.

In Constantinople, the streets, formed of houses of two low stories, the roofs of which project within six feet of each other, are frequently overhung with vines; and at the corners of the streets are fountains, often of marble, and highly ornamented—as, with pilasters, a gilded inscription, a curiously wrought entablature, &c. &c. Some are furnished with a set of cups to drink from. These, with the mosques, the village-like appearance of the several parts of the town, and also the dresses of the inhabitants, are among the most distinctive peculiarities of the place. It would be a great oversight to omit mentioning the dogs, which are so widely celebrated, and which, forming as they do a very considerable portion of the live-stock, in truth deserve the renown they have obtained. A fifteen years' resident in Constantinople declared to us —which, indeed, is a notorious fact—that these dogs maintain a sort of police regulation among themselves. Each dog is confined to his own beat or district, and if he chance to go beyond it, he is immediately seized as a vagabond; a score of dogs are on him; a sort of posse comitatus, headed by some dignified growler, representing the sheriff, and followed by minor functionaries, howl the stranger back to his own parish. The dogs being



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almost all paupers, naturally require and fall within this species of vagrant act—an act which is executed on them in the most summary manner. Their hunger and their quarrels cause these animals to send forth the most dismal howlings, which during the day are comparatively unheeded, but at night are absolutely fearful. They are not silent for an instant. The lowness of the houses makes the howl more audible; and perhaps, also, the hills, and the general form of Constantinople, which sweeps along the opposite height, give rise to an echo prolonging the hideous noises, which if they fall off for a moment to a solitary cry, suddenly burst forth with renewed and execrable power.

We went over one of the khans, which are very numerous in Constantinople. It was a lofty building, consisting of three stories, and two courts, each about one hundred feet square, flat, and with a piazza round. Rooms opening from these piazzas are used as counting-houses, or stores, or dwelling places. They are square apartments, matted, with divans, and a desk at one corner, where the merchant sits to transact his business with customers. These khans are, therefore, a sort of inn and exchange. At night they are shut at a certain hour.

Our boat had been ordered round to the pier near the Scutari barracks. The Bosphorus was perfectly still. Numbers of black cormorants were flying in lines, or perched on the little rock near Leander's Tower. Other smaller birds were always on the

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wing, flying close to the water, and almost dipping every time.

On Saturday, the 17th, we went down to the harbour, with the intention of passing over to Constantinople, but the weather threatening, we relinquished our design. We dined at the ambassador's. He told us that the Porte had promised firmans to the vessels, and that things began to look better. The conversation at dinner turning on the danger run by Europeans then in Constantinople, Mr. Canning said, there could be no doubt that during the first days the Sultan meditated some sudden and violent measure; but of what nature that measure was the ambassador did not inform us.



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## CHAPTER X.

Armenian Church—Expression used by the Sultan concerning the Designs of Russia—Religious Toleration of the Turks—Shipping—Dance of Dervishes—Tomb of Abdulhamed—Palace of the Grand Vizier—Entry to the Seraglio—St. Sophia—Mosque of Achmet—Antient Subterranean Reservoir—Column of Marcian—Slaughter of the Janissaries—Aqueduct of the Emperor Valens—Delay in procuring Tescheries for leaving Constantinople.

On Sunday, the 18th, we went to the Armenian church, where mass was celebrating in the Catholic style, with wafer, chalice, &c. Four-fifths of the women were veiled in the Turkish fashion, and many of them sat down squat, like the oriental people. The men had their heads close-shaven like Turks, that is, leaving only the crown of the head with hair. Some were shaven entirely. One man we observed praying just as we had seen the Tartars do in the Crimea—that is, he sat squat, and stretched out his hands, holding in one his beads, and, leaning his head on one side, see-sawed slowly from side to side. He was dressed as a

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Turk, and was one of those whose heads were all shaved but the lock on the crown. Had not the masses around denoted a Christian chapel, this man's manner would have led us to suppose the church one of the mosques in the Crimea.

On Monday all continued quiet, and with better aspect. At dinner we learnt from Mr. Shoolbred that the Sultan had sent orders for his fleet to attack the allies. He also told us, that the vote and influence of the Seraskier had preserved the tranquillity of Constantinople, and saved the Franks from tumult. The following expression is attributed to the Sultan, as having been used by him at the time of the last negotiation between Russia and the Porte, in reference to the former power: "I know what you wish and aim at—the possession of Constantinople; but be assured that, as long as I live, you shall never enter it but in ashes."

Pera is very full of Europeans, particularly where the captains of vessels, pilots, and other naval people meet. They all go dressed in the costume of their several countries, no Europeans, unless in the service of the Porte, being allowed to wear the Turkish dress. By the Turks, this medley of nations is called by the common name of Franks; and often, in reference to their religious distinction, *giaours*, or infidels. The application of this latter term is so usual as to be scarcely considered an insult. The Armenians are by far the most numerous body of Christians

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settled in Constantinople. They are also widely spread over the Asiatic portion of the empire, and live in great freedom, both personally and with respect to religious privileges. Upon the latter point, one general remark may be made, which is, that the Mohammedan has been, on the whole, the most tolerant of all religions, as regards religious liberty, though the most intolerant as regards civil freedom. A capitation tax is the only punishment enjoined by the Koran against those who do not profess its doctrines. It prohibits the persecution of infidels, and only prescribes the imposition of a tax, which amounts to about four or five crowns of our money per head, according to the means and religion of the person taxed. The Roman Catholics and Jews pay more than the Greeks. After payment of this annual tax, every subject, Roman Catholic, Jew, or Greek, enjoys full liberty of conscience, and the undisturbed exercise of all the rites connected with his religious belief. This rule has always been observed by Mohammedan governments. For ages they put in practice the principles of toleration, while the heads of another religion knew no other treatment for their fellow professors, differing only in details, but the dungeon, the torture, and the stake. If the follower of Mohammed cannot attain the elevated charity of the true Christian, he is also a stranger to the horrors of the Inquisition, and other modes of religious persecu-

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tion. But while the Christians of these and other sects have lived unmolested in their religious concerns, they have been deprived of all civil privileges. They can fill no post; they are held in no consideration; and it is said that their properties have often been confiscated on slight grounds. In times of political excitement, they have always suffered severely. The late Greek Revolution affords a striking instance of this. Neither property nor life was then respected. Still the Armenians, who took no part in that revolution, were not molested; and even the Greeks, when the period of anarchy had passed, lived undisturbed, except for crimes and suspicions of a political nature. The rule of religious toleration has not been altered by political changes. Every species of barbarity has been exercised, but conscience has throughout been left at liberty. After the Armenians, the most numerous class of Christians is that belonging to the Greek church.

The shipping at Constantinople is, in a great measure, Austrian and Sardinian, and generally employed in the corn trade from Odessa. They stop here only three or four days, to get their firmans. The Turkish vessels, themselves, are of a very antique shape, much like galleys. Navigation is said to be unknown among the Turks, and it is affirmed, that no Turkish vessel has ever passed the Straits of Gibraltar, excepting those of Mahmoud only.

We went to the Dance of Dervises, which was

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performed near to the inn. This ceremony takes place twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays; which latter day corresponds, as a festival, with the Sunday of the Christians. To the right of the place of worship, under a projected roof, and of an octagonal form, is a marble fountain, of high execution. Here the people perform their ablutions, before entering the temple. This is a very large octagon in front of the entrance, and at the end of the paved court. It may be about seventy feet in diameter. The interior is highly ornamented, surrounded by a platform, raised about a foot, some eight or ten feet broad, railed in, and covered with matting. There are two galleries of the same breadth, occupying six of the eight sides, and supported by a range of pillars running round. The area, in the centre, is left open for the Dervises. In various parts are inscriptions; on the left is hung up a large board, like a table of laws, and all round there is much painting and colouring. At the door were two soldiers with guns, who, as we approached, were amusing themselves with repeating the manual exercise. Opposite the door, on the other side of the central part, is the place for the Chief of the Dervises. All round the building lamps are hung; and a large cut-glass lustre adorns the centre.

When the Dervises entered, the greater number placed themselves round the railing, and others went up into the gallery. The chief, with three

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other Dervises, was clothed in green—the rest wore robes of a chocolate colour. All had high hats, tapering to the top, and of a brownish colour. The hat of the Chief Dervise was distinguished by a green sash, wound round it in a turban. Most of the Dervises were barefooted—a few wore yellow boots. They began the ceremony by going through the usual prayers, prostrations, genuflexions, &c., after which they all suddenly and simultaneously fell down, kissing the ground to a tune chaunted by a chorus from above. Then the music began, consisting of a flute, a drum, and the just mentioned chorus, "Allah il Allah" —God is God. After this the chief rose, and bowed to the spot where he had been sitting, the Kiaba part, that looks towards the east; and all the Dervises, forming in a line, followed him round the area, each bowing as he passed the vacant chair. This round was performed thrice in the same manner, and then began what is called the dance, which consisted in nothing more than this:—the chief took his station, and the rest walked round slowly, each, as he passed, kissing his hand, and then commencing a rapid whirl. They wear a very wide sort of skirt, which spreads out by the rapidity of this whirling motion, so that each Dervise, with his arms extended at full length, and skirt forming a cone, goes round like a piece of machinery. They are all seen whirling at once, performing a double feat, of whirling round

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and moving onwards at the same time. When they have completed the round in this way, the music ceases, and the Dervises gradually halt; their skirt falls down, and they lay their hands crossed on their breast. Soon after, they recommence as before, and so on, till they have thrice performed the same ceremony, when they form themselves into a line, and march slowly up to the chief. Each bows, and kisses his hand, and then they form a new line, when each, after being saluted by the superior, salutes and kisses all those in the line—and thus the business ends. The number of the dancers was about one dozen.

We found a report prevalent, that the Capitan Pacha had arrived in the Dardanelles from Navarino.

On Wednesday, the 21st, we went into Constantinople with Mustapha, a guard in the service of the Consul. We found that the Harby had got out its firman, and was to sail that day.—The first curiosity which we visited, was the tomb of Abdulhamed. In an octagon, at the corner, is a large coffin, ten feet by four, covered with scarfs. At the end is a white turban. Candles are placed round; that at the end is extremely large—five inches in diameter. There are several other tombs of the members of the royal family. On the floor is a stool, with a copy of the Koran placed on it. Further on we passed the Grand Vizier's palace, which is new, and has a fine

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entry. This was the position of what was called the *Porte*, which, at the revolution of the Janissaries, was burnt. The palace has a large court within, and is a splendid structure. Ascending, we passed a high wall, and the entry to the gardens of the Seraglio; and, further on, arrived at the principal gate of the Seraglio, close to St. Sophia. In front is an open space, where stands a beautiful fountain, richly gilt all over, with a source in the centre of each side, a cistern, and ladle for drinking. At each corner is an open room, cut out from the square, with a grating; and through this are put out, at each corner, from fifteen to twenty cups, filled with water. This practice is not uncommon at the corners of streets. The cups are sometimes exposed, by pious persons, for the benefit of the soul of some relative. This fountain was erected in 1730, by Achmet III. It has a very projecting roof, and is covered with carving, and inscriptions in gilded letters.

On the fountain is an inscription, as follows:

"Dell etá sua ti parla la Fontana
In questi versi del Sultan Achmetto;
Del puro fonte e schietto
Apri la chiave e il Divo nume invoca;
Bevi il perenne e limpido liquore,
E prega per Achmet Imperatore."

The gate is high—about fifteen feet by twenty-five; and at each side are niches, in which the heads of culprits are exposed; or, if the criminal

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belonged to a distant country, the scalp is exhibited. On entering through the gate, you come into a large open space, through the middle of which passes a paved road, up to a gate at the other extremity, which may more properly be called the entry to the seraglio. On both sides of this road, at intervals, there are various buildings. On the left are some irregular buildings, attached to the wall; then comes the church of St. Irene, founded by Constantine the Great, and in which the second general council was held, under Theodosius the Great. This church is not large. It is white-washed, and has a cupola of brick, not high. As a remain of antiquity, it is nowise remarkable. Next comes a low building, which is the mint. Here people were coining paras, and other pieces. One of the workmen called out, as we passed, "Bon giorno, Signori." Beyond the mint, is a gate, opening down into the gardens; and on the other side, a range of low buildings. In the open space are a plain fountain and a few large sycamore trees. The appearance of the whole is common-place, not unlike a village, with its church; it has nothing royal.

The gate, at the upper end, is flanked by two octagonal towers, ending in spires. Inside the gate, old gilded shields were hanging, and guards were sitting on the outside, one of whom, just as we obtained a view of the pillars in the interior, waved a long rod, admonishing us not to advance

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farther. On the whole, this outer court cannot be called any thing remarkable.

No one has entered St. Sophia of late, but Sir John Penlis, who narrowly escaped, by running off without his shoes. St. Sophia was built by Constantine; rebuilt, more largely, by Constans, and burnt, and rebuilt, in the reign of Justinian. It is two hundred and fifty-two feet long, and two hundred and twenty-eight broad. The cupola is one hundred and eight feet in diameter; is lighted by twenty-four windows, and is one hundred and eighty feet from the pavement. Annexed to this great cupola are two half cupolas, which end in four smaller.

Continuing our way, we came to a gate, at which were soldiers. The building was of some magnitude, and the gate, with pillars gilding, &c., very beautiful. A little on, is a small fish pond with coloured fish. After passing through another street, we entered the court of the mosque of Achmet, an immense square open space, with some sycamores of a prodigious size, and cypresses. This mosque was built by Achmet I., and, alone, has six minarets. There are stairs, leading up to a bronze door. In the middle of a large court, with columns of grey and red granite, which form a portico, is a marble hexagonal fountain, with a gilded roof. Outside, along the walls of the mosque, are other fountains. The mosque itself, is, by far, the most stately and elegant in Con-

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stantinople. The screen of the inclosure forms part of the southern side of the Hippodrome. On passing into this, we observed the oblong form of the place, almost the only trace of its ancient destination. The surface is irregular, and there can be no doubt that, if excavated, it would yield some interesting remains. Its present length is two hundred and fifty paces, by one hundred and fifty.

A little onwards, we entered a court, surrounded by a portico; this latter supported by columns of marble or granite. There is, also, a marble fountain. Round this court are the chambers of some eight or ten insane persons. They are chained by the neck, and that so heavily, that it is really a shocking spectacle to behold these unhappy beings dragging such a needless weight, since the strong bars preclude the possibility of escape. Perhaps their religion prescribes this method of confinement. One man, whom we saw, had been there for twenty-seven years. He was sitting bent up, naked, and speechless. Another had thick black hair, so long as almost to conceal his face. He, like the former, sate in apparent unconsciousness, smoking, and scarcely covered with a coarse cloak.

At the south-west corner of this court, is a grated window, which commands a beautiful view of the town, spreading along the declivities. We beheld the Sea of Marmora gliding below, and crowded with vessels, being those which had first

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received their firmans, since the removal of the embargo.

Returning through the Hippodrome, we went into some vaults on the left side, where wild animals are kept. There were but a few of these—that is, seven lions and lionesses, two panthers, two wolves, and a fox. They were all chained by the neck. This menagerie belongs to the government.

We next visited an antient subterranean reservoir. The hall is immense; its roof supported by a forest of marble columns. On counting these, we found that the line, in one direction, consisted of sixteen columns, and crossways of fourteen; which, were the hall rectangular, would make the number amount to two hundred and twenty-four. As, however, it is not of that figure, but octagonal, or some other, the number is not so large. The distance between the pillars, which are ranged in files, is about twelve feet. The diameters of the hall would, therefore, be about two hundred feet, by one hundred and seventy. The pillars seem to be all of one block of marble: their capitals are not wrought, but consist of huge masses. Arches of brick-work connect these pillars, and form the roof of the cistern. There are two tiers of pillars, one above the other, so that the whole number may be four hundred. The lower range is, however, in great part, buried under rubbish. The cistern is no longer applied to its original pur-

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pose, but is used as a silk manufactory. This hall is a most striking remnant of antiquity.

The column of Marcian is now visible, from its base to the summit, all the adjacent houses having been burnt down in the late revolution of the Janissaries. Its height may, in all, be about fifty feet. The shaft is of grey granite, consisting of two pieces: the capital, which is broken in parts, is Corinthian, and supports a great unshapely mass, on the corners of which are eagles in high relief, and above this, another mass, entirely mutilated. On two sides of this column is a double cross, in relief. There was also an inscription, in letters of bronze, or some other metal, which have been carried away. Close by this column, are the ruins of the barracks of the Janissaries. There is a range of eight or ten very high chimnies, with ruins and remnants of walls, spread over many acres—in fact, a whole district lies in ruins. Here it was that so many thousands of the Janissaries were massacred. When the Janissaries revolted, their custom was to turn the boilers, in which their rations were cooked, upside down, thereby intimating that they would no longer eat the bread and meat of the Sultan, and that they were in revolt. They held their council round the same utensil.

In May, 1826, as may be recollected, the Janissaries were cut off, and with them the root of public disturbance. Undisciplined, and conse-

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quently unruly soldiers by name, and thieves by profession—the slightest complaint against the Franks was their signal for robbery and massacre. In the above month they were engaged in a conspiracy against the Sultan, who, by a stratagem, shut them up in their barracks, which, surrounding it with his Albanians, he set fire to. Those who perished not in the flames died by the hands of the public executioner. Eight thousand, or, according to some, twenty thousand men were thus destroyed, and their bodies cast into the Bosphorus, which, at every eddy in the current, cast them on the rocks and the sand, where their mangled remains were disputed over and devoured by the sea-fowl and the dogs.

A Turkish commander, when the Janissaries were to be fired on by the cannons, loaded with grape shot, near the mosque of Achmet, perceiving that the cannonier hesitated to obey the order to fire on the rebels, and that things were come to a crisis, stepped forward, with a dagger in one hand and a pistol in the other: with the former he dispatched the soldier, and with the latter fired on the touch-hole, and discharged the cannon.

We went to the aqueduct of the Emperor Valens, where the remains are very extensive, and afterwards to a large paved court, surrounded by fine columns of granite, and having a fountain in the centre. After having seen the old seraglio,



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which is now a barrack, we crossed, and landed at the arsenal.

On Thursday, the 22nd, and the following days, till Monday, much alarm prevailed among the Europeans, it being expected that the ambassadors would undoubtedly leave. On Tuesday, we went to Belgrade, starting at about eight, and returned rather late. The scenery and the views of the Bosphorus, &c. were beautiful. On the following morning, the 28th, a gentleman connected with the embassy, called to inform us, that in consequence of the conferences with the Porte not having terminated satisfactorily, the three ambassadors had come to the resolution of demanding their passports.

Having taken our passage for Smyrna, on board the Elizabeth, which had her firman, we went with Mustapha to get the teschery at the Turkish Chancery. This is a small house on the water's edge, with an open space beside it, which was crowded with captains of vessels. We went up stairs to a room where people leave their upper boots. A cloth hanging serves as a door to the inner room, which is on the left. Divans were ranged around, on which officers were stretched, engaged in the important avocation of smoking. We sent Mustapha to the inner room, and he returned with the answer that teschéries would be given on the following day, which, from a Turk, was tantamount to a declaration that teschéries

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were stopped. On the next day, Thursday, we made our application for them, and received the same answer. We then sent to Mr. Pisani, the dragoman, who, on Friday, informed us that tescheries were refused, and that the measure was general. In consequence of this, we called at the embassy, to ascertain what would be the most advisable course to pursue, and were told that, in all probability, tescheries would be granted on the following day, or shortly after. We, therefore, again sent our papers to Mr. Pisani, with a request that he would continue making application. On Saturday (Dec. 1st.) we received a note from that gentleman, stating that tescheries would be granted on our appearing in person, and we accordingly went down to the Chancery, where we received tescheries for Smyrna, by the Elizabeth.



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## CHAPTER XI.

**Rumours of the Departure of the Ambassadors—Leaving Constantinople — Abydos — The Dardanelles — Interview with Mehemet Pacha—Plains of Troy—The Scamander—Smyrna—Arrival at Alexandria—Disgusting Filth of the Suburbs.**

On Sunday, there was much talk of the ambassadors' probable departure on the following Tuesday; and also of the Porte's refusal to recognise neutral protections. On Monday (the 3rd) we called on the consul, and were informed that all

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were to leave. On hearing this, we resolved to go down to the Dardanelles, or to Tenedos, leaving word with the Captain of the Elizabeth, where we wished to be taken up. Staying at Constantinople became daily more critical, and by going down, we might, in the interval, see the Troades. Mr. Paulowitch, the consul at the Dardanelles, was also going by the Harby, and we should thus have the advantage of his assistance. We got our tescheries changed for the Harby, and embarked at four. Mr. Paulowitch had not arrived, though, an hour before, he had sent word that he would be down immediately. We tacked about for him, till at length it became late, and we could not hope to double the Seraglio Point if we delayed longer; we started, and had our last view of Constantinople, its mosques, minarets, and ancient walls.

On Tuesday, the 4th, we were, early in the morning, off the Island of Marmora, and got to Gallipoli, at 5 P. M.. This place is rather large, and has an old castle in the centre, numerous minarets, &c. In the little harbour below, there were quantities of small craft.—On Wednesday, the wind, which had changed during the night, beat us about all day, till, at sun-set, we got to Abydos. The canal is by no means so picturesque as that of the Bosphorus, though much broader. The edges are comparatively flat and uncultivated, undiversified by towns,—Gallipoli, and Lampsacus, about four miles down on the opposite side, being the

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only remarkable places before arriving at the castles.

Abydos is on very low ground. The remains of the wall, or what appeared so, were insignificant. On tacking, we came very near the battery on the European side, and the soldiers were all on the ramparts. Our captain had acted wrong in going so near. The soldiers called out, in Turkish, "Bear off! Bear off!" to the great dismay of the captain, who, doubtless, from a silly vanity, had come under the very walls. Some one called out, in French, "*Allez vous en! Allez vous en!*"—several of the soldiers spat at the vessel, and one threw stones at us from a sling. The insult on both sides was useless and uncalled for; but our captain was unquestionably wrong. We anchored on the opposite side, where nine Turkish vessels were lying; namely—one corvette, and eight small brigs and sloops of war. The corvette was that in which the admiral commanding at Navarino had returned.

We cast anchor amid the remains of the Turkish fleet, and within four hundred yards of the corvette in which the luckless Pacha had returned from Navarino. A more romantic position, than that in which we were thus placed, could not be well conceived. On the one hand was Sestos, on the other Abydos, famed for the swimming feat of the ancient lover and the modern poet. The point close to us was the spot whereon Xerxes had built

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his bridge, when invading Greece. It had witnessed the destruction of that enterprize, and was now surrounded by the miserable remains of a second and similar expedition. Would to Heaven that it could with truth be affirmed, that the nation which is to benefit by the last-mentioned event, is in any degree worthy of its immortal ancestors! On the contrary, their character is as abandoned as their country is desolate. The vaunted valour of their forefathers has passed away, and, ere long, the very name of 'Greek' will be a by-word for all that is base and worthless. Never have the English people been so egregiously gulled, both in public feeling and political conduct, as in the instance under consideration, when they destroyed the only barrier which could be opposed to Russia in the East, and weakened the confidence reposed in them by Persia, which must needs feel mistrust at so unaccountable a proceeding. Never again, be her measures what they may, will England possess that influence which she has heretofore exercised at the Ottoman court: years must elapse before the Turks can regard her in any other light than as a faithless ally, who has forfeited all claims to confidence—and for what, and for whom? For scoundrels, who, while she was shedding her blood at Navarino, were pillaging her merchants, and committing on the bodies of her captains and seamen, acts of barbarity and outrage which an Englishman would shudder to hear named. Might all the

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vile qualities of degraded human nature be summed up in one word,—ingratitude, lying, beastliness, piracy, and murder—they could find no more comprehensive term than "a Greek." If any Englishman still retain the enthusiastic and ridiculous notions about the Greeks, which have led to such incalculable mischief, let him proceed to the Archipelago *without a convoy:* no more efficient corrective needs be prescribed for his opinions. We left England full of aspirations for Grecian freedom—and painful experience has thoroughly convinced us that the establishment of Greek independence will afford a striking illustration of the proverb which deprecates the saving a thief from the gallows. It will be the opening of a second Pandora's box—fraught with more palpable and distressing evils than poetic fiction ever feigned.

On the other hand, what have the Turks done that can justify the policy pursued towards them? Have they committed any act of piracy, injustice, or hostility, towards this country? None whatever. What is the manifest answer to similar questions as regards the Greeks? Yet the Turks have their fleet destroyed, and the Greeks gain political independence. The allies talk of "stopping the effusion of blood." What has been done to effect this object? The bloody affair of Navarino has been fought. Grecian independence is to be the reward of Grecian piracy and villainy; and the Turkish maritime force is destroyed, because

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the proverbial coolness of the Turk was not sufficient to admit of his looking quietly on, while his dominions were filched from him.

The measures of the ministry are only comprehensible on the supposition that they wished to make use of the Greeks as a force to balance the power of Russia, knowing that the former, being connected with the latter, both by intrigues and religious feeling, would never willingly serve under the Turks, whom they abhor. Thus it may have appeared to political speculators that, by giving the Greeks a home, and something to defend, they might be induced to fight, if not under, at least in conjunction with their former oppressors, for the protection of their mutual interests. The Turks, it was believed, would, overawed by the alliance, yield to any terms that might be dictated to them. England and France have, however, been woefully out in their calculation: while Russia, who better knew her old antagonist, foreseeing that the latter would never relinquish her claims, gladly joined the league, and now, to use the expression of a naval officer, "dances to the tune that France and England are playing."

The state of popular feeling on the Greek question, may also have had its share in the encouragement of these strange measures. This feeling has, in England, been fostered by three classes of persons, in no degree connected with each other, namely:—the devotees, the classicists, and the

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stock-jobbers. The first class regarded a war against the Turks as a sort of second crusade, and divers crusading Peters preached for the success of the Christian arms. The second class, conceiving that the soul of Leonidas had revisited his native land, that Epaminondas was directing the efforts of a chosen few in the sacred cause of liberty—came forward most readily with their pens and their purses; while the gentlemen of *the alley*, supposing that the paper bonds of Britain would be lighter for the Greeks than the iron chains of Turkey, came forward with their loan:

> "But, in spite of their classic associations,
> Good Lord! they soon loath'd the Greek *quotations*."

Nor should the conduct and writings of Lord Byron be left out of view, in estimating the causes which led to the senseless excitement in favour of the worthless Greeks. His Lordship had travelled through the country, and had seen the Pass of Thermopylæ a haunt for banditti; he had

> "Stood upon the rocky brow
> That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;".

and had seen the pirate vessels prowling for their unoffending prey. He had seen Pireus a port for pirates, and Egina a den of thieves. That he knew the Grecian character well, is evident, for he pourtrayed it faithfully, when telling the Greeks that they were

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"Callous, save to crime;
Stained with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast."

And yet, with this knowledge, he lent the sanction of his noble name, exalted talents, and personal endeavour, to propagate the farce of Grecian freedom!

As to the three classes of Phillellenes above mentioned, they have not been unfavoured with marks of Greek acknowledgment. One of our most intelligent missionaries, a Mr. Hartly, was shot at Napoli di Romania. So much for their regard for religion: people who wish to reside in this classical country, cannot do so without the certainty of being robbed, and the chance of being murdered; and as for the patriots of Bartholomew-lane, "they have had their reward."

On Thursday, the 6th, we weighed anchor at sun-rise, and beat down to the castle. A Turk came on board to examine our passports, attended by a dragoman. He was by no means strict,—merely looking into our firmans and tescheries; after which he countersigned them, without examining the vessel in any way. We went on shore in a boat, and resolved to go down to sleep at Komkall, or to get into one of the vessels, some of which, English and Austrian, were, we learnt at the Consulate, lying outside. We hired a caique with five men, for which we were to

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pay twenty-five piastres, in order to get to Tenedos, and forty to the vessels.

The Dardanelles present nothing worthy of particular mention. The Asiatic side is flat and low. There is a considerable village, with shops, houses, &c., similar to those of Constantinople. The castle has a new battery on the water's edge. The wind not being fair, we were obliged to beat down, and, on the first tack, crossed over close to the castle on the European side, which consists of a high tower, surrounded by a wall, the whole placed on a steep acclivity. The range of guns is on the water's edge, under arches. The walls are twenty feet high, and painted white. On the left hand, close by the castle, is a mound, supposed to be the tomb of Hecuba. It is on the acclivity, but the form of the tomb is visible. Now it is a burial ground, covered by multitudes of tomb-stones. A hundred yards down is a new battery, low, and mounting from thirty to forty guns. This battery is not marked in the map of the Dardanelles, published in 1822. We continued beating down between the heights of the European and the flats of the Asiatic side. We saw the range of the Ida to the left; and, on getting near Komkali, the sea was visibly discoloured by the waters of the Scamander. There is a large square castle on the water's edge. We went, accompanied by a Turk, to the house of the dragoman, and, in our way, passed a fountain,

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near to which is a large mass of marble, buried in the earth, being the capital of a Corinthian column. There is also a sarcophagus, used as a cistern, and several shafts of columns.—We found Sabatai at home, and went with him to the pacha, who received us seated on his divan, and smoking. He was an elderly man, in a white turban, very inquisitive as to news, &c. He told us that he received us as friends, and hoped we should always continue so. He then clapped his hands twice, and immediately six or eight servants entered, who brought us pipes and coffee. While we were partaking of this refreshment, the pacha asked us if Cochrane was still at Scio, with the Greeks, who had landed there: also, whether we knew whither the Russian fleet had gone. He said he should be happy to see us as often as we could call in, and desired that his distinguished compliments might be presented to the English commandant outside. The name of this pacha is Yehin Mehemet Pacha. He is of two tails, and under him of the inner castle, who, as well as he of Tenedos, is a pacha of three tails. When Jairs Bey, the admiral, passed from Navarino, he made an offering or sacrifice of fourteen lambs for his safe return.

On Friday, the 7th, we visited the plains of Troy—that is, the part bordering on the Dardanelles. The plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in antient days, are now barren and desolate.

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The sculptor sees no statues, the architect no remains, and the painter anything but a picturesque view. It is fit only for the collegian or the moralist. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood, and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stand the tombs of Hector and Achilles, that of the latter near the Hellespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. All their glories are now reduced to a few *tumuli*, about thirty feet high. We passed the Scamander; and the bridge being under repair, the horses forded, and, in doing so, were above the saddle-girths in water. The river is between two hundred and two hundred and fifty feet broad, and very muddy, having the appearance of being much flooded. Further up the plain, its course becomes undistinguishable among the marshes. After passing a smaller river, we arrived at an ancient *tumulus*, not far from the shore. What is most striking in this monument is the existence of an arch, which forms an entrance to the centre. Above are the remains of a square basement, on which the column of the tomb may have formerly stood. On our return we saw the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and some others. We had ordered our caique to go round the point, and wait for us near the tomb of Achilles, where we embarked, intending to row

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down to Tenedos. We came up with the Rifleman, a vessel in excellent order, which we went on board of; and on Sunday the 9th, we accompanied the purser and doctor ashore. We went up the plains to the tomb of Asgetes, whence we had a view of Tenedos, Samothrace, the Hellespont, Sigeum, the plains of Troy, the Scamander, Bonnarbachi, ancient Troy, with its ravine, the tomb of Hector, a view southwards as far as Alexandria, and the range of the Ida in the distance. On our return we weighed anchor to the sound of music, which had a wonderful effect on the men. Going down towards Tenedos, we discovered our old ship the Harby, lying among the convoy for Smyrna. After dinner we left the Rifleman, and went on board the Harby.—The convoy sailed for Smyrna on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th, and by night we got behind Mytelene and Scio. The night was dark, rainy, and windy.—On Wednesday, while we were tacking about off Cape Kara, or Black Cape, two frigates passed us, and shortly after the Elizabeth, with two other English vessels, conjectured to be the Comet and the Albion. From this we concluded that the ambassador had quitted Constantinople, as he was to sail by the Comet.—On Thursday, the 13th, we were beating up the gulf, and towards evening got near the castles, where we stopped becalmed. The Greeks had not been driven from Scio, and notwithstanding the declaration in Admiral Codring-

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ton's manifesto, the occupation of the forbidden ground by the Greeks continued still.

On Friday, the 14th, we beheld Smyrna, rising along the height, with its ruined castle above, and extensive plain on the left. There is no harbour for the numerous vessels, but they lie here and there as in an anchorage. The streets of the town are small and dirty. We staid in Smyrna till Saturday, the 19th, and saw the aqueducts, castle, site of amphitheatre, the river Meles, Bournabat, the tomb of Tantalus, bazaars, &c., and witnessed a camel fight. The ambassadors at length left Vourla, where they had unexpectedly arrived, with a flock of Europeans from Constantinople. The merchants at Smyrna had made an application for advice to the ambassadors, and were told, in reply, that the consul's flag would be struck on the 15th of January. We, however, were subsequently assured, that the consul's flag would remain in Egypt; and were further informed by Lord B——, who had left Alexandria only seven days before, that there could be no doubt of our being able to pursue our journey.

Thus encouraged, we resolved to continue on to Egypt, and on the 30th embarked at Vourla. On the 31st the convoy sailed, but, owing to contrary winds, could only get out from among the islands of Vourla; and we anchored for the night off the Salines.

On the 19th our captain set us ashore, at that

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part of the port called the Mahmoudia. Here we were surrounded by a crowd of half-starved, miserable Arab boys, with their donkeys. We were exceedingly amused by the facility with which these boys seemed to have picked up the phrases of different languages. Although in the company of Frenchmen, and speaking that language, we were discovered by them to be English, and they addressed us with "Good donkey, Sir; ride, Sir, ride." Following the example of the captain, we mounted, and soon entered the town. We had been prepared by our previous knowledge of the Turks not to expect cleanliness as a prevailing feature in the place; but, bad as many of the Asiatic towns are, the suburbs of Alexandria far exceed them in filth and wretchedness. The children are entirely naked, and disgusting in the extreme, squatting at the entry of the hut, their mouths, nostrils, and eyes begrimed with dirt, and swarming with flies—the eyes closed up with opthalmia. The lower order of Arabs are clothed in a filthy tattered shirt, their hovel built of mud, and covered with cowdung, which they collect and dry in the sun for fuel. The filth, which lay heaped up near the doors, the dogs, the flies, and the children, half blind with the opthalmia, and half starved, presented one of the most revolting sights conceivable. Still, however disgusted the traveller may be with the first view, he soon, when he has been a few months in Egypt, gets accustomed to it,



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and habit having reconciled him, he becomes in the daily custom of associating with them, without repugnance or restraint.

We went to a miserable inn kept by a Spaniard. It is the only one afforded by the town, and we there took up our abode.

END OF VOL. I.

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